North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["Party is the Madness of Many for the Gain of a Few."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

Vol. VII., No 375. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 10, 1884. Postage Prepaid

Dominion Day at Bancroft.

As the programme was a somewhat lengthy one, no time was lost, and the sports commenced shortly after 10 o'clock a.m., with the

FOOT RACES.

Judge, A. C. Barker.

Men's Race.—1st J. Tait, 2nd W. Bentley, 3rd T. Greanfield.

Senior Boys.—1st J. Stubbs, 2nd M. O'Neill.

Junior Boys.—1st J. Baaker, 2nd I. S. Moore, 3rd E. Sararas.

Running Jump.—1st J. McCabe, 2nd T. Greanfield, 3rd W. Bentley.

Hop Step and Jump.—1st T. Greanfield, 2nd J. McCabe, 3rd J. Tait.

All then adjourned for dinner, after which at about 2 o'clock p.m., the horse racing took place. As the course was somewhat narrow, the horses were trotted singly on time, the course was a few rods short of a half mile.

Trotting match in harness, six entries. Time keepers and judge, J. C. Jarman, R. Lancaster, A. C. Barker. 1st F. Labarge, time 1 min. 26 sec., 2nd G. Davy, 3rd J. H. Murphy.

Horse race, six entries.—1st J. H. Murphy, 2nd M. Finnegan, 3rd J. Murphy.

Putting the heavy stone, (this was a long and keen contest.)—1st H. Sailor, 2nd T. Greanfield, 3rd P. O'Neill.

Climbing the greasy pole for a silver watch.—W. Beacham.

Owing to the river having unfortunately filled up with logs the canoe racing had to be given up, and the following substituted:

Boys Race, all ages, Judges W. Mullett and W. Detlor.—1st A. Barker, 2nd J. Barker, 3rd E. Maxwell.

Junior Boys Race.—1st J. W. Bowers, 2nd F. Mullett, 3rd F. Thompson.

Boys of all ages, running jump.—1st J. Barker, 2nd A. Barker, 3rd E. George.

Sack Race.—B. Bowers.

The morning of the 1st was fine and cloudless, and was ushered in by the firing of shots from an anvil, the echos of which resounded through the woods, and could be heard miles off. Shortly after nine o'clock, crowds began to arrive at Bancroft on foot and in every kind of conveyance, from the buggy and democrat, down to the lumber wagon and ox cart, till there were fully five hundred assembled, and there would have been far more, but many had to stop at home and watch the bush fires; there was also a celebration at Carlow. The visitors many of whom come from a long distance had a first class accommodation at Mr. W. Davy's, Bancroft House, and also at Mr. W. Greanfields, where a profusion of good things were dispensed. Mr. C. Prichard also had a refreshment stand in the village, with a large *al fresco* ball room extension, roofed with boughes, where the young folks danced "cool and comfortable" with the thermometer ranging in the ninties. Too much praise cannot be given to Messrs. W. Mullett and A. D. Fuller, for the admirable and indefatigable manner in which they superintended and carried everything out, and there was not a single dispute as to the decision of the judges, (though there was a wrangle among some of the outsiders relative to throwing the heavy stone.) The different contests were good, and some of them very closely contested.

The greasy pole was for hours a source of amusement to the small boys, who constantly returned to it as to first love, and which if not "a thing of beauty" was still "a joy for ever," or at least as long as the watch remained on the top of it, and when the Waltham was at length captured the juveniles finally departed, anointed with soft soap enough to supply *in futuro* a stock of insurance agents, or clock peddlers sufficient for all North Hastings.

Night at length arrived, and the proceedings ended with a first rate display of fireworks, and so terminated the best celebration we ever had here.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, July 4th, 1884.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

Holloway's Pills.—Weakening weather.—The sultry summer days strain the nerves of the feeble and discrepit, and disease may eventuate unless some restorative, such as these purifying Pills be found to correct the disordering tendency. Holloway's medicine gives potency to the nervous system, which is the source of all vital movements, and presides over every action which maintains the growth and well-being of the body. None can over estimate the necessity of keeping the nerves well strung, or the ease with which these Pills can accomplish that end. They are the most unfailing antidotes to indigestion, irregular circulation, palpitation, sick headache, and costiveness, and have therefore attained the largest sale and highest reputation.

☞ Paris Green, pure and genuine, done up in ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. parcels for sale, wholesale and retail, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

TO RENT.

A STORE and dwelling, combined, on St. Lawrence street, adjoining Mr. Scott.
W. FERGUSON.

For particulars apply to D. C. Clarke, Madoc. 373-4w

FOR SALE.

CORNER LOT, on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, on which are two good frame dwelling houses. Will be sold in one block or separately. Terms reasonable. Apply to
WM. MOORE.

Madoc, June 17, '84. 373

NOTICE.

T. R. BAYLIS begs respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and district that it is his intention to commence the Butchering business in "Reid's Block," and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit a share of their patronage.

Madoc, 4th June, '84. 371

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to
W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

NOTICE.

THE Council of the municipality of Bangor, Wicklow and McClure will, at its next meeting, pass a By-law establishing the following roads:—

First—To commence at 6th con. running in a north-westerly direction through lots 28 and 29, 48 chains and 48 links, thence connecting with School Road, between lots 29 and 30 in 7th concession.

Second—Starting at proving line at a post marked A, on 26 in 8th con., and running in a south-westerly direction 119 chains thence connecting with established road, running between lots 29 and 30 in 6th con.

All parties interested are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
D. CARD,
Township Clerk.

Mayuooth, May 27, '84. 372-4w

Executor's Notice.

PURSUANT to Section 34, of Chapter 107, of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of ROGER BATES, late of the village of Blairton, in the Township of Belmont and County of Peterborough, who died on or about the 4th day of April, 1884, at the village of Blairton, aforesaid, are required to send by post prepaid to William Hargraft, Esq., Executor, Cobourg, or to W. R. Riddell, Esq., Solicitor, Cobourg, on or before the thirty-first day of July, 1884, a statement of their names and addresses with full particulars of their claims and securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said day the Executors of the last will and testament of the said Roger Bates may proceed to distribute the assets of the said Roger Bates, regard being had only to such claims of which notice shall have been given, as herein before stated, and the said Executors will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person, or persons, of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received as aforesaid.
W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executor.

Cobourg, May 30, 1884. 371-5w

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows: The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession, in a north westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.
JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Best's L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
Jas. Pine, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

Millbridge Lodge, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. Lummiss, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

Nugentville Lodge, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
Daniel Gunter, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

York River Lodge, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
Robert Twa, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. Sweet, W. M.

Queensboro Lodge, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. Thompson, Secretary, Queensboro.

Wannamaker Lodge, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. Empey, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

Allen Settlement Lodge, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. Ranson, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

St. Ola Lodge, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. Jackson, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. District No. 4.
J. F. Morrill, D.M., Millbridge,
C. Donaldson, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE,
No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
☞ Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.
Office—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to
JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.
Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.
363 B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S
New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.
As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. 363

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as never was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.
M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. Dougall. | N. B. Falkiner.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
Charles Gream. | Alex. A. McDonald.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no condession.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. Office—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency!
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 187[illegible].

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
Office—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 3[illegible], 1883. 3[illegible]

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,
BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.
Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.
Eran's S. Wallbridge—Francis Marskell.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.
369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.
For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
30 Front St. East, Toronto.

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER I.

"And you will be gone three days, Frank?"

Frank de Walden smiled at the pathetic little sigh that finished the sentence, and May Verner laughed aloud.

"You foolish child," she said, gathering up her working materials and preparing to leave the lovers alone, "do not you know that it will be an unmitigated blessing to have Frank safely disposed of for the next few all important days? Even if he were not in duty bound to obey Sir George's summons, I should still say, Go."

"Abdicate in favor of the milliners, in fact," Frank observed, watching the brisk movements of his future sister-in-law with lazy content. He was very fond of May; but just now a *tete-a-tete* with Essie seemed a thing most desirable in his eyes.

"Exactly; and unless you wish Mrs. Frank deWalden's *trousseau* to be lamentably incomplete, you will rather prolong than shorten your visit," May said, and disappeared with a laughing nod.

"Is May right, Essie?" Frank asked, turning to his little sweetheart. "Do I keep you from the serious duties of life? No"—he stooped and kissed the pretty upturned face—"your first duty is—to me."

"And yours to Sir George," Essie answered, with a pout; but the pout was all playful, though there was a suggestion of tears in the eyes that were as blue as April skies, though fringed with jet-black lashes.

They were a handsome couple, and formed a pretty picture as they sat on the flower-filled terrace of the picturesque river side house—he tall, strong, grey-eyed, and fair-haired, she small and slender, with fine jet-black hair, and pretty, pale skin, that seemed to give, by force of contrast, an intensity and depth of color to the innocent blue eyes. Frank looked meditatively at the river glistening like molten gold in the sunset glow, and bright with pleasure-boats of every kind, before he answered her last, pettish remark. Then he said with a little laugh,

"Well, I suppose I do owe him some duty, Essie, though hitherto he has not given me much opportunity of paying my debts. I never was so surprized in my life as when I received his note."

"I thought he telegraphed?"

"So he did, on his arrival in England, and wrote by the following post. Let me see—I must have his letter. Ah, here it is! Rather a mysterious epistle too for such a steady-going old fellow as my respected uncle."

And Frank placed the paper he extracted from his pocket-book in the girl's hands. She turned it over with a puzzled look, then began to study its contents.

"Read it aloud, Essie," the young man broke in; and while he lounged lazily upon the balustrade and looked out over the smooth-shaven green lawn to the glittering water beyond, the clear girlish voice read out the following letter:—

"My dear Nephew,—When you wrote to me three weeks ago, announcing your engagement to Miss Esther Verner, you thought I suppose, that you were performing a conventional civility to your father's brother, and never guessed how deep an interest the news would have for him. Of course it was news to be expected. A good-looking young fellow like you, with many advantages, natural and acquired, was surely looked upon as a prize in the matrimonial market."

"Do you take that sentence to heart, Miss Essie?" Frank put in gravely; but Essie went on demurely.

"And I was at one time afraid that, relying too surely upon your expectations, you have made an imprudent choice of a wife. This however does not seem to be the case. I take your word for Miss Verner's loveable and amiable qualities, the photograph answers for her grace and beauty; and, as the world calls her father a rich man, I suppose she adds to her other attractions the solid and lasting charm of wealth."

Essie Verner looked up from the paper with a sudden flush, and found that angry glow reflected in her lover's face.

"He is dreadfully practical," Frank said, with a rather nervous smile; "but parents and guardians will be like this to the end of the world."

"I suppose so," Essie agreed, shaking her dark head dolefully. "Perhaps papa would have refused me to you if you had not been Sir George de Walden's heir."

"I think the 'perhaps' is more than probable," Frank answered drily. "Indeed, I hardly think that I should have found the courage to ask him to give his beautiful daughter to a briefless barrister."

"Then you would have done the beautiful daughter a cruel wrong," the girl said, in a shy half-whisper, and with a quick and eloquent upward glance that, as a matter of course, brought her lover to her side, and, for a while at least, interrupted the reading of the letter.

"Now do let me finish, Frank," she said at last. "Papa will be home immediately, and then you must talk to him. I do so want to know what more your uncle has to say. I have lost my place. Ah, here it is!"

"By the time this reaches you, I shall be in England—at the Court; and I request, as a particular favor, that you will join me there at once, as there are some business-matters that must be settled between us without further delay. Remember me to Miss Verner, whose acquaintance I shall hope soon to make, and believe me now as heretofore,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"George de Walden."

"What a strange letter!" Essie said handing it back. "But Sir George is rather a strange man, is he not?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but I cannot say I remember him very clearly. He has led a wandering life, you know, and only settled down to his hermitage near Naples within the last three years. I have since then thought several times of running over to see him; but——"

"But what?" Essie echoed curiously, as her lover paused, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a meditative twist of his moustache. "Would he not have been glad to see you?"

"Well, he never evinced any eagerness on the point. In fact, this is the first invitation he ever sent me."

"What a shocking old creature! And you are his only relative—his own brother's child! If he does not care for you, what can he care for?"

"Rather a difficult question to answer," Frank said, smiling at the girl's indignant face. "Coins, bronzes, antiquities of every kind perhaps, for he is a Doctor Schliemann in a small way; but, on the whole, it would be easier to tell you what he hates."

"Tell me, then."

"Your sex generally," Frank answered gaily. "He is a misogynist of the most confirmed and awful description, and therefore I am the more surprised that he should write so civilly of you."

"'It is never too late to mend.' Perhaps he has changed his views. At any rate I shall try to convert him," Essie cried, with a little confident nod.

And, looking at the pretty creature in her soft dress of creamy pink, with coral knots and buttons that set off the clear pallor of the skin; the dusky locks and bright blue eyes, Frank thought proudly and fondly that his dainty love would find the subjugation of any man, even a gruff old woman-hater like his uncle, an easy task. But he could not discuss the matter further, for just then Mr. Verner and his elder daughter came out upon the terrace, and the conversation naturally took a more general character.

Mr. Verner was a big, florid, fair man, stamped, as it were, with a sort of hall-mark of success. Somehow it was impossible to be in his presence an hour without feeling that he was very rich, and had accumulated all his money by his own unaided exertions, though why that conviction should be borne in upon one it was not quite so easy to say. There was nothing of pompous self-assertion in his manner, nothing of boasting in his quietly-correct speech; but, in some way, the impression was given, and it was correct.

If Constantine Verner had not absolutely entered London with the traditional half-crown of the prospective millionaire as his sole possession, he had at least spent several years of sordid poverty within it before fortune vouchsafed him the faintest and most wintry smile; but he had from the first a calmly confident belief in himself and his own future; and, when the occasion for which he had long waited, came, he seized it at once. A small successful speculation was followed by a greater; "Verner's luck" became proverbial upon 'Change, and the unknown, struggling man developed into a social celebrity. Those struggling days lay very far back in his life now; May and Essie knew nothing of them. He had not married until the clouds began to break; their lives had been wholly spent in the sunshine of prosperity, and their only grief as yet had been their mother's death, which had occurred about three years back.

People rather wondered that Mr. Verner who had no heir to carry on his name and succeed to his great possessions, did not marry again; but he announced frankly that he was content with his girls, and meant to devote the remainder of his life to them.

"If Heaven had sent me a son, well and good," he would say in his more expansive moments. "I should like to think that I had left a Constantine Verner behind me; but Heaven has not so pleased, and I have received too many good gifts to grumble because one more is denied me. Esther and May are good and pretty girls, not likely to disappoint my just and reasonable hopes; and, if they only marry to please me, I shall be quite satisfied to share my fortune between them"—an announcement that naturally brought a crowd of courtiers and aspirants, eligible and the reverse, about the pretty co-heiresses' heels.

Fortunately for them, however—for they had as yet no conception of the strength of their father's will and the terrible consequences of incurring his displeasure—they had both chosen to please him, and with their future, as his roseate fancy planned it, he was blandly and smilingly content.

"May, of whom I expected less, has done me the greater credit," he would say, leaning back in his big chair, and joining his finger-tips lightly, as he surveyed the situation serenely with his mind's eye. "Lord Coxford is of course unobjectionable in every way; moreover, she really cares for him, which is remarkable in such a match. Now Essie—ah, my little Essie might have done better, so much admired as she was too! But I have not the heart to cross that child's whim. Moreover, De Walden is a fine young fellow, of excellent family and prospects; there is nothing against him but his present lack of means, and that my daughter need not mind. Sir George cannot live for ever, and then little Essie will be Lady de Walden of De Walden Court. Well, well, the 'whirligig of time' plays us strange pranks! What would my good, plodding old father have said had any one told him that his grandchildren would be, the one a peeress, the other a baronet's wife?"

Having thus philosophically reconciled himself to the match, Mr. Verner received his future son-in-law not only graciously, but with distinguished consideration, and made no objection to the early marriage for which Frank pleaded, provided that Sir George de Walden, on his side, had nothing to say against it.

"For you will of course ask your uncle's consent; he may have other views for you," Mr. Verner said, with a stateliness at which Frank inwardly and irreverently laughed, though he answered with perfect gravity that he had already written on the subject, but was assured of his uncle's consent.

"So Sir George has answered your letter in person?" Mr. Verner said, when the girls had left the table, and the two men sat alone over their their wine, the elder peeling a peach with much deliberation, the younger casting longing glances out at the terrace, where Essie and May sat chatting in the soft dusk.

"In person and on paper too, sir: he wishes me to run down to the Court."

"But he makes no objection to the marriage?"

"On the contrary, he expresses the warmest approval, admires Essie's photograph, and, in short, writes very pleasantly indeed," concluded Frank, thinking that, on the whole, it was better to summarize the letter than read it just at present; and Mr. Verner received the summary with a well-pleased smile.

"Then, as he comes to bless and not to ban, we must take his promptitude as a great compliment. Of course you go to him at once?"

"Of course. It will be rather queer to see the old place alive again. It looked like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty the last time I was down there."

"De Walden Court is very old, I believe?" Mr. Verner asked, with an anticipative pride in the historic grandeur of his Essie's future home; but Frank answered carelessly—

"Not very—Elizabethan only; but it is a picturesque old place, and I cannot think what made my uncle neglect it so long."

"Well, the neglect is over for a time at least," said the other, pushing back his chair, and rising in pity for the lover's manifest impatience. "You will convey my compliments to Sir George, Frank, and, as, I suppose, it will be necessary that we old fogies meet, assure him of a hearty welcome here."

Frank nodded assentingly; but it is doubtful whether he quite knew to what proposition he agreed, for the next moment he was out in the moonlight bending eagerly over Essie's chair.

"At last!" the girl cried, lifting her soft reproachful eyes to his. "Oh, Frank how long you have been!"

"And I have grudged every moment," he answered eagerly; "but we were talking business sweetheart, and now the task is over and my reward has come."

"Yes, but this time to-morrow!" the girl said, with a little involuntary shiver. "Do you know, I have a superstitious dread of this visit, Frank."

Frank only laughed, and kissed the pretty, jewelled fingers that tightened on his then; but afterwards he recalled the words with a strange, superstitious thrill: and wondered whence that shadowy warning came.

CHAPTER II.

"Mr. De Walden, sir?"

The man touched his hat, and came across the platform with an interrogative look, as, hot and dusty with his long journey, Frank alighted at the quaint little road-side station which was the nearest point to De Walden Court. There were few passengers and those few were villagers, so the servant's discriminatory powers were not severely taxed in picking out the stranger guest.

"Yes, I am Mr. De Walden. I hope Sir George is well."

"Quite well, sir, but a little knocked up by the late journey. He has sent the dog-cart, sir, as he could not come himself."

Frank nodded, and as he gathered up the reins, found himself vaguely wondering what it was that struck him as strange in the speaker's tone and look. The man was a perfectly well-bred English servant, with the civilly reserved speech and automatic movements peculiar to his class; but either Frank imagined it, or the dull wide eyes rested on his face with a momentary glance of curiosity and compassion.

"Pshaw! I am getting as nervously fanciful as my little Essie!" the young man thought, with a smile at his own folly as the cart bowled briskly along through the green luxuriant country that lay between the station and the Court. "I could never lecture her with any show of propriety again if she only knew that I indulged in whims and phantasies too."

It was nearly six when they drew up before the old gray-stone house clothed from basement to turret with ivy, and bathed in a rosy sunset glow that made the small pointed windows glitter with a jewel-like lustre from their dark setting. On the lowest of the three terraces that ran along the wide front of the house two tall peacocks spread out the iridescent splendor of their tails, erected their graceful heads and start crowned crests, and screamed a discordant welcome.

"'The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements,'" Frank murmured *sotto voce*, and then he scolded himself for the *mal a propos* quotation that had come unbidden to his lips, and ran lightly up the steps to join Sir George, who stood on the upper terrace.

"Welcome to the Court, Frank," said the elder man. "And welcome home, sir," cried the younger, in a breath; and then they looked into each other's faces, and again that curious sensation of being studied and compassioned came over Frank de Walden's mind.

"What a conceited fool I am to-day!" he decided almost angrily. "Of course, after such an absence, he studies me a little bit. Am not I studying him? Very well, he looks too, on the whole, though he seems a little more nervous and shaky than I thought him in the old days; perhaps his years begin to tell."

"You look well and happy, Frank," Sir George said, with something like a sigh, as he turned from the contemplation of his nephew's stalwart figure and bright handsome face, and led the way into the great cool library that lay at the back of the house and looked upon the placid water of the lake.

Frank laughed, throwing his hat down upon the table and settling himself lightly and easily on the arm of a big chair.

"I was just thinking the same of you, sir. You look—I don't know exactly how to put it—brighter and younger than when I saw you last, though that was five years ago."

Frank spoke the simple truth as it presented itself to his mind. Had he been dealing in subtle flattery, he must have been pleased with the gratified flash of the handsome old face, the pleased sparkle of the still bright eyes, though Sir George only said, deprecatingly—

"Tush, my dear boy! I am as well as a man of my age can expect to be, that is all; but, to return to you and your prospects."

Frank opened his eyes at this. His own prospects naturally engrossed a large share of his thoughts, and he was anxious enough to discuss them; but, considering that he had but just set foot in the house, that he was thirsty and travel-stained, and even a little confused, his uncle's haste struck him as unseemly and absurd.

"Oh, my prospects are bright enough!" he answered carelessly. "At this moment I have but one wish in the world"

"And that is——"

"To wash off all this dust, and get something to drink."

Sir George turned away with a smothered exclamation of disgust.

"You will find wine and spirits and soda on the side-board," he said impatiently; "and for the rest, I think your 'tub' must wait a little while; there is something I must say to you at once."

Frank only wondered what reason could excuse this frantic haste, but wisely confined all expression of wonder to a brief uplifting of his eyebrows, and listened respectfully while he slaked his thirst.

"Honestly, you are perfectly happy and contented with your lot?"

"Perfectly," the young man answered, lifting the bright face that was in itself the fullest confirmation of his words.

"Miss Verner is a good unselfish girl, who loves you for yourself alone?"

"I am sure of it, though that is rather a strange question, sir," Frank answered, with a sudden flush.

"I know it; but the necessity for putting such questions upset all my plans and brought me home."

"I know that—it was awfully good of you to come," Frank murmured, recalling his late movement of indignation with a remorseful twinge; but Sir George frowned, as though the grateful tones annoyed him.

"And Mr. Verner? Is he satisfied with the match?" he asked abruptly.

"I think so, though he might reasonably have expected something better for Essie, who was the loveliest *debutante* of her season. Her photograph really gives you no idea of her beauty. She is——"

But Sir George waved the subject of Essie and her charms impatiently away, and pursued that which interested him.

"He knows exactly how things stand with you?"

"Of course; he made himself acquainted with my position sir."

"Your position as a man with two hundred a year of independent income? Your prospects at the bar?" Sir George asked, eyeing the frank face keenly.

For the first time Frank hesitated over his answer, and felt uncomfortable and perplexed. As a matter of course, the next heir of a recluse bachelor uncle sixty years old looks on himself as scourf of the succession, and gives that comfortable security a prominent place among the prospects of which he speaks; and Frank de Walden, being only human, had naturally done as other men would do in his place. But it was one thing to think this and tacitly allow it to be though, and quite another to look in the living man's face, and say with brutal frankness—"No, my prospects of succeeding you."

"Can you not answer?" the elder man cried, cutting his uncomfortable meditations short; And Frank answered with an uneasy smile—

"It is an awkward question."

"Let me make it easier then; and for Heaven's sake answer me frankly. No; that I am sure you will do. Answer me promptly—that is all I ask. Did Mr. Vener give his daughter to you, the young ank strugling barrister, with nothing but a shadowy family interest and his own bright wits to help him int the fight, or—to the future Sir Francis, the heir of de Waldren Court?"

The blood rushed hotly over Frank de Walden's face, and his heart beat with uncomfortable quickness; but, placed between truth and falsehood, he could not—and he did not—hesitate.

"I am afraid it was to the latter, sir," he said, with a little tremor in his full pleasant voice. "Essie is an angel of unselfishness; but Mr. Vener is a self-made man, who places an inordinate value on such dignities. He does not ask for money—he has abundance of that; but his daughter's husbands must give them a high place in the world. The elder is to marry Lord Cozford, and the younger——"

"Sir George de Walden's heir. Poor Frank!"

Sir George turned away abruptly, and stood for perhaps five minutes staring out at the lake, from which all the sunset glow had passed. Frank could only see his back and the handsome gray head that wast still carried with a proud and stately grace, and wondered, with a sort of restless irritation, when he would turn round and speak—explain his enigmatic questioning and still more singular silence in some reasonable fashion.

At last he could endure it no longer. He crossed to his uncle's side; and as the two stood in the clear revealing light of the wide window, he noticed with surprise the gray pallor that had crept over the fine-featured old face, the troubled appealing look of the gray eyes. It needed no more to touch his kindly heart: and all his irritation passed away. After all, how did he know what troubles weighed upon his uncle's mind, or how much the exertion made for his sake had cost the recluse?

"Why am I 'poor Frank,' and why do you seem so awfully troubled, sir?" he asked brightly; and Sir George looked as though the question relieved him.

"Because—you will hate me when I tell you, Frank."

"I think not; but try me," Frank answered, with a smile.

"Because—you are not my heir."

Frank de Walden put out a hand and caught the back of a tall chair that stood beside him with a steadfast grip, for the room seemed to whirl round in an eccentric fashion, and all the objects in it so mix themselves up in in extricable confusion. He was conscious that he laughed a little loudly, as at some excellent jest, and then somehow he found himself staring at his own face, very white and wild-eyed, in the big glass surmounting an old cabinet that fronted him.

"Not your heir?" he repeated stupidly. "Is it a joke, or——"

"No joke at all. I have been married four years now, and my son, who is of course my heir also, is a fine child, nearly three years old."

An awkward silence followed, during which Frank vainly tried to realise the strange facts he heard, and Sir George to find words that should soften this terrible blow; but these were far to search and long in coming, and Frank was the first to speak after all.

"It is rather late to congratulate you, sir," he said, struggling gallantly with the sickening feeling of disappointment and defeat, the chill forboding that oppressed him; "but the fault is not mine."

"No, indeed," said the other, squeezing the offered hand tightly, and looking apologetically into the dazed young face. "Frank, I have used you shamefully; I never felt that as I feel it to-day."

"You were not sworn to celibacy," Frank broke in, with rather a dreary little smile.

"No; but I had no right to let you nurse a delusion for four years—the four years you might have used so well. Let me think and speak hardly of myself, Frank, just at present; it is my only consolation. By-and-by you shall hear—— No—you shall see my excuse."

"Lady de Walden is here then?"

"Yes. After four years of marriage, she has at last seen her husband's home—my poor Anita. I do not know how she will accommodate herself to English ways."

"She is not English?"

"No—an Italian, a mere girl, who, when she married me, knew nothing of my rank or means, and has lived in contened obscurity with me and her child. She is—but I will not tell you what she is—you shall judge for yourself. You look pale and tired now, Frank."

"I am a little tired," Frank answered, rousing himself with an effort. "I think I will go to my room and make myself presentable."

Sir George looked wistfully after him, and drew a long breath of relief.

"He bears it well; but the blow is a hard one. Pray Heaven it may not be followed by a worse!" he muttered. "I fear these Verners build too much on the succession. Well, well, I can only do my best!"

(To be Continued.)

What is Catarrh?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15th.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomea, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposits of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes causing deafness; burrowing of the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

A Terrible Tragedy.

A terrible tragedy was happily averted the other evening by the presence of mind of the wife of one of our most respected citizens. The family consists of the husband, wife and two children. We briefly narrate the thrilling experience of this family. Mr. X. hurriedly entered the room where his wife and family were seated and from the determined expression upon his face, Mrs. X. saw at once that something was amiss. He demanded his razor which had accidentally been removed. The horror experienced by Mrs. X. may be imagined, and in order to divert his attention inquired for what purpose he wanted to use it. Imagine her relief when he stated his intention of removing a corn or two which ached terrible, and like a true woman she was equal to the occasion, for she had already purchased a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, of which, on every hand, she had heard nothing but praise. Avoid the evils of domestic life by using Putnam's Corn Extractor.

An Ohio female institute contains 30 red-headed girls and the principal dispenses with gas and all other artificial light. Use only the Triangle Dyes. 10c

The degrees of "professor of contemporary antiquities" has been conferred in New York! He is not, however, the manager of a ballet troupe.

The Testimony

Of hundreds of druggists bear here witness to the efficacy of Polson's Nerviline as the most potent remedy in the world for all kinds of pains. Nerviline is composed of newly discovered ingredients, and is equally good for internal or external use. Purchase a ten cent sample bottle, and test it at once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, writes: "My customers who have used Nerviline speak highly of it, and I am satisfied it will take a leading place in the market before long." Try Polson's Nerviline for pains. Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

You may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and dry wood is consumed, but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents

A.P 184

TO RENT IN CARLETON PLACE, ON THE line of the C. P. R. R., a store with dwelling; good business stand; suitable for Dry Goods, Clothing, etc., good opening. A. W. BELL, Carleton Place, Ont.

TO RENT IN CARLETON PLACE ON THE line of the C.P.R.R., a store with dwelling; good business stand; suitable for Dry Goods, Clothing, etc., good opening. A. W. BELL, Carleton Place, Ont.

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER and Moustache Producer. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed, to any address or $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

AUCTION SALE OF FARMS IN THE TOWNships of Sarawak and Keppel, County of Grey. On Wednesday, 9th of July, 1884, at 2 o'clock P. M. will be offered for sale by auction, at Breckenridge's Auction and Furniture Rooms, Coulson Block, Poulett St., Owen Sound, as follows:—Parcel No. 1.—About nine miles from Owen Sound, coming down to the water on the west side of the bay, being lots 34 and 35, 3rd concession, township of Sarawak, 150 acres, more or less, about half arable land, rest fit for grass; large frame barn and stable nearly new; house, part log, part frame; no standing timber. Parcel 2.—Lot 36, 16th concession, township of Keppel, 37 acres, more or less, unimproved, about a mile from No. 1. This lot ought to go with number one for the sake of the timber. The two lots will be put up together, and if not sold, will then be offered separately. Terms, one tenth at time of sale, remainder of one-fourth within 30 days, and the balance to be secured by mortgage, payable as may be agreed on, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum. GEO. SPENCER, Estate Agent, Owen Sound. Robt. Breckenridge, Auctioneer, Owen Sound.

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR

RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.

Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.

A. Ramsay & Son,

Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.

100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay.

Manufacturers of

Bessemer Steel sofa, Chair & Bed springs

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Belgian Exposition—Expenses of the Holy See—Menageries in Russia—&c., &c.

The percentage of recruits in the Italian army who can neither read or write varies from 27 in Piedmont to 74 in Sicily.

In 1881 the value of the exports and imports of London was £198,000,000; in 1882, £201,000,000. Liverpool, in 1881, £195,000,000; in 1882, £203,000,000.

In the eighteenth century the growth of population in Denmark was so small as to be scarcely noticeable. During the present century the population has increased from one million to nearly two.

The Belgian Government has officially invited all foreign Governments to take part in the Universal Exhibition, which will be opened in Antwerp the 2d of May, 1885. The works, which have made this port one of the finest in the world, will then be completed and inaugurated.

The Siberian cattle plague has this year assumed enormous proportions. To say nothing of European Russia, and even St. Petersburg—where the authorities in April last forbade the turning of cattle out to grass, according to annual custom, on St. George's day, in order to prevent contagion—the disease is now raging in the reign of its origin on the other side of the Ural with unprecedented violence.

The professors of the University of Jena, who have been investigating the effect of tobacco upon the human system, report that moderate quantities of the weed may be used without injurious effects. They say that in the German army soldiers in active service are very properly furnished with smoking tobacco, because smoking enables them to endure severer fatigue upon smaller nutrition and with greater alacrity and confidence than would otherwise be the case.

A diver engaged in diving operations off the coast opposite Gibraltar, under Apes Hill, with the object of ascertaining the whereabouts of a recent wreck, has discovered at the bottom from eighty to one hundred large guns, mostly 24 and 32 pounders, and also two large anchors. They are supposed to have belonged to some large line of battle ship which sank in the old war, possibly after the battle of Trafalgar. As there was no apparatus for the purpose none of the guns were brought up, so that it has not been possible to ascertain their nationality.

The London *Tablet* says: The ordinary expenses of the Holy See may be put down at about 5,000,000 francs, and certain other expenses may bring the total up to nearly 7,000,000. Formerly the Holy Father drew from the States of the Church an annual civil list of 3,210,000 francs, which was employed in the maintenance of his court, of the Cardinals residing in Curia, of the personnel of the Punciatures, the various congregations, &c. That is the reason why the Italian Government offered Pius IX. the annual State income of 3,200,000 francs. Since the seizure of the Papal States, many other expenses, which formerly were met by other means, have to be undertaken by the Pope's civil list. Leo XIII., moreover, spends about 500,000 francs in alms each year.

English pensioners are very wisely seeking to commute. Until very recently sinecures of the most scandalous character swelled the pension list. A dowager duchess was, for instance, "Collector of the Customs Outward," at the rate of $14,460 a year; a baroness was "Sweeper of the Mall," and a third lady was "Chief Usher" in the Court of Exchequer. A peer's wife was "Custos Brevium," while her brother was a "wine taster" on the Irish civil list. One nobleman was "Comptroller of Forest Fruits," and another "Clerk of the Pipe," part of whose duties was to bear the train of the Lord Chancellor. A clergyman was a "Searcher in the Customs," wages $5,200 a year. Lord Leitrim was "Port Searcher" in Dublin, and a Mr. Charsley received $4,000 yearly "for labor in looking up the King's Treasury in 1826."

Fresh from a journey of 4,000 miles in mule cart and ox wagon, up and down the most disturbed districts in South Africa, with the exception of Zululand, the Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, the traveling Secretary of the London Missionary society, reports that in all the tribes of South Africa bad brandy is the greatest curse of the natives. The brandy keg does far more harm than the powder barrel. In North Bechtanaland brandy has been kept out hitherto with considerable success; and in Basutoland, in the old times, the import of brandy was forbidden. Since the late Basuto war liquor has been introduced freely. As a result, half the chiefs in Basutoland are dipsomaniacs. They drink morning, noon, and night, and many of their absurd actions are attributable, not to the inherent folly of the Basuto nature, but to the baleful influence of the white man's beverage.

The popularity of menageries has always been great, yet they were formerly the luxury of princes. In Russia, for instance, 150 years ago, the grand menageries at St. Petersburg were kept solely for the court. The Empress Anna Ivanovna was passionately fond of hunting; she kept 319 hounds, and was a capital shot. On one occasion (Aug. 26, 1740) she killed 1 wolf, 4 wild boars, 9 stags, 16 turkeys, 374 rabbits, 68 ducks, and several large herons—a magnificent bag even for an empress. The numerous elephants in her menagerie were expensive pets, for they were fed on sugar, butter, wheaten flour, wine, and salt. One of them required a large daily portion of brandy, and the keepers were sent to Siberia if a single gill was abstracted from the elephant's portion.

There was a time not long ago, when the elegant belle slept with greased hands in old gloves, and by day kept them carefully hidden from the sun, as a fashion writer puts it, "like mushrooms growing white in a cellar, so that they might look and feel as though they had never come in contact with anything rougher than satin." It is wholly different now. Athletic sports are in high approval. The daughter of wealth grasps oars, tennis bats, bridle reins, and tricycle handle bars, all without gloves; and she is proud of the callous palms which ensue, and the red-roughness of the knuckles that used to be the hue of the lily. Her liking for outdoor exercise has not yet taken her into the base ball field, where her fingers might get permanently disfigured by breakage, and so the hands are not becoming distorted, though they will never again be quite as small and soft as they were.

In the province of Catania (Sicily) the festival of San Filippo, the patron saint of Calatabiano, is celebrated in a strangely superstitious manner. The ignorant population of that district believe that San Filippo has the power of restoring to health all those afflicted with epilepsy, hysterics, insanity, or other nervous maladies—in short, that the invocation of the saint is sufficient to cast out the "evil spirit." On the day of the festival such afflicted persons from all the country around are brought by their relations to be cured instantaneously at the church of Calatabiano. On arriving they are seized by robust peasants, who attempt to make them kiss the image of the saint, and cry, "Viva Sant Fillippo." Some, as might be expected, are too stupid to obey, others struggle furiously in the hands of their captors, who then resort to the most savage means of compulsion, tearing off their clothes, pulling their hair, and even biting them, continuing the torture throughout the day until the victims pronounce the sacramental words. This being accomplished, the unfortunate invalids are again consigned to their relations, who take them home with tears of joy, only to be bitterly undeceived by finding them later on worse than before. This year the same scene was repeated, but was soon put a stop to by a police constable, who, in the name of the law arrested all those who refused to renounce the barbarous custom.

The Progress of France.

France again has the reins of foreign empire well in hand. Within a year she has become an Asiatic power, second only to England and Russia, and superior in population to the latter, by planting herself firmly in India. It is less than a month since the war in Tonquin reached fruition in the treaty of peace with Anam, by which that empire becomes a French protectorate like the native States of Hindoston, which, though nominally ruled by Hindoo princes, are as absolutely British possessions as though the fiction of native government were not preserved. This added to the French dominion a territory comprising 200,000 square miles—an area nearly as great as that of the German Empire—and having a population, estimated by the best authorities at 21,000,000. Only a day or two since the cable dispatches announced that the King of Cambodia, another Farther Indian State, had transferred his empire to France, receiving in return a fixed income for the royal family. Cambodia has been a semi-protected State since 1867, when France founded its oriental empire by getting possession of the provinces of Cochin China. It now becomes an integral part of the French dominion. It has an area of 32,380 square miles, and a population of something less than 1,000,000. These two States added to the Cochin-China Provinces gives the French empire in Farther India a total area in round numbers of 472,000 square miles with a population of 28,000,000. Besides these there are Pondichery, Karikall, Chandernagore and Mahe—the four cities that alone remain of the former French empire in Hindostan—which contribute a total of 286,000 souls to the present possessions of France in India.

It is 100 years since France, after a long and sanguinary contest that literally bathed Hither India in blood, was driven out of India, retaining only the poor remnants of its large domains above mentioned. But she has now become powerful in another portion of India. Between her possessions and those of England now lie only the native States of Siam and Burmah, rich morsels for which the European neighbors may one day be battling.

And it is not alone in Asia that France has lately been aggrandizing herself. Her African colony of Algeria—conquered in the last half century—has within three years been expanded by the addition of the Regency of Tunis with an area of 45,000 square miles, and a population of 2,100,000. She has also extended her control over the tribes of Senegambia, gained great influence in Madagascar, with a cession of territory, and is about to assume control of Egypt, from the Soudan to the Nile Delta, jointly with England. In Polynesia several groups of islands have been seized, and her American colonial possessions have been increased by the cession of the Swedish West Indies. France, with her colonies and tributary States, not including Madagascar, now has an area of 1,022,797 square miles and a population of 66,821,580, making her, after the Chinese, the British and the Russian Empires, the most populous country of the world. Her recent development of power has been but another instance, like those with which her past history is crowded, of her ability to recover after seemingly crushing defeats. Her dominion is to day greater than it has ever been since she lost her American territory in 1763—excepting during the brief period that the first Napoleon controlled half of Europe—and the growth has hardly been observed by rival nations. They have undoubtedly discovered, with the cession of Anam and Cambodia, that she has risen from the condition of a State prostrate before its victorious neighbor, to more than its old prominent place among the great nations of the Earth.

Convicted Murderers Cause a Scene.

There was some exciting scenes at the trial of the Westmeath conspirators for the attempt to murder William E. Smythe and other Irish landlords, and who did kill Mrs. Smythe as she was riding home from church last April. Only six of the thirteen prisoners were convicted. These were Patrick and John Fegan, relatives of the Phœnix Park conspirator of the same name; three farmers named Boylan, Gaffney and Magrath, and a poor law guardian named McCormick. All were sentenced to penal servitude for seven years, except Magrath, in whose case there were mitigating circumstances, and who was let off with one year's imprisonment. When sentence was pronounced the prisoners were astounded. McCormack feebly faltered forth a protestation of his innocence, but the Fegans were furious and defiant. They struggled desperately to escape from the clutches of the wardens, and as they were dragged from the dock they yelled out. "We are convicted by a packed jury, but we will be avenged. You will have more to try yet!" There was intense excitement in the court room, and several persons in the audience, including men as well as women, fainted. This was the fifth trial of these conspirators, and as it had miscarried by the disagreement of the jury the prosecuting officers for the Crown had determined not to apply for another trial. The jurors were out for two hours, and when they returned they were highly praised by Judge Lawson, who presided at the trial, for their justice and courage.

Marriage in Java.

As a small party of us were sitting on the wide piazza of our dwelling houses in Java, early one evening, our attention was called to sounds of Malay music evidently approaching us. Looking down on the street we saw a procession of native men (Javanese) marching along to the music, and four abreast. In the second row there were five. The centre one was covered by a large umbrella. I inquired why this man was so honored and was told that he was to be married. The next day I was taken to see the house where the bride lived and where they were making grand preparations for the marriage. They were constructing a large and covered platform of bamboo for the accommodation of the guests and the Malay band of music. On the succeeding day we heard the same performers and saw a longer procession than the first one. And the head of this procession came two wooden figures (man and woman) about eight feet high. These were hollow; so that the boys could enter and operate to give them motion. Next behind them were the musicians; then an open carriage drawn by two ponies covered with flowers and variously colored papers cut up in patterns. Inside sat the bride and groom. The bride was decked in flowers and jewels, and her face, head and dress were completely covered with yellow ochre powder. A number of carriages followed the party with relatives and friends who were also adorned with flowers, jewels, etc. On the third day I was invited to attend the wedding, so we walked down to the bride's house. There we found the bamboo platform occupied by a band of music and an exhibition of marionettes, which personated characters in legends of the Javanese people. The hadji, or native priest, was conducting this novel show, which took hours to go through. I, however, was more anxious to see the bride, and accordingly was ushered into the principal room. It was a large square apartment, the front being opened by four large double doors. In one of the remote corners of the stone floor was seated on a handsome mat the bride elect, with downcast eyes, and in the adjacent corner sat the bridegroom. The bride was fanned by two little girls and the groom by two boys. In the centre of the floor their feast was spread. The festivities lasted through the night, and refreshments were abundantly served to the guests in and about the house at any time and all times just as they called for them. At intervals the dancing girls were introduced and the tam-tams for their dance music. At break of day the groom claimed his wife and escorted her to his own house. They then had a procession similar to the first one, except that the bride's presents were seen carried in front by coolies. At the groom's house festivities were continued according to the length of his purse. It often happens that the people use all the money they have on such occasions. They are improvident and ordinarily live on very small sums, obtaining easily the little they need for maintenance.

One of Nelson's Captains.

When a midshipman made a complaint, Captain Collingwood would order the man for punishment the next day; and, in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, "In the probability the fault was yours; but whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon." When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding, but at length would say, "This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence." He watched over all his men, attended them when sick, and treated them with unvarying kindness, so that, "though no man less courted what is called popularity, the sailors considered him, and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears at his departure." He would not permit his officers to make use of coarse or violent language to the men. "If you do not know a man's name," he would say, "call him *sailor*, and not *you* sir, and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper." If he had to reprove an officer, it was always done in few words, and in the language of a gentleman; and, though strict in exacting from them the due performance of every part of their duty, he never teased or worried them with unnecessary trifles. From his superiors, on the other hand, he always expected that respect to which, by his character and station, he was entitled.

A Beer King.

Baron Bass, the great English brewer, is dead. His business in selling beer alone amounted to $12,000,000 yearly. His London stores covered six acres of ground, all of which was needed for his barrels and hogsheads. He paid $4,000 a day in internal revenue taxes. Bass' ale is sent in immense quantities to every part of the world. Baron Bass was thirty-five years a member of Parliament, and he was so proud of his name and business that he refused a peerage. Bass was a generous giver to churches, charitable institutions, and reading rooms for the poor. Beer brewers, by the way, seem to be an exception to other liquor dealers in the good they try to do; Vassar, who gave the young women of America their first college, was a brewer; Guinness, the manufacturer of the famous porter, that bears his name, was notable for his benefactions.

Never Mind.

It is not worth while for any one to get angry or discouraged because of the doings of a few misguided, or jealous people: suppose they do get excited, and say things of you behind your back in their anger, or jealousy, they would not say to your face even if they withdraw their former cordial friendship, and think proper to treat you with cool politeness, for time to come, what does it all amount to? If you have done nothing wrong, you are not to blame for what others do; if they have done wrong, they will see the time when they will be sorry for it. Let them alone; if they are satisfied, you should be; the country is large enough; and there are those in it who would be glad to extend to you the hand of friendship; and with hearts as warm as any you ever knew; don't be discouraged; be independent; truthful; honest, and you need never want for friend

THE LATEST DISCOVERY.

A Texas Colonel and His Remarkable Cure for Rattlesnake Poisoning.

While M. Pasteur has been engaged in discovering a cure for hydrophobia, Col. Houston, of Georgia, has discovered a cure for rattlesnake poisoning. In both cases the cure is brought about by inoculation with attenuated poison germs, and although Col. Houston made his discovery purely by accident, he is as great a benefactor to the race as is M. Pasteur.

Col. Houston was hunting in a Georgia swamp with two other colonels when he was suddenly, and without the slightest deliberation, bitten by a rattlesnake. The two unbitten colonels must have been men of unusual powers of absorption, for when the accident occurred there was not a drop of whiskey left in the party. Whisky, as is well known, is an antidote to rattlesnake poison if it is administered in doses of a pint at a time, and the dose is repeated at brief intervals. No attempt was made to give whisky to Col Houston, which shows that all the whisky in the three flasks of the three colonels was exhausted. Moreover, the moment Col. Houston was bitten, the two colonels went in search of a medical colonel. The services of the latter would not have been sought had not the bitten man been in imminent danger, and he would not have been in danger if he had already had his full share of whisky carried by the hunting party. Hence we find by an exhaustive process of reasoning that Col. Houston's two friends were men of great capacity in point of whisky, and they doubtless felt, as they rushed away after the nearest medical colonel, that they selfishly imperiled their friend's life.

Left to himself, Col. Houston lay down under a cypress tree, wrote a brief letter in lead pencil announcing that he was about to die at the hand of a rattlesnake, and exhorting all surviving colonels to carry an extra supply of whisky with them whenever engaged in hunting in rattlesnake regions. Having thus prepared for death, the colonel closed his eyes, and the local mosquitoes prepared to do their best work.

The mosquitoes of Tuscuma-augaloosanoosuo swamp are of immense size and strength. They fell upon Col. Houston in thick clouds, and bit him at the rate of two hundred per minute. In fifteen minutes the colonel felt that he could bear their assaults no longer, and thereupon rose up and began to flee from the swamp. He still entertained the idea of dying, but resolved to die in some locality less infested by mosquitoes. The mosquitoes, however, followed him until he was entirely out of the swamp and half way to his own home. Finding that the rattlesnake bite was causing him no inconvenience, he resolved to go home and go to bed, which he accordingly did, and woke up the next morning perfectly well, to the unbounded astonishment of all the colonels of that part of the State of Georgia.

The facts of this case are beyond dispute. Col. Houston was bitten on the calf of the right leg by a large rattlesnake, was treated by a million or so of mosquitoes, and entirely recovered. This establishes beyond a possibility of doubt that inoculation with mosquito poison is an antidote to rattlesnake poison—a fact which will henceforth deprive the rattlesnake of all his peculiar terrors.

We may assume from the analogy furnished by the investigations of M. Pasteur that the poison of the mosquito is identified with that of the rattlesnake, and differs from it only in the fact that it is greatly attenuated. It cures rattlesnake poisoning in the same way that inoculation with the attenuated virus of rabies cures hydrophobia. We have here an explanation of the origin of the mosquito. That much-maligned insect exists wherever the rattlesnake exists, and is created solely in order that an antidote to snake-poisoning may always be within reach. Hereafter, when a man is bitten by a rattlesnake, he will constantly expose a large amount of his surface to mosquitoes, and wait patiently until they have bitten him sufficiently to render the rattlesnake's poison harmless. No longer will the temperance man be compelled, much against his will, to take whisky with him on his fishing and hunting excursions, as an antidote to possible snake poisoning; and those timid souls who, in their fear of rattlesnakes, have forced themselves to use whisky as a prophylactic, will be able totally to dispense with that loathsome and noxious medicine.

Life.

Life is made up of gain and loss; and often the gain comes only through the loss. Even when one attains to the possession of that which is best achievement is saddened by the thought that it has been won by the sacrifices of many things which would have been good in themselves, but which could not be held with the one supreme good. Each new conquest in human life is like the dawning of a new day; as the sky reddens and brightens, the stars fade out. Yet when the sun has risen high over the horizon, and has flooded the heavens with its light, who mourns for the departed glory of the stars? It ought to be so also in the other sphere. As the light of life emerges into clearer shining, the minor lights are lost in the glory, not by any necessity or arbitrary law, but because in the new splendor they have no power of shining; and he is surely ungrateful who mourns that the former things in which he had delighted have sunk into insignificence before the greater blessings which now are lavished upon him. Let the cold beauty of the stars fade out, if we have instead the warm shining of the sun; let the silent solemnity of the night pass by, unmourned for, since our are the life and movement of the sunlit day.

Quite a Difference.

A scientific paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article entitled, "How to Handle Bees." Now a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is easily picked up as a strawberry, and is reasonably light and compressible. To handle him, is therefore, a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is, the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to be in quieting the men down after he has handled a small, but frolicsome bee. There have been men known to race around a ten-acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt; but, what the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.—*Life.*

LAUGHLETS.

The health question—How are you?

A "droll dog" is a wag with a funny tale.

A good many "amusements" are bores; but fishing is real fun.

A good bringing up—on the elevator, such hot weather as this.

Man was made to mourn, but some mourn more'n others.

If a dancing master ain't ped-antic, then what is his racquet.

The man who bosses the turnstile does not always see the fashions.

The man is not human who does not think he can improve the work of another.

Sleep may knit the ravelled sleeve of care, but it absolutelf refuses to darn holes in socks.

The man that travels from the Atlantic to the Pacific is apt to think "it is a great while between drinks."

The bicycle rider is said to be like a South American State, because it is always on the brink of a revolution.

It's a very mean act in a divorce lawyer to follow a wedding party to the church for the purpose of distributing his cards.

Kate Field says: "There can be found no grand men without grand mothers." True, very true, Kate, and great grandmothers.

Nothing is more obnoxious than cant. Especially if you are trying to move a safe and the cant happens to get into your side.

"The man who whistles need never be feared," says a philosopher. We don't fear him as much as we hate and despise him.

The effective preacher always aims to hit the man who sits in the next pew. His church is alwrys crowded and he is very popular with his congregration.

The late Tame Ward saik any green thing could be made into a salad. The young medical graduate may therefore be said to be in his salad season.

It is no wonder that the confidence men succeed so well in New York. They are about the only people in that city who act as though they cared a straw whether a stranger lives or dies.

A person being asked what was meant by realities of life, answered: Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which can be realized without real hard work."

A Dubuque baby show prize was awarded to a scion of the house of Ham, and the white mothers made such a row that the judgment was reversed, and the boom bestowed upon one of the Caucasian competitors.

"Cut it short," said the customer, as he slid into a talkative barber's chair; and the barber kept still for as much as ten minutes trylng to puzzle out whether he meant the remarks or the hair.

"There seems to be a very strong sentiment against light literature nowadays," remarked the President of the gas company to his bookkeeper when his attention was called to 400 or 500 complaints about big gas bills.

SOCIABLE SPERM WHALES.

Behaving Like Pollywogs Around the Good Ship M. B. Millen.

Capt. Young of the schooner M. B. Millen which arrived in New York recently with a cargo from Savannah, told this story to a reporter:

"On Friday morning last the wind began to die out. At noon we were in a dead calm off Cape Hatteras. The sea was placid and the bright sunlight covered it like a golden counterpane. Suddenly the water began to spout up on all sides of us, and we saw a lot of dark, smooth bodies pitching about. It was a school of whales.

"We could see them as far as the eye could reach in any direction. They swam so close to us that we could have reached them with a common harpoon. They would lie perfectly still for a while, and then roll leisurely over and sink down, tail foremost. They remained in this perpendicular position for several minutes, and, as the water was clear, we could easily measure them with the eye. They seemed to be between 35 and 40 feet long. They had square, blunt heads and small eyes. Their blow was low and looked like water thrown from a sprinkler. They had small round fins on the back, and square flukes. They swam around us for about three hours. They were not the least shy, and seemed to be taking a complete survey of us. We threw several pieces of wood at them, but they didn't appear to mind it much. One of the men hit a big fellow on the nose with a heavy chunk of oak. He threw his flukes high in the air, lashed the water into foam, and dived out of sight. He came up shortly afterward, swam alongside of us, and lay there several minutes, as if he meant to let us know he was not afraid. Then he rolled over several times, as if he were fairly bursting with mirth, and leisurely sculled away to the eastward.

"We could have harpooned a dozen of them, but we didn't like to do it after seeing the careless conduct of the the big one we hit with the oak. We thought they would make a combined assault on us with their flukes and stir us up considerably. We watched them for three hours. Then a light breeze sprang up, and we sailed away from them.

The Walled Lake of Iowa.

Noteworthy among American antiquities is the Walled Lake of Iowa. Imagine a body of water, covering nearly three thousand acres, with a wall built up around it, not a stone of which can be less than one hundred pounds in weight, and some as heavy as three tons, and yet there's not a stone to be found in ten miles of the lake. The wall is ten feet high, about fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and five on top. The country is prairie land for miles around, except a belt of heavy that encircles the lake. This timber is oak, and it is plain that the trees were planted there. They are very large. The belt is probably half a mile wide. The water in the lake is twenty-five feet deep, as cold as ice, and as clear as crystal. What I would like to know is who built that wall? And how did they hold the water back while they were building it? And how did they cart those immense stones for ten miles? If ever you go to Iowa, don't fail to visit the walled lake. You'll find it in the county of Wright, one hundred and sixty miles from Dubuque. The cars will take you almost to it.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 10, 1884.

Parting Gifts!

On Monday evening a number of the friends of Mr. S. F. Weaver, who has filled the position of foreman in the REVIEW office for the past three years, and who leaves this week for other places, met in this office and presented him with an address and a handsome gold chain, locket and pencil, as a mark of their esteem, and regret at his departure. The address speaks for itself:—

To S. F. WEAVER, Madoc:

DEAR SIR,—Having learned that you are about taking your leave of Madoc, we the representatives of the Fire Brigade and Lacrosse Club of this place cannot allow you to do so without some slight mark of our good will and esteem.

You have been the Secretary of the Fire Brigade for some time.

You have also been Secretary of our Lacrosse Club since it was organized, and your faithful discharge of the very onerous duties connected with both these offices has merited our admiration.

Your strict attention to your own business and integrity of character has won our confidence and respect, and upon this the eve of your departure we heartily wish you every success in your new field of labor, and would request your acceptance of this small token of our good will and esteem.

ALLEN MOON, Chief Alert Fire Company.
E. A. MAYBEE, Ass't. " "
J. R. ORR, President Sioux La. Club.
E. A. E. HALLIWELL, Capt. Sioux L. C.
G. A. ROLLINS, Captain Alert Fire Co.
M. W. SINE, Treasurer Alert Fire Co.

Mr. Weaver briefly returned thanks for the honor done him, assuring those present that he would always remember his friends in Madoc.

Editor REVIEW.

On the evening of the fifth inst., a farewell surprise party assembled at the parsonage of the late Methodist Church of Canada in very large numbers, in the absence of our esteemed pastor, the Rev. Foster McAmmond, B. A., and his amiable wife, who were spending the evening at a friend's house in the village. The ladies of the congregation took possession of the parsonage and prepared a splendid tea; then sent for Bro. McAmmond to come and baptize some children. When he and Mrs. McAmmond arrived they were very much surprised to find their home filled with many of their friends from their own and other churches—many being outside, who could not conveniently get inside the house. Mrs. McAmmond was then presented with a sewing machine (valued at $65) by Mr. John Francis, in behalf of the congregation as a token of their esteem, who expressed a hope that they would be as happy in their new home at Ashburnham as if they were in the one they were now about to leave, and that when our meeting and parting were over here below, that we would all meet in the better land to part no more forever.

Mr. McAmmond, in behalf of his wife returned thanks for the present and for the many very kind expressions of esteem, and favors received during the two years they were in Madoc.

Mrs. McAmmond's class came forward and Miss Annie McCoy read the following address:

MADOC, July 4th, 1884.

DEAR MRS. MCAMMOND,—It is with feelings of the sincerest regret that we now meet to bid adieu to one who has so long and faithfully been our Sunday School Teacher, and to thank you for the sincere interest you have taken in our eternal and temporal welfare, also to assure you that in future days we will strive to follow the wise council and advice you have so lovingly given us. Though we cannot just now feel very kindly to Peterborough for robbing us of our Sunday School Teacher and your dear husband our pastor; still we congratulate them on having such earnest workers sent to them, and your stay there may be attended with the same golden harvest which has crowned your united efforts here; that you may find love and harmony blessing the Methodist Union wherever you may go. And now, dear Mrs. McAmmond in assuring you that your memory will long remain green among us, watered often by tears of regret at your absence, we would also ask of you the favor that you will accept this momento of our love and appreciation, and let it remind you of your Madoc Sabbath School Class, who always remain loving yours.

Susan Guffin, Jennie Francis, Mina McCoy, Jennie Dafoe, Emma Moore, Annie Barnum, Tena Guffin, Annie McCoy.

After the address several presents were presented. The children were then baptized, and tea was served, after which the company were entertained with vocal and instrumental music. A very pleasant evening was spent with only one regret—that Mr. and Mrs. McAmmond were about to leave us.

On the Sabbath a large congregation assembled in the Methodist church to hear Bro. McAmmond's farewell sermon, in the course of its delivery many tears were shed, and on Monday presents were still coming in—all go to show how the people of Madoc esteem bro. and sister McAmmond.

JOHN FRANCIS.

LOST.

FROM the Madoc train, on Saturday evening last, a RUBBER COAT. Any person leaving at the REVIEW office, Madoc, will be suitably rewarded.

W. J. ALLEN.

FARM FOR SALE

In the matter of the

ESTATE OF STEPHEN FOX,

a Lunatic in the Asylum for the insane, at London.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO. is instructed by Dr. Wm. T. O'Reilly, Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, and Statutory Committee of Stephen Fox, above named, to

RECEIVE TENDERS

for the purchase of the east half of the west half of lot No. 2?, in the Fifth concession, of the township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing by admeasurement, 50 acres, more or less, whereof 25 acres are cleared, and free from stumps. The buildings consist of a frame house, 36x24, and frame barn, 48x50. The soil is clay loam. Possession will be given on the 1st of October, 1884.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned at the office of the Toronto General Trusts Company, not later than the 25th July next, and to state Cash offers, or one-third cash and the balance in one or two years, to be secured by Mortgage, with interest at six per cent.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Manager.

375

SALE OF LAND!

On TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th,

At the hour of 2, p.m., at the

Railway Station at BLAIRTON,

Will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

Unless previously disposed of by private sale, the following Valuable Properties, part of the Estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.:

1.—The East half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of the Township of Belmont, in the County of Peterborough.

2.—The West half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of said Township.

3.—The East half of Lot number 10, in the Second Concession of said Township.

4.—The West half of Lot number 10, in the First Concession of said Township.

5.—33½ acres, more or less, being that part of Lot No. 9, in the 1st Concession, west of Crow Lake, of the said Township, as shewn on a plan of survey by Frederick W. Wilkins, P. L. S., dated 18th December, 1877, reserving free access to the shore of Crow Lake for all vessels, boats and persons.

6.—Lot 5, Block 8, Village of Blairton.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down, and balance in one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of sale, and will be similar to the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL, Solicitor for Executors.

Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SALE of LAND.

On Wednesday, Aug. 6,

—AT THE—

Windsor Hotel, Campbellford,

At 1? o'clock, noon, will be sold

By PUBLIC AUCTION,

if not previously disposed of, the following valuable properties belonging to the estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.,

1.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, containing by admeasurement one-fifth of an acre of land, be the same more or less, being composed of a part of Lot number nine, in the sixth Concession of the said Township of Seymour, which said piece or parcel of land may be better known and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing south of the south corner of Wilcox street joining Grand road, four chains and sixty-eight links, thence along the Grand Road one chain, thence at right angles to the Grand Road, two chains; thence parallel with the Grand Road, one chain; thence at right angles to the Grand Road to the place of beginning.

2.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, and being composed of part of Lot number five, in the second Concession of the said Township of Seymour, being better described as all that part of said Lot number five in the said second Concession of said Township of Seymour, lying south-west of the River Trent, containing nine acres and one quarter of an acre, more or less, being the south-west corner of said Lot five.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down at time of purchase, and balance within one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of Sale, and will be similar to standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL, Solicitor for Executors.

Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, in Bridgewater, on the 7th day of July, 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

E. JAMES, Clerk above municipality.

NOTICE.

To School Trustees.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Trustees of the different School Sections in the Township of Madoc requiring them to send in their applications for School monies, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of August next. If not in by that time they will be liable to be shut out this year.

By order of the Council,

J. R. KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, June 5th, 1834. 4

NOTICE.

THE Municipal Council of Bangor, et. al., will at its next meeting, to be held the 9th day of September next, pass a by-law establishing a road starting at 8th concession line, Wicklow, and running south between lots 27 and 28, one hundred and fifty yards, then bearing west of south two hundred yards, thence east of south to the school house, section 4. All parties concerned may govern themselves accordingly.

D. CARD, T'p Clerk.

Maynooth, June 23rd, 1884.

OFFICE TO LET.

THE one lately occupied by C. J. Pusey, near the Masonic Hall.

A. F. WOOD.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

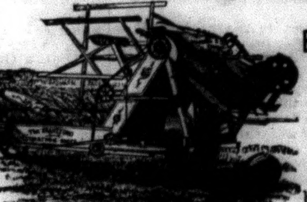
OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills.

where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883. 2200 being built for the coming season.



1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883. 1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undesigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware,
R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Latest Local News.

—Overcoats were worn on the streets a few evenings ago.

—New machinery for the Hematite mine arrived last week.

—The Auditor's Report for this village for 1883, will be published next week.

—Regular meeting of the firemen next Wednesday night. Business of importance.

—A letter from "Citizen" in reply to "Settler in Faraday" will appear next week.

—The R. C. pic-nic on Dominion Day was a success. We understand over $500 was realized.

—Hay forks, scythes, harvest tools, etc., at R. R. Casement & Co.'s. See new advt. next week.

—No. 4 Company, 49th Battalion, returned from Camp at Trenton on Saturday last at noon.

—The heavy rains of the past week have done an immense amount of good throughout this section.

—A new revolving roasting furnace was put in the Consolidated Gold Mining Company's works at Deloro last week.

—A number of Oddfellows and others from this village left yesterday to attend the international demonstration at Brockville this week.

—Miss May Vandervoort, sister of Dr. Vandervoort, Queensboro, obtained the gold medal for composition in poetry, at a recent examination at the Loretto Convent, Toronto.

—We have received a list of the names of pupils who were successful at the recent Promotion Examinations in this Riding, but are unable to find room for them in this issue.

—Revs. Messrs. Stratton and Beer, the new Methodist ministers for this village arrived here this week, and will occupy the pulpit alternately in the Methodist Church, (late M. E. Church) next Sabbath.

—The printers of the *Globe* and *Mail* offices, Toronto, are out on strike this week, and these sheets are now being issued in a much less imposing form than usual. The strike is in consequence of a reduction in wages.

—A brilliant meteor passed over this village on Thursday evening last, exploding in the north-western sky. It was witnessed all over the Dominion, and everyone who saw it imagined it exploded within a few yards of them. It didn't, however.

—A number of young men in this village have been the recipients lately of handsome presents from unknown friends. Some of the gifts suggested matrimony and other tender feelings. We believe, however, they were all premature; the young men are with us still—how long, we won't conjecture.

A Dastardly Deed.

Some villains have been guilty of putting obstructions on the track of the Central Ontario Railway, in the vicinity of Eldorado, with the evident intention of throwing trains from the track. Two attempts were made last week, and the first train along on both occasions carried passengers, but happily no one was hurt. The wretches guilty of such conduct ought to be shot down in their tracks.

Oddfellowship.

The following officers have been installed in Madoc Lodge I. O. O. F., for the ensuing term:—

N. G.—J. R. Orr.
V. G.—B. M. Richmond.
R. Sec.—A. Caldwell.
P. Sec.—R. R. Casement.
Treas.—J. Mouncey.
Chap.—M. Bristol.
W.—R. Fair.
C.—M. W. Sine.
R. S. N. G.—James White.
L. S. N. G.—D. W. Wright.
R. S. V. G.—C. Nix.
L. S. V. G.—L. O'Hara.
R. S. S.—Jos. Chambers.
L. S. S.—E. Smith.
I. G.—J. Cornell.
O. G.—H. A. Kemp.

12th of July.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne will be celebrated in great style this year at Fox's Grove, Eldorado, by the lodges of district No 2. In addition to the speakers already announced Messrs. G. D. Dickson and James White, Mr. Wm. Anderson, Grand Treasurer, has sent word that he will be present also. There will be the usual parade, and a dinner served in the grove. Tickets for the dinner 50c. White's Agricultural Band will furnish music during the day. A great day is anticipated for Eldorado. Districts Nos. 1 and 3 will celebrate the day at Mr. Tummon's grove, near White Lake, Huntingdon, and also expect a good time.

Hand Blown Off.

The accident to Mr. Charles Caverly at Prince Arthur's Landing, though bad enough, is not so serious as was first reported. From his father, Mr. Joseph Caverly, who returned a few days ago from visiting him, we learn that the right hand only was blown off, and a few wounds made on other parts of his body. The way it happened was this; Charley was returning with a party from a trout fishing trip when they came to a spot where men had been blasting rock, and in a crevice of which he unfortunately found a dynamite cap. Holding it in his right hand he carelessly picked it with his left thumb nail when it instantly exploded, so completely taking away the right hand to the wrist that not a trace of it could be found. When Mr. Caverly left he was getting along as well as could be expected.

Farewell!

On Sabbath last Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., late pastor of the Methodist Church of Canada, and Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., late pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached their farewell sermons in their respective churches, morning and evening, each pastor withdrawing his corresponding service. In the morning the Canada Methodist Church was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear the last regular sermon within its walls, as well as Mr. McAmmond's last in Madoc, and many tears were shed at the double parting. Few ministers have the good luck to be so universally beloved by his congregation as Mr. McAmmond, and the expressions of regret at his departure were deep and sincere. The Episcopal Church was also crowded in the evening to hear Rev. Mr. Baker's farewell words. This gentleman was also greatly beloved by his flock here, and their best wishes go with him to his new field of labor. Both ministers delivered eloquent and impressive parting discourses, and their memory will remain here for sometime. We wish them both, and their families every success and comfort in their new homes.

—Eighteen pounds of sugar for $1.00 at Chambers & White's.

Malone.

"Ratepayer" sends in the following:—On Friday, July 4th, a large number of the parents of S. S. No. 6 Marmora, together with several visitors from adjacent sections met for the regular S. S. Examination which was held in the forenoon. After which the crowd assembled at a grove for dinner and to spend the remainder of the day at sports of various kinds. The gathering departed early on account of the rain, all pleased with the programme of the day, and convinced that the teacher, T. P. Hart was doing all in his power for the welfare of the school.

Village Council.

Council met on Monday last. Present the Reeve and Councillors Maybee, Kerr and Kirk.

On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Kirk the Auditors' Report was received and an abstract ordered to be published in the REVIEW.

Mr. Kerr was empowered to have new locks put on and necessary repairs made to the lockup, to make it secure.

A new crossing was ordered to be put down on St. Lawrence street, across from McBeath's street. It was ordered that the sidewalk from Rollins street to the station be thoroughly overhauled, also the sidewalk from the Madoc House to Mr. Tuller's lot. The Street Surveyor was instructed to get about 20 loads of gravel to fill in where needed.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—Postage, $7.89; Road Surveyor, $134; pair handcuffs, $1; Kerr and Maybee, freight, $209.

Adjourned to next regular meeting.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to
A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any other disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 03
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 40 cents to 42 cents
Rye, 55 " to 60 "
Barley, 50 cents to 55 cents
Peas, 65 cents to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 65 cents to 70 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 60 cents
Wool, 18 cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $10 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 8c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER,
Madoc, - Ontario.

L. WEISS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st concession	Madoc,	
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

RUSSEL PROPERTY,
MADOC.

Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JNO. DALE & SON,

General

Merchants.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

Established - in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

—TO BUY—

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool, Wool.

The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by

J. & J. WHITE,

and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.

WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.

Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.

Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.

Fullcloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL,
at White's Agricultural Works.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

GRAINS OF GOLD.

It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause.

There is no power of genius that can do the work of toil.

True merit like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

The secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by the use they make of them.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

There are always a few who believe in the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion.

Life consists in the alternate process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Who is wise? he that learns from every one. Who is powerful? he that governs his passions. Who is rich? he that is content.

There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all.

Perhaps your master knows what a capital plowman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper because you do the plowing so well.

Good breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self-control; its method is self-denial.

Let no private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune.

It is when we come to rejoice in duty, to take pleasure in sacrifice, to follow justice, mercy, and truth, not only with the firm and steady step, but with a loving and tender clasp, that we realize the true vitality of righteousness.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, then hanging forever rusting on the wall.

That every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced and most universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought!

Nothing in the range of our conceptions can equal the dread silence of conscience, the calm desperation of remorse, the corroding of insatiable desire, the entire want of truth, the gnawing worm of envy, the bitter cup of disappointment, the blighting curse of hatred. These pushed to their extremity may be enough to destroy the soul.

When amiability descends to weakness, it loses all claims to respect or admiration. To be worthy of regard it must be strong, and to be strong it must stand on a solid foundation. He who is able and willing to say "No" firmly whenever the cause of right requires it. will say "Yes" with a fuller and a richer meaning at all other times.

A rule for living happily with other is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation It mostly happens when people live much together, and they come to have certain set topics around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Hope.

Hope! What would life be without hope? Hope and faith is the well spring of our existence; we labor, and hope, and have faith that we will obtain some good result of our labor. It is said without hope hearts would break; and yet what threads hope will sometimes cling to. The mariner in mid-ocean, with his ship sinking beneath the waves, casts himself in the sea hoping he may drift to land somewhere, or be picked up by some unexpected vessel crossing his path; sometimes for days he will battle with the waves, till rescue comes or death closes the scene. But the grandest Hope of all is the hope of a happy immortality in the world to come. Free from sin and sorrow, care and pain; a rest from all anxieties; where all is peace, where all is love; where God is. He fills heaven; and He is love. Then let us pray that we may have such a hope, and for faith, patiently, to labor and to wait till our Creator calls us from our probation here, and ushers us in the realms of peace that know no ending.

How Much per Head.

In 1875, the consumption of ardent spirits in Great Britain was 1.31 gallon per head. The present consumption is 1.03, which shows a considerable falling-off off. The consumption of wine is 2½ bottles per head. It should be remembered that this represents what would be the consumption of every man, woman, and child, if all took exactly the same quantity. Tobacco in 1877 was consumed at therate of 1.49 lb' *per capita*. This too has fallen off to 1.37 lb. The figures also show that while the consumption of ardent spirits and tobacco has fallen off, there has been a large increase in the use of tea and cocoa; but, strange to say, coffee has fallen off in consumption from 1853 of fully 4 per cent. This last result is due it is said, to the adulteration of coffee by chicory. Not being able to get a pure article, people will not buy the fraudulent concoction called coffee in the grocery stores.

Bombay Street Scenes.

Bombay is exceedingly interesting to me. I love to soak my handkerchief in camphor, and then start off in the edge of the evening for a long ramble on foot, oblivious of the danger from cholera and other prevalent pestilences.

Here is a single, lone Chinaman—the only one I have seen in all Bombay—who is stepping along to his shoe shop. Here is a group of my esteemed countrymen, as I immediately gather from the gilt inscription, U. S. S. Trenton," around their hat bands, and also from their blue sailor suits. They are slightly moistened with benzine, I can see, and I have grave doubts as to the nature of their mission ashore; but they compare so favorably with the men from the British ships in conduct, that I do not rebuke them as I pass by. Here are some bootblacks, the first I have seen since leaving San Francisco. Your shoes are always blacked by the hotel porter, or the steamer porter, or the boarding house porter in these parts, so that the business of the street urchin is badly injured. I do not hear the familiar American cry, "shine yer boots?" These Hindoo bootblacks should visit New York and see how it is done.

Here a great crowd of natives are looking off at the sky over the bay. I look also, but see nothing. I move on further until I come in sight of the seashore, when I discover thousands and thousands of people sitting down and gazing at the black cloudless sky. I ferret out a Parsee (the Parsees almost always speak English) and he explains it all to me. This is the first day of the Hindoo New Year. and it is a great national custom to look for the new moon. After much looking I discover the queen of night—the smallest crescent I have ever seen.

The streets are thronged with men, women and children, all attired in costumes that are more showy than any I have ever seen elsewhere in the world.

A series of terrific shrieks now rise above the babel of street cries. I elbow my way along to the scene of operations and find that a Hindoo is piercing the nose of one of his daughters, aged perhaps ten years. This is, of course, a part of every Hindoo girl's education, but it is a medicine that is not appreciated in the taking. The means adopted for performing the operation are rather primitive. The child's head is held by one person, while another jams the wire of the jewel through the shrinking cartilage of the nostril.

A Modern Prophet.

The test of a science is the ability to predict. We believe the astronomer, because he is able to foretell within the fraction of a second when an eclipse will begin and when it will end. We put faith in the chemist, also, for we find by experience that, when he puts diverse atoms of matter together, a certain result is sure to follow. Water, for instance, is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Spiritualism is discredited because it prophets and mediums cannot foretell. Some of the sciences are so far imperfect that its professors cannot predict with confidence. We know a great deal about the weather for instance, but the Washington Weather Bureau is often mistaken in its forecasts. Much has been said as to the possibility of founding a science of society; but it is conceded that, as yet, the sociologists have not dared to claim they could read the future. All this is apropos of a person who has appeared in Ohio, who makes a claim that he has discovered the law which shows the variations in the prices of commodities. His name is Samuel Benner. He published a book in 1875, in which he made a forcast of the prices of iron grain, hogs and cotton, up to the year 1891. It must be confessed that he has so far proved remarkably accurate. He said the price of iron would be lowest in 1877—that it would advance and be at its maximum in 1881—and that it would then shrink in value until 1887 or '88. This forecast has not been proved false up to date.

Why He Brought Them Back.

A small boy with an intelligent face went into a fruit dealer's store, and depositing a box of grapes on the counter, stood looking down. "I don't want the grapes, my little fellow," said the dealer; "I've got as many now as I can sell. Take them away." "They are yours," the boy said, looking up "Mine?" "Yes sir. Yesterday evening I came along here and took this box of grapes from the stand at the door. I knew it was stealin', an' my mother always told me not to take anything that did not belong to me, but I couldn't help it. Just before I left home my little sister that was sick said: "Oh, if I had some grapes like them I saw down town, I could eat 'em." We didn't have no money, an' nobody knowed us, 'cause we had just moved into the house. Mother washed clothes, but when sister got sick she had to quit. When I took the clothes home the lady told me to come next day for the money, but when I went there the house was shut up and the people was gone, so we didn't have any money to get grapes with. Mother said, "Never mind, we will get some money after awhile." I saw her go into the other room, "an' when I watched her she had her face buried in a pillow, an' was prayin'. I came away down town an' stood aroun' a long time waitin' to get a chance,' an' after awhile, when you wasn't lookin', I took a box an' ran away with it" 'But why did you bring it back?' the dealer asked. "Because," replied the boy, choking down a sob, "when I got home the little girl was dead."

Light Under the Ocean.

A submarine electric lamp has just been constructed at Greenock, Scotland, which promises to help reveal many of the mysteries heretofore associated with the bottom of the sea. *The Tiby* is the name of the vessel that carries this lamp. Its machinery will supply an electric current for a 15 000 candle power lamp, which is to be lowered into the sea for ten fathoms to help the fishermen of Batavia to manage their drift-nets.

The lamp is inclosed in a flint glass cylinder 9½ inches in diameter. The appearance of the light around the submerged lamp was very remarkable, and the effect marvelously beautiful. It is believed in time that the coasts of all the principal countries will be examined, and mapped out by aid of submarine electric lamps. This will not only be a help to the fishermen, but will render navigation safer, as well as aid the scientists in their explorations of nature.

VOYAGING ON THE RED SEA.

The Thermometer at 150 Degrees—Glorious Sunset—A Ship on Fire.

An eight days' voyage across the Arabian Sea brought the steamer to Aden, near the southern extremity of the great Arabian peninsula. For two days before we had sighted in the dim distance the rocky, sterile coast line; and Aden proved to be no more inviting—in fact, one of the dreariest, most desolate places conceivable. Woe be to the ship that is cast ashore on the Arabian coast. Though the natives may not make a barbcue of you, and dance in real savage style around your bleaching bones, they are apt to take every stitch of clothing you have on, torture you, and ultimately starve you. Sad, indeed, was the recent fate of some men on board the steamers Ares and Knight of the Bath, which went ashore some ways out of Aden.

I feel warranted in saying that the days are hot. There is only one portable thermometer abraod, and I experiment some with that. First, I find the coolest place in the ship a passage-way leading out of the main saloon, where a register brings up a (relatively) cool draught from the lower region of the ship. The midday register for the passage varies from 88 degrees Fahrenheit to 88 degrees. In the cabins the temperature is very much higher. The garments of those who sweat profusedly are wringing wet with perspiration, whilst the hands and faces of those who do not are so clammy that you would think they had been smeared with grease. Unfortunately, the thermometer in question only registers as high as 150 degrees. I put it out on the hatchway in the sun one day. The mercury trots right up to 150 degrees in no time, and I hasten to bring the instrument in, lest it should explode.

And yet they tell me this is literally cool in comparison with the condition of things that will prevail a month or two hence. Every one on the ship says so. I wonder how high the temperature would raise a thermometer in the sun?

It is indeed hot but one becomes in a measure inured to it after a day or two, and freqent salt water baths serves to make life more tolerable. In the hot months there are always a number of passengers and laborers, especially stokers, who perish from excessive heat. Even our hens and ducks are unable to endure the warmth, and several of the panting creatures expire, despite the frequent drenchings with fresh water which the steward gives them by means of a sprinkling pot.

The sunsets are glorious and the moon rises even more so. Indeed, the evenings are pleasant and we are tempted to sleep out on the deck instead of in our stuffy cabins. This, however, the captain forbids, on account of the peculiar influences of the moon in this climate. The rays of a tropical moon poisons meat, and our supplies are tested with a piece of silver in the boiling waters Any discoloration of the silver indicates that the meat has been exposed to the moonshine. Ode indiscreet sailor sleeps on deck, and in the morning his face is wrenched out or shape. After this we are careful, and sit under the awning while we spin our sea yarns. The dews at night are very heavy and leave a thick saline deposit on the ship's rigging. Occasionally a mirage furnishes us with diversion. The phosphorescent displays of the Arabian and Red Seas are not what I had expected after reading and hearing so much of them; but perhaps this is owing to the supernatural brilliance of the moon. The phosphorescence is however, sui generis so far as I have seen. It floats about in apparent "chunks," which attach themselves to the sides of the vessel and are impelled forward for a time, only to become detached at length, and quickly disappear astern.

Here on the Red Sea, for the first time in my seventy-five days and nights of sea voyaging, I have a taste of what a fire on shipboard implies. One hot, breathless day the chief officer is having a large kettle of a resinuous liquid boiled, up forward on a deck stove, for application to certain parts of the ship. It is left alone for a moment, boils over into the fire, and in a moment more the whole mass is ablaze. The liquid flows over deck, and almost before we can take the fact in great sheets of flame are leaping half way up to the square sails. Tee alarm is sounded, the sailors rush to the sand-barrels, and by the time each man has thrown a pailful of sand upon the deck there is nothing left burning but the kettle. Over this a courageous fellow throws a piece of sail-cloth, and two other men lift it to the deck. In the meantime the captain has ordered the donkey engines to work, and there is an immense stream ready to play upon the deck, were such a measure necessary.

I confess that my heart is thumping away wildly, but none of the officers or men seem any more concerned than if such a scene were of daily occurrence on shipboard.

A few men have been wounded or burned in the operation, while some others have lost part of their clothing. I suppose no more dangerous form of fire could bread out, and yet it is handled with perfect ease and does not create a ripple of excitement. In three minutes it has ceased to be a subject of comment.

The Distribution of Fish.

One of the most marvelous and successful achievements of modern enterprise is the introduction of new fish food into the streams and lakes of the various continents. The salmon of the Pacific coast has been successfully introduced into the streams of the east coast of North America. The delicious shad of our waters is now to be found in the sea going rivers of the Pacific coast. California salmon were successfully introduced in 1877 into the Australian rivers, where that fine fish had never before been seen. The re-stocking of streams with fish is going on all over the world, and will eventually increase the supply of fish food a thousand-fold. In England, black bass and white fish have become naturalized, while the German carp, a fast-growing and food-producing fish, is already widely known in the United States. Our experts do not despair of being able in time to vastly increase the swarms of fish on our sea-coast. It is known that from time to time there is a short supply of salt-water fish, but experiments are now being made with the spawn of cod, haddock, sea bass, Spanish mackerel, and other denizens of the ocean, which will undoubtedly be successful. It is said that an acre of water can be made to furnish many times the quantity of food produced annually by an acre of land.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Dry earth makes good bedding for cattle in midsummer.

Hickory and cherry require a growth of thirty years before they are valuable for timber, maple twenty years, and beeches fifteen years.

The Shire horse of England, it is claimed, has better feet, better bone, better balance, and more constitution than any other draught breed.

Machines for planting potatoes have been invented in Scotland, and were exhibited in Inverness last year. The machine plants two drills at once.

Farmers should enjoy, above all others, the luxuries of the garden, and yet, strange to say, but few farms have complete gardens, and many farmers buy vegetables.

A farmer can well afford to raise cabbage for three cents a head. And the crop has this great advantage—if it cannot be sold it may be fed out on the farm to cows, sheep or pigs

Every garden should have a small bed of sage, thyme, savory, parsley and marjoram. In fact no garden is complete without them. They can be grown from seed, and once obtained remain for a long time.

In Northern Dakota, lately, a traction engine drew eight ploughs, turning a sod four inches thick as evenly and well as could be done by horse power, and at a rate of over twenty-five acres a day.

An expert in strawberry culture asserts that in transplanting the strawberry the runners should be left on to the length of six inches. The end of the runners are then to be bent down and buried with the roots, and act as suckers to draw nourishment to the plant until new roots are formed.

Some poulterers affirm that fowls cannot be fed too much that liberal feeding is essential to large egg production. It depends somewhat on the way fowls are fed, and the breed. Thd Asiatic varieties used to be excited to exercise, and unless they get it in securing their food they will become too lazy and fat to lay eggs. The non-sitting varieties can hardly be fed too much for profit, especially if wheat may go in the market, it is always worth a dollar or more per bushel to feed to laying hens.

Benefits of draining.—Among the other benefits which draining secures to land, the prevention of excessive evaporation, by means of whith wet land is continually kept at a low temperature, is not the smallest. And this evaporation is most active in hot weather so that the land is deprived of the warmth which is indespensible to vegetation at the very time when that warmth would be of the greatest service and when it is most available. The only way by which stagnant water can escape from land is by evaporation, or, in other words, by exhalation into vapour, and, though perhaps not equally well known, it is equally true that heat is dispersed or becomes latent by the conversion of water into vapour. It is in obedience to this law that human beinfis catch cold when their clothes are wet through and they expose themselves to the air; evaporation immediately commences, the system is chilled, and a cold is the result; and precisely the same evils play on a wet soil which is exposed to sun and wind. The cooling effect is well illustrated by swathing a bottle of water in wet flannel and placing it out it the sun; if the flannel is kept moist, the more will be the evaporation, and the colder will be the water inside the botale. To reduce the effect of evaporation to tangible figures, it may be stated that in the process of carrying off a gallon of water by evaporation the soil is deprived of as much heat—heat, remember, that is indispensible to vegetation—as would raise 5½ gallons of water from freezing to boiling point; it is not surprising, therefore, that everywhere wet land is known to be cold land. Heat, again, will pass only a very short distance downwards in water, because water is a bad heat-conductor, and if a soil is saturad with water the warmth of the atmosphere cannot penetrate it.

Canals.

Some out-of-the-way data respecting the great canals of the world are publishhd. The Imperial Canal of China is over 1 000 miles lang. In the year 1681 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind on the European Continent, the Canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; its length is 148 miles, it has more than 100 locks and about fifty aqueducts, and its highest part is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, completed in 1825—125 feet wide at the water surface thirty-one feet wide at the bottom, and which has had a depth of twenty feet; it extends from Amsterdam to the Holder, fifty-one miles. The Caledonia Canal, in Scotland, has a total length of sixty miles, including three lakes. The Suez Canal is eighty-eight miles long, of which sixty-six miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long; the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami & Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash & Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374.

Wanted Information.

"Man does not conceive the magnitude of a billion," remarked the lecturer; "why, a billion sheets of paper placed one on top of another would make a pile nearly 50,000 miles high."

At this juncture a very solemn looking party with a large Adam's apple, rose up from the back seat and said: "Yes, but how are you going to pile them up?"

And because the lecturer wouldn't explain the solemn party sailed majestically out of the hall, thumping his cane angrily all the way.

Call a Spade a Spade.

Wrong-doers are always glad to designate their evil courses by some other words than the simple and direct ones which make their villainy apparent. Right-doers ought, however, to insist on right names for wrong doings. In this line the Hartford *Courant* says pithily: '"Over certification" and "rehypothecation'" are pretty long words. One means lying, and the other means stealing. When we are told that the recent troubles in business in New York are attributable to these long-sounding causes, we are really told that lying and stealing are at the bottom of the difficulty.' There is often a gain to the cause of truth by speaking of a man plainly as a "thief," instead of calling him by the smoother title of "defaulter."

TO-DAY WITHOUT A TO-MORROW.

The L[illegible]argy of Life in the East.

'Society among the inmates of the harem means simply smoking cigarettes and pipes, and the most trivial amusements. Instead of the sparkling conversation and pleasant music with which the sexes reciprocally entertain each other among Western people, horrible screamings, the monotonous noise of drums, and the clang of tamborines are here the solace of woman in her hours of ease. The boasted luxuries of the palaces offers in its isolation no attraction to a refined nature. This life makes people prematurely old; a man of 50 is wrinkled and superannuated, and a woman of 30 has passed her meridian. No one works unless compelled to it, as tranquility of mind and person best pleases the Oriental taste. They ignore the passage of time, which never disturbs them with the cry of bukrah (to-morrow); yet people write of the fascinations of Eastern life. It may be the climate, with its sunny sky and the quickening air of the desert, or possibly the stagnation of existence which deludes them. It can not be the effort of thinking or of feeling that awakens pleasing impressions, for there is nothing here that does not clash with every sentiment, habit and custom of intellectual life.

"Society is the isolation of a prison, though the captives are surrounded by numbers of people. The philosophers residing in the East are forced to meditate bitterly on the waste of humanity around him. Only one anchorite whose religious duty consists in counting beads could be charmed with such monotony and silence. The man of energy and thought would think it a cruel punishment to be forced to undergo the ordeal of intellectual stagnation amid a people whose ignorance and indolence fill their minds with egotism, obstinacy and self-importance. It is a common thing for Egyptians who have been educated by order of the government in the best colleges in Europe to come back to Eastern life and immediately throw away their books, abandon intercourse with intelligent foreigners, shut themselves in a harem among ignorant women and there end their existence. This is probably what they mean when they say that 'in their education of mind they do not neglect the heart.' An Eastern man will sit for hours inhaling the perfume of a sweet flower and enjoying the music of a fountain (murmuring at the time a chapter in the Koran, without stopping to understand its meaning) and the beautiful objects of nature that Allah has spread before him. He enjoys to-day, but never thinks of preserving objects which please him in sculpture or painting, however dear to him, for the sake of the pleasure they might give in the future. This their writers call life rich in sensations."

Women's Sons.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the needs of their hearts. They will not go to the public-houses, at first, for love of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

Parent and Child.

It is an indispensible condition of succest in the family education that the parens should become the first and truest friend of the child. This possibility and duty is a great privilege, too often unknown, and yet it embraces the whole future of the child. It is through the love and confidence that exists between them that durable influences are exerted. If the child naturally confides its little joys and sorrows to the ever ready sympathy of the mother if it grows up in the habit of turning to this warm and healthful influence, the youth will come as naturally with his experiences and plans to the parent as did the little child. The evils of life, which must be gradually known, will then be encountered with the aid of experience. The form of the relation between parent and child changes not its essence. The essence of the relationship is trust—the fact that the parent's presence will be welcomed by the child, that in work or in play in infancy or in youth, the parent shall be the first natural friend. It is only thus that wise, permanent influence can be exerted. It is not dogmatism, not rigid laws, not formal instruction that is needed, but the formative power of loving insight and sympathy.

The Great Water-Tanks of Aden.

The famous Aden tanks for catching rain-water I found to be abandoned entirely as a source of water supply, in favor of the condensed sea-brine. When the rains do come down after a drought of several years they come with a vengeance. As a result these mammoth tanks are filled with many tons of mud, and the process of clensing the liquid has proved too laborious. But the government manages to turn these washings from the hills to some account for fertilizing purposes. It is found that they are rich in manurial propensities, and the so-called agriculturists pay well for a few loads each. Last year, I am told, $4,000 was earned in this way.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

About More or Less Prominent People.

Queen Victoria has nineteen granddaughters.

The heir to the Marquis of Aylesbury has just married Dolly Yestor a chorus singer at the Comedy Theatre, London.

Queen Victoria is the person to whom the credit of first urging the employment of women in telegraph offices is said to be due.

The Earl of Lichfield has joined the Blue Ribbon Army. His son and daughter are attached to Lord Landsdowne's household in Canada.

The ex-Queen and King of Naples, who have been in wretched circumstances since they were driven from their kingdom, are now restored to opulence by the death of the Dowager Empress of Austria who has bequeathed to them a fortune of $6 000,000.

Four hundred and fifty dollars a year is all that the wife and daughter of the late English statesman, Mr. Roebuck, have to live on, and it is a credit to him in these days of political corruption.

During her visit to San Francisco, the Princess Lilie-Lilie, of the Hawaiian Islands, who is as black as the ace of spades, appeared at social gatherings in a rich black costume and long black gloves, without a particle of color to relieve the "colored" effect.

It has been the habit of English royalty to die on Saturday, William III, Anne, all the Georges, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Albert, and Princess Alice all departing on that day, but Prince Leopold did not survive over the night and died Friday.

Princess Pignatelli de Cerchiara, who through family troubles was compelled for a living to accept an engagement at La Scala Music Hall, in Paris, has thrown it up, and has now so far fallen in the world that she may be seen serving customers behind one of the bars at the Folies-Bergere.

Sir John Lubbock, who has just married the young Miss Fox-Pitt, granddaughter of a peer, is fifty, tall and thin, with a piping voice and squinting eyes. and is a martyr to gout, which most of the time confines him to his bed, and allowed him to leave his crutches only long enough to walk up the church aisle.

The finest house in Dublin is that of Mr. Edward Guinness, who is head partner in the stout brewery, and brother of Lord Ardilaun. It covers the ground of three large houses on Stephen's Green. The rooms are crowded, not to say overcrowded, with splendid furniture and works of art. Mr. and Mrs Guinness entertain splendidly.

Robert Browning is being painted by his son in all the glory of his scarlet Oxford doctorial gown for Bailiol College, of which he is an honorary fellow. He sits in an old carved Italian chair, and on the wall is represented a piece of tapestry bearing the arms of the Medici, which now hangs in the poet's drawing-room. The picture is half length, of life size.

The Empress Eugenie is now busy on the book she has had in mind, if only rarely in hand, since the death of the Prince Imperial and arrangements are already being made for the publication of her "Memoires," which will be produced simultaneously in England and France. The book is being "done" into English under the supervision of a lady of the highest rank, to whom the Empress is much attached.

At the battle of El Teb Baker Pasha was struck on the right cheek just below the eye by a ball which buried itself in the upper jaw. The missile, which was of iron, was afterward removed, and was found to weigh three ounces; but, despite the severity of the wound which it made, the General kept his seat until loss of blood compelled him to retire. A recent operation in England brought to light the terrible nature of the injury, but the patient is recovering.

M. Vulpihn, the Paris doctor, had a patient some time ago who was afflicted with that form of aphasia in which speaking is impossible, though the individual is able to sing without difficulty. The doctor utilized the singing power by teaching this patient and those who followed him to sing whatever they wished to say, without confining themselves to the words of the air. As a consequence the hospital has become musical with the notes of opera bouffe and the Marseillaise, in which the patients ask for everything they desire.

Mr. Charles Russell, who, since the retirement of Benjamin, has made perhaps the largest income at the English bar, received last year $75,000; Sir W. Gull, who tops the physicians, made $50,000; Mr. Millais stained canvas to a like figure; Archer, the jockey, made $43,000; Tennyson receives $25 a line; Ouida, $5,000 a novel; but in the race for wealth, Simms, the dramatist of "In the Ranks," a rank piece of stuff, can look with contempt on his baffled pursuers, having made last year, $160,000.

Sir John Willoughby, the young conqueror of the turf, a few days before the Derby went into a hairdresser's in Bond street to be improved. With the exuberant verbosity which belongs to the craft, the operator began to talk about the Derby, and asked Sir John "if he was going down?" The owner of Harvester and Queen Adelaide said he was thinking about it, whereon the man of art said: "If you do, sir, don't back Sir John Willoughby's horses. He was in here and told me confidentially they had not a chance."

In addition to his numerous industrial enterprises, Prince Bismarck has for several years taken the artificial pisiculture at Friedrichsruhe under his immediate protection. The energy which he has infused into his administration there has yielded most encouraging results. New and savory species of fish have been introduced into the waters of that locality, and at the breeding establishment Grande, near Friedrichsruhe, no less than 10,000 young trout have been set out this season.

M. Louis Maiche, a well known French engineer, has discovered a gold mine in the bed of the Seine. The little fragments of quartz and silex, which form the gravel in the bed of the Seine are, according to M. Maiche, remarkably rich in the precious metal. In some of the specimens which he has collected the aureous particles are numerous and visible. The discovery will hardly prove of practical importance. It has been calculated that the pavement of the streets of Strasbourg contains gold to the value of four millions sterling. Unfortunately it would take just double that amount to extract it, and the same is probably true of the pebbles at the bottom of the Seine.

No two men could be in greater contrast than the two Peels in the House of Commons the Speaker and Sir Robert. The one appears sombre, pedantic, a model of propriety and decorum, while the other has the air of a Bowery tragedian, who had lived fast and furious, and with a mind so vagabond as to be beyond all rules of restraint. The other day his brother pulled him up, as being out of order, when he turned on him scarlet with rage at a rebuke from a younger brother, and, looking fierce defiance, in a voice broken with passion, said: "I know what I am about." He then deliberately repeated the offence. The younger brother did not prolong the scene.

M. Bertillion has recently published some statistics of divorce which are interesting in connection with the debates in the French Chamber. The countries in which divorces and *separations de corps* are most rare are Scotland, Russia, and Italy. In these three countries the number of divorces varies from one to five per thousand marriages. In the United States the proportion is twenty-eight in every thousand marriages. The conjugal tie proves most irksome in Saxony, and indeed, M Bertillion observes that there is a much larger proportion of divorces among Teutonic than among Latin nations. Even in the German cantons of Switzerland divorces are more frequent than in the others. The great army of the divorced and separated is composed in very large proportion of brain workers and members of the liberal professions. M. Bertillion's figures show that in nine cases out of ten it is the woman who desires the divorce, and that the greater the disparity in the relative ages of the parties the more frequent are the divorces Thus, where the wife is from ten to five and twenty years older than her husband, there are 480 divorces per 100,000.

ABORIGINAL RACE.

What A History of Arizona Would Unfold.

Arizona has a history which never has been written and which never will be until the mythology of the races living here is known, or until there is discovered a knowledge of the past ages which was so well hid 300 years ago that even the Spaniards visiting Arizona then could not obtain possession of it with all their power of forcing secret out of the people whom they conquered. Who the first inhabitants were of this far southern territory, whence they came and whither they went may, perhaps, never be known. Certainly. none to-day can tell us. The past is a secret buried beneath the ages; a mystery that puzzles the learned as well as the ignorant, And yet, that the country has a history is unquestioned. There are evidences everywhere that in prehistoric times Arizona was a popular region, teeming with human activity. Long before America was thought of, before, perhaps, Athens was a reality, before the deluge, Arizona was inhabited by a race of people who have left to us only their history as it is written in their empty canals which they dug, the ruined houses which they built, the valleys which they cultivated, and in the inscribed rocks and pieces of broken pottery which are found scattered over the territory. Ages before the European saw this continent two races had lived and died in Arizona, and the existing evidences of their occupancy form one of the many attractions which the territory has to offer. Near Cosnino, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad for instance, there is to be seen a canon, 2,000 feet deep which is 100 yards wide at the bottom and 300 at the top. Along its walls there are great ledges of rock, which project outward from ten to twenty feet, and upon which may be traced seven tiers of cliff dwellings. From the bottom of the lowest tier to that of the canon the distance is 200 feet, the depth apparently having formed by the action of water since the houses were built and occupied. The fronts of the dwellings and the side walls are of solid masonry, and are still well preserved. How many centuries have come and gone since these cliffs were occupied no one can tell. Thousands of years at least must have passed between the age in which the cliff-dwellings were made and that of the advent of the European. Still another race had occupied Arizona, the people of which built the canals which are now seen in ruins about the country and who irrigated the valley now so dry and parched. Perhaps the most extensive of these ruins are those seen near the station of Casa Grands on the Southern Pacific railroad, a short distance northwest of Tucson. Leaving the road at that station and driving or riding northward a few miles one crosses into the famous Gila river valley and to a crumbling and time-stained collection of mounds of sand and stone which are the remnants of that Casa Grande, or great house which was first discovered by the Spaniard, more than 350 years ago. When first found the largest building was four stories high and had walls six feet in thickness.

A hundred years ago one house still remained, which was 420 by 260 feet in size. The ruin is now but 50 by 30 feet and will soon be simply a shapeless mound. The walls are concrete, made of mud and gravel, held together by a hard cement, and the inner surface coated with cement is hard and smooth. Not far from Casa Grande there is an irrigating canal which has been followed for forty miles toward the Gila river, and which must at some time have watered an immense tract of land which, until very lately has been deemed absolutely worthless.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Some rise with the larks; others get up when the steam whistle blows. Real comfort is found lying in bed until one feels like getting up.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents

On one of the Platte ranges a cow runs branded "The last, thank God!" the words having evidently been put on by the cowboys at the close of a long series of branding

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

$15.000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissable.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets, Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?

2.—Where does it first state in the Bible that there was ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SPEECH on the whole earth?

3.—Where is INN first referred to in the Bible? (By the word inn is meant a place of rest and refreshment commonly known now as an hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards, themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co.	$1.100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada...	250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch	100 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style	95 00
7 to 16.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	650 00
17 to 26.—Ten Gentlemen's beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	260 00
27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	105 00
32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches	100 00
52 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopedia. An excellent work	156 00
104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value	194 00
201 to 252.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives	52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above, Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at $1,000 per acre	$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co..	550 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co.	250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-Setting, h. c	100 00

1.—Where is the first reference in the Bible to the day being divided into hours?

2.—What is the superficial area in cubits or square feet of the largest bedstead mentioned in the Bible?

3.—What evidence have we that in Bible times women were often employed in the manufacture of bread and sweetmeats?

6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-Setting..	95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns	300 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	325 00
19 to 26.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	168 00
27 to 30.—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs	50 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	231 00
42 to 59.—Eighteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches, American Movement..	270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary	156 00
112 to 359.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs	494 00
360 to 504.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives	145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to a great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1.—Beginning with another of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions	$550 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ	250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate	100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine	65 00
7 to 11.—Five beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses	250 00
12 to 29.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches	450 00
30 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting case Watches	340 00
42 to 57.—Sixteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches	240 00
58 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches	70 00
72 to 209.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopedia	414 00
210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches	204 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives	90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the *last* correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open only till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, *where mailed*, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a *later post mark* than September 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, which will will be sent to any desired address. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly) magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send $50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of a solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopædia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course, each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainity of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the last, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now*. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

AFTER USING.

Wonderful! Wonderful!

Thousands of young men are exclaiming the above every day, after using DR. LAMARTINE'S MOUSTACHE GROWER. Positively the only reliable preparation ever offered to the public. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Beware of bogus imitations. Sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. C. ALLENE, Box 13, London, Ont., Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada.

THE LILY

is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by THE CROMPTON CORSET CO. 78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

WANTED Competitors for 12 Prizes. Chance to win $100.00 in Gold 4 Competitions. 3 Prizes in each of $25 00, $10.00 and $5.00 College Text-Book, religious or other work of full value of the money sent, to all who fail.

Competition. Questions or requirements.

No. 1.—Longest list of words relating to the sea.

No. 2.—The forty words containing the greatest number of double letters.

No. 3.—The longest list of words made, without dictionary, from the letters of the words boundaries and education.

No. 4.—Best penmanship,—"The Sweet By-and-By"—to be copied.

To compete for one prize send $1.00; for two, $2.00; for three, $3.00; for four, $4.00. Send registered letter or P. O. order. Letters must be in July 20th. $10.00 additional will be given for first letter received that wins a prize. Other and larger prizes may be given. Address, P. O. Box 405, St. John, N.B.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co, St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co, Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

PARIS GREEN

GUARANTEED PURE

Price Low For Future Delivery.

Copland & McLaren, MONTREAL.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342, Montreal.

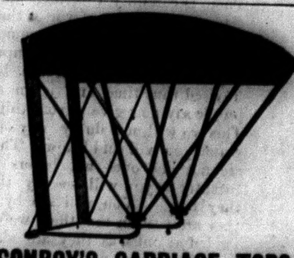
WHAT SHALL I DRINK!

THE MONTSERRAT

Lime Fruit Juice.

Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO., Toronto.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 28-page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.



CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS.

Are the Latest, Neatest, Lightest, Cheapest, and most Stylish Tops in the market.

FACTORY AND SALESROOM:

407 King Street West, Toronto,

For sale by all the leading Carriage Builders.

☞ Buy no other until you see them.

THE MODEL **Washer** AND **BLEACHER.**

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$1,000 00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2 50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it.—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence." Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.

213 YONGE STREET TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

☞ SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE, HAMILTON, ONT

The New Williams

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run

Silent and Rapid in movement,

Plain and Simple to learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

Lacrosse Shoes:

LADIES'

Long Rubber Boots.

—AND—

Gent's Cloth Guiters,

—AT—

T. ROBERT'S,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

also a large assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES,

ETC.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advised thu time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28,1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

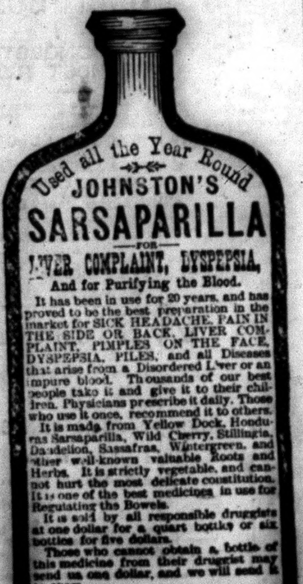
Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

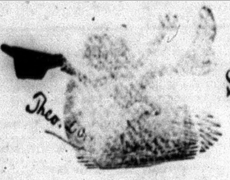
DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.



I MUST go to BELLEVILLE
for my



SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. G. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. J. A. Chambers.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

| C | O | A | L | — | O | I | L |

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S P[illegible]NT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,
78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W[illegible]CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

R. B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc

North Hastings Review.

R. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 376. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 17, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

A very enjoyable time was spent in Mr. Dulmage's grove, Millbridge, at the usual picnic given at the breaking up of the school in that section, by the inhabitants of three townships, Tudor, Limerick and Cashel, a good many of whom put in an appearance on the grounds, on the 5th inst. Notwithstanding the occasional brisk showers the people made the very best of the day and the good things supplied for the occasion. Not a little part of the day's festivity fell to the children's share, as it should, for they enjoyed themselves immensely. Miss Breakell teaches in this section, and seems to be much beloved both by parents and children, a good sign, of all parties.

Yours truly, A. N.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I see another letter in your issue of the 20th June over the signature of "A Settler in Faraday," in answer to one which appeared in your issue of the 5th of June, over the signature of "A Citizen." I beg a space in your journal to make a few remarks on some of the assertions in said letter and would say that the whole rigmarole could be summed up in a nutshell. Mr. Coe's great crime is that he came out a candidate in 1882 for North Hastings in opposition to the Minister of Customs. Had he been a true copperhead and supported their policy they would have landed him to the skies for what he was doing for the Riding. Facts are stubborn things and cannot be controverted by all the sophistry of the man of Faraday or his scribe. It is apparent to all the intelligent Electors of the Riding, that Mr. Coe, through his enterprise, has done more for North Hastings than any man that has ever represented it. This caused the leaders of that party who had always been staunch survile slaves to their party standard to become alarmed. They feared that Mr. Coe's popularity might alienate their subjects from their former allegiance. That has put the dagger in the hands of the Tory party to stab Mr. Coe, to make political capital. With reference to the election referred to Mr. Faraday thinks Mr. Coe's minority would have been one-third less if it had not been for the gratitude of the Electors of the northern townships. Mr. Coe need not be ashamed of his supporters—they were the more intelligent Electors of the Riding. They had the good manners to keep silent while the Minister of Customs was speaking at the nominations; but mark the contrast when Mr Coe and his advocate commenced to speak; his opponents showed their ill-manners by continuous interruption. So much for the different class of Electors. The man in Faraday laments the history of monopolies. To whom are we indebted for their creation but the Dominion Government that he is endeavoring to make political capital for.

Again he asserts that Mr. Coe's great enterprise in expending his millions of money in the north townships was altogether for his private interests. I would ask Mr. Faraday or his scribe what man or company of men would start any enterprise whereon a large amount of capital had to be employed without anticipating some remuneration for their expenditure; and what community, I would ask, is not benefited by a large amount of capital being expended in their locality. Any man who is not blinded by prejudice must see the fallacy of such arguments. Again Mr. Coe is charged with injuring the schools in those townships wherein he has bought land. That is an assertion altogether unfounded, in fact, Mr. Faraday should have consulted our Superintendent of Schools before he made that statement—he would have been more competent to state the truth—he would find that it is Mr. Coe's money that is keeping up the schools in those very townships. So much for misrepresentation. Drowning men catch at straws; the Tory party in this Riding are in a dilemma; they see that through the negligence of our representative men Belleville and Madoc are likely to be shut off from the north, east and west from the traffic that should centre here, and in order to avert the public mind they have commenced a crusade against Mr. Coe.

CITIZEN.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial bottles of this sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

SALE OF LAND!

On TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th,

At the hour of 2, p.m., at the

Railway Station at BLAIRTON,

Will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

Unless previously disposed of by private sale, the following Valuable Properties, part of the Estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.:

1.—The East half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of the Township of Belmont, in the County of Peterborough.

2.—The West half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of said Township.

3.—The East half of Lot number 10, in the Second Concession of said Township.

4.—The West half of Lot number 10, in the First Concession of said Township.

5.—33½ acres, more or less, being that part of Lot No. 9, in the 1st Concession, west of Crow Lake, of the said Township, as shewn on a plan of survey by Frederick W. Wilkins, P. L. S., dated 18th December, 1877, reserving free access to the shore of Crow Lake for all vessels, boats and persons.

6.—Lot 5, Block 8, Village of Blairton.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down, and balance in one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of sale, and will be similar to the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL, Solicitor for Executors.

Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SALE of LAND.

On Wednesday, Aug. 6,

—AT THE—

Windsor Hotel, Campbellford,

At 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold

By PUBLIC AUCTION,

if not previously disposed of, the following valuable properties belonging to the estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.,

1.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, containing by admeasurement one-fifth of an acre of land, be the same more or less, being composed of a part of Lot number nine, in the sixth Concession of the said Township of Seymour, which said piece or parcel of land may be better known and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing south of the south corner of Wilcox street joining Grand road, four chains and sixty-eight links, thence along the Grand Road one chain, thence at right angles to the Grand Road, two chains; thence parallel with the Grand Road, one chain; thence at right angles to the Grand Road to the place of beginning.

2.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, and being composed of a part of Lot number five, in the second Concession of the said Township of Seymour, being better described as all that part of said Lot number five in the said second Concession of said Township of Seymour, lying south-west of the River Trent, containing nine acres and one quarter of an acre, more or less, being the south-west corner of said Lot five.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down at time of purchase, and balance within one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of Sale, and will be similar to standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL, Solicitor for Executors.

Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P. O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMIS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P. O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street. Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY, ARCHITECT & BUILDER, BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

FOR SALE.

CORNER LOT, on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, on which are two good frame dwelling houses. Will be sold in one block or separately. Terms reasonable. Apply to WM. MOORE.

Madoc, June 17, '84. 373

ICE CREAM —AT— LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st	concession	Madoc,
	29	5th	"	"
	29	7th	"	"
W ½	30	9th	"	"
N E ¼	13	10th	"	Marmora,
	27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any-one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK, MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as never was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD, Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1878. 9

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART, Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE--FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS, O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,

CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,

Dealer in all kinds of

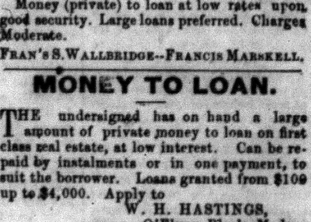
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



GOLD MEDALS

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers. Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager, 30 Front St. East, Toronto.

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER III.

"Anita, this is my nephew, Frank de Walden."

A slender figure rose from the pile of cushions in the centre of the great flower-filled room, a shapely hand was extended, with a sort of timid graciousness, and Frank found himself confronting the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Yes—even with Esther Verner's lovely face freshly present to his lover fancy, he owned that at once as he gazed with a thrill of admiring wonder upon the girl who had ruined all his hopes and perhaps blighted his life. His first sensation was one of intense surprise, for, when his uncle spoke of his wife as an Italian, he had promptly imagined a handsome girl of the dusky, flashing-eyed, and raven-haired type; but here he gazed upon a radiant fairness that almost dazzled him, on a face that was almost angelic in its gentle purity.

She was above the ordinary height of women, and looked taller still in her long straight dress of creamy white, with features delicately straight and large serious eyes of a real violet hue. She had twisted closely about her small noble head a mass of golden hair that waved and glittered and seemed from every silken tendril to reflect the light; her mouth was small and beautifully curved, with the downward droop that gave it in repose a rather sorrowful look; but when, as now, she smiled, its expression was wonderfully sweet.

"My nephew then, is it not?" she said, with her pretty foreign intonation and an appealing upward glance; and, though the smarting sting of his cruel disappointment of course remained, Frank felt all bitterness die then and there out of his thoughts.

"Your nephew, certainly," he said heartily, "and, I hope, always your true and faithful friend.

"Thank you, my boy!" Sir George's voice was a little husky, and the hand that rested on Frank's shoulder was hardly so steady as it might have been, but the glance his uncle gave him almost repaid the young man for the effort he had made.

Fortunately the summons to dinner put an end to the embarrassing interview, and, despite his troubles and perplexities, Frank found himself enjoying a really agreeable meal. Both Sir George and his young wife felt that they owed something to the young man who had borne his ill-fortune with so gallant a grace, and both exerted themselves to the uttermost to do him honor, and make him, for a time at least, forget.

So things went on pleasantly enough until, just as the dessert was placed upon the table and the servants were preparing to withdraw, Sir George met his wife's eyes, and turned to the young man with rather a nervous smile.

"Another introduction for you, Frank. We always have Master Georgie in at this time."

"I am glad to hear it, for I am anxious to make my young cousin's acquaintance," Frank answered promptly; and, as he spoke, the door opened, and the "young cousin" came into the room.

"Come here, George," said his father; the child ran over to Lady de Walden's side, and, resting his fair curly head against her shoulder, stood watching the stranger with big blue eyes that were at once shy and bold.

"Georgie is not used to seeing people," Anita said apologetically, and Frank smiled and held out both hands as he answered, in a tone of easy confidence—

"But Georgie will come to me."

The child looked doubtfully from under his soft fair curls, but the doubt lasted for a second only; then he ran over frankly to the stranger's side, lifted his cherub face for the stranger's kiss, and, a minute or so later, had climbed upon the stranger's knee, and, with a plate of fruit before him, was chattering away in his broken baby fashion as though to an old friend.

Sir George looked radiantly across at the pair, and, returning his smile, Frank really forgot that he had any trouble on his mind. He was not surprised as the others were; he had a real love for and sympathy with children, and knew that in turn he possessed a magnetic attraction for them; but this last conquest pleased him in a special fashion.

"He is a noble little fellow," Frank said cordially, and almost without an effort, when, leading her small son by the hand, Lady de Walden had left the room, and the two men were alone. "A true De Walden, though he has all his mother's beauty."

"You think her beautiful then?"

Frank smiled.

"As to that there can be no two opinions. Her face is perfect, and she is as charming in manner as in face."

Sir George was more than pleased with the words; but he made no immediate comment upon them, only nodded his gray head once or twice, and sipped his claret in a meditative fashion, while Frank stared out into the moonlit splendour of the night with eyes that were full of troubled thought, and saw nothing of what they gazed upon so intently.

The first keen pang was past; there was very little bitterness in his heart now; but a growing terror had taken its place. That the cruel change in his prospects would make any change in Essie he never for a moment thought. But what would Mr. Verner say? Frank shivered as he imagined the man's cold gray eyes and resolute lips when he should hear that his future son-in-law was a poor and prospectless man.

"Frank"—Sir George cleared his throat with a nervous effort, and drew his chair a little nearer to the table—"you have behaved very generously, my dear boy; and, though I cannot thank you now, I shall not forget this day's work. I wish to Heaven I had found the courage to tell you two or three years ago!"

How fervently Frank echoed that wish! How much pain that courage would have spared him! But he only smiled, and his uncle went on, in the same embarrassed fashion—

"Of course, you think me an old fool—don't take the trouble to deny that, my good fellow; but you don't yet know what Anita is, or how our marriage came about. Have you patience to hear the story?"

Frank was too kind-hearted to say what was the truth, that his head was still confused and dizzy, and that he could but imperfectly follow the details of any story told to him that night; so he merely murmured a vague assent, and Sir George, who held his head in the palm of his hand and meditatively stroked the pendent ends of his long gray moustache, was quite content with this encouragement.

"Her father was a doctor, a dreamy, bookish old fellow, who lived in a little fishing-village where I had the good fortune to be laid up with a smart attack of the local fever and ague. I do not think I was ever in any real danger, or that old Salviati treated me with any special skill; but I do know that his daughter nursed me with the most absolute devotion and tender care, and that, when I saw that sweet serious face, with its look of angelic pity, through the feverish mists that hung about me, I thought the Madonna in the old village church had stepped down from her century-old frame to soothe and comfort and heal me.

"Well, the delirious fancy passed as the fever abated, and my reason came back. I knew that Anita Salviati was neither saint nor angel, only a good and beautiful girl to whom even more than to her father I owed perhaps my life. But I knew much more than this, and the knowledge filled me with such scorn for myself as I am sure you cannot feel for me, Frank. I knew that I, who had cared nothing for women in the springtime of my life, who had shunned them in my maturity, and had as little thought of ever marrying as of ever being hanged, had now in my sober age fallen head over ears in love with this beautiful Italian child.

"Why do you not laugh, Frank? I laughed myself, I can tell you, and, calling my pride and sense of the ridiculous to my aid, strenuously combated the idea of yielding to such an infatuated fancy. And I really think I should have conquered, and left the place with my secret still untold—left Anita to think of me only as a old gentleman deeply grateful for her care, but that fate itself declared against me and forced me to yield.

"One evening I found Anita sobbing wildly in the little hillside garden, and, though I entreated her to tell me the cause of her grief, she refused with a vehemence very foreign to her gentle nature, and darted into the house. As she did so, I chanced to look back and saw a fine-looking young man descending the precipitous path between the olive-trees with reckless haste As he reached the curve of the road, he turned to glare vengefully back at the house, and I saw that his handsome Southern face was distorted with rage.

"The sight impressed me disagreeably. I knew the childish excitability of the people among whom I dwelt, knew how slight a cause might send such a man as this into a foaming frenzy of indignation that might as quickly pass away; but there had been something murderous in that threatening look. I could not shake off the remembrance, try as I would.

"Moreover, who could that familiar, if unfriendly, visitor be? Had I interrupted a lovers' quarrel? If so, then Anita had a lover—was perhaps betrothed; the thought stung me as sharply as the cut of a whip I resolved to know the worst, and laid the whole puzzle and perplexity of my thoughts before Doctor Salviati that night.

"He listened anxiously and with a darkening brow to my story of the evening's scene, and interrupted me once or twice with an angry exclamation; but he sighed wearily when my tale was done, and paced the narrow little room with a pitifully helpless look.

"'It was her cousin Giuseppe, without doubt," he muttered uneasily. 'And my poor Anita will never complain!'

"'Because her cousin is also her lover?' I asked, with a coolness that surprised myself; and I am sure Salviati never guessed how wildly my heart was beating.'

"'No, indeed!' he said angrily. 'The lad is hard and cruel and wicked, and in her gentle heart my child detests and fears him; but he is her only relative, her mother's sister's child, and she cannot bear to break with him wholly.'

"'They are not betrothed then?'

"'The saints forbid!' the old man answered, with a shudder. 'I would rather see Anita in her grave than in Giuseppe Lani's power, though in his mad fashion he worships her, and he has solemnly sworn, they tell me, that sooner or later she shall be his wife. Heaven help my child when I am no longer here to protect her! There will be but one refuge for her then.

"'And that is——'

"'The convent She has but a slender portion to bring with her; but the holy mother and the good nuns have known Anita from her babyhood, and love her well; they will take her, I know.'

"I shivered at the sorrowful determination of his tone. There was something terrible in the calmness with which he devoted his beautiful child to the living death of conventual life

"'And can you bear to think of Anita as a nun, a pale ghostly creature gliding like a shadow through the world to which she is united by no human ties?' I cried, trying to keep every sign of indignation down, but with only indifferent success, I suppose, for Salviati eyed me with more attention as he answered gravely—

"'Is it not better to give her to Heaven than to Giuseppe Lani? And I have no other choice.'

"'You have,' I said, the truth that I had sworn to hide for ever forced to my lips at last. 'You can give her to me.'

"'To you,' he echoed confusedly—'to you! You are jesting, signor, or——'

"'I am speaking plain and simple truth. I love your daughter, as well perhaps as any younger man could love her, and can give her at least as much as the convent has to offer. I know every objection you can make; I am old, and so unlikely to win the love of a beautiful young girl that I do not even ask it; I ask only to be allowed to make her happy, to rescue her from her cousin and the living tomb of a nun.'

"Well, I may cut my story short, Frank. Salviati was not hard to convince. Perhaps my money dazzled him, for he was very, very poor; but he was a simple-hearted affectionate-natured man, broken in health and oppressed with the one great dread that he might be taken away, and his daughter left without a friend or protector in the world. It is no wonder that the safe shelter I offered proved an irresistible temptation, or that he spared no pains to bring Anita to his views.

"He did all the love-making, and I was well content that it should be so. I had no wish to make myself either hateful or ridiculous in the girl's eyes; and, playing the lover's part at my age, I must needs have seemed either one or the other. What arguments he used I cannot say; but they were successful; and, when he laid Anita's hand in mine, I saw, with a thrill of pleasure, that there was neither fear nor repugnance in the beautiful girl-face, that the shy sweet eyes upraised themselves to mine with an innocent childish trust.

"'Make her happy, signor,' poor old Salviati said below his breath.

"I promised with grateful fervour that I would, and I think, Heaven helping me, that I have kept my word."

Sir George paused and sipped his wine thoughtfully, and Frank watched him with a curious smile, half sympathetic, half amused. It was so strange to think of his old uncle being in love, to listen to the story of those ante-diluvian hopes and fears, that he half forgot how deeply it concerned himself. Then suddenly, with a sharp sting of pain, memory woke, and he asked abruptly—

"But why did you not announce your marriage, sir, having so little reason to hide it?"

"No reason at all," Sir George answered, twisting his gray moustache a little ruefully; "only December's usual craven fear of looking absurd beside his blooming May; but I can hardly tell you how things drifted on. First I wished Anita to learn to speak English before I brought her to her English home; then came Salviati's illness and death, to say nothing of the birth of our boy."

"That surely should have hastened the declaration," poor Frank said, a little bitterly, recalling with a fresh twinge of pain all that that foolish unnecessary mystery meant to him.

Sir George laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder with a kindly and entreating pressure.

"Be wholly generous, Frank," he said almost wistfully. "I know I have acted like a fool and a coward; but do not tell me so very plainly that you share that knowledge."

Frank laughed, and answered lightly—

"You twist my words, sir; but finish your story. Signor Salviati is dead, you and Lady de Walden are happy—I want all the characters disposed of. What became of Giuseppe Lani?"

Sir George smiled, and shook his gray head.

"He was rather a shadowy character, Frank. I never saw him but that once. It seems he went to sea that night, and whether he was drowned or so disgusted with the place that he did not choose to return nobody knows; the only certain thing is that Porto Rico saw him no more. I am sure that for the first few months of our marriage Anita lived in a constant terror that her father fully shared; but of course that died out at last. I do not suppose that any one in the village regretted the young desperado much; I am quite sure I did not. But enough of him. Let us talk of your prospects now."

Frank's face flushed; and he drew his chair back into the shadow, unwilling that his uncle should see all the pain and trouble it revealed.

"I think the best thing, in the circumstances, will be for me to see Mr. Verner and tell him exactly how matters stand," Sir George said hesitatingly. "What do you say, Frank? You know your future father-in-law's peculiarities better than I can guess them."

Frank did not answer immediately; he knew that for him to try to explain matters to Mr. Verner while the latter still smarted under the shock of an immense disappointment would be only to court a rebuff. If Essie's father had never said in so many plain words that he gave his daughter to the future Lord of De Walden Court, he had at least let his feeling be very clearly understood. The young man recalled, with a painful little flush, the eager interest with which he had studied the De Walden pedigree and computed the De Walden acres, the fancy pictures he had drawn of pretty Essie, installed as Lady Bountiful and mistress of the quaint old Manor House. He never for an instant seemed to think that his son-in-law's life could be in any way influenced by his profession.

It was only the other day, the young man remembered bitterly, that Essie herself had called her father to account for this curious peculiarity of his.

"Why, papa," she cried, opening her big eyes widely, and shaking back the dusky perfumed love-locks that clustered about her pretty head, "you talk as though we were only to live for and at De Walden! Frank does not reign there yet, you know; and, even when he does, he will still have his profession. How would you like a Lord Chancellor for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Verner laughed at the grotesque suggestion as he looked down at the lovely upturned face and rattled the sovereigns comfortably in his trousers pocket; but he answered it seriously all the same

"I should not care much about him, Essie; I prefer Frank as he is. Any clever fellow, with luck and working-powers, may mount the woolsack; but it takes some centuries to give a man an historic name and such a fine old ivy-grown herritage as De Walden Court."

Frank had laughed carelessly at the pompous words then; but they came back sharply to his memory now, and the pang they cost him wrung a little weary sigh from his lips.

It was echoed by one from Sir George's. The latter pushed his glass away, and said in a disappointed tone—

"I see you do not approve my proposition. You think by interfering I should only make matters worse."

"By no means, sir," Frank answered, rousing himself at once, and speaking with unmistakeable earnestness and sincerity. "I think it more than possible that Mr. Verner would listen with something like decent civility to you. To me—in the first flush of his indignation—he certainly would not."

"Very well then, I will try my luck to-morrow."

Frank tugged thoughtfully at his moustache, and tried in a quick fancy sketch to bring the interview before him, and bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. But in this latter attempt at least he utterly failed; even had there been no illusion to destroy, no painful revelation to make, Sir George de Walden and Constantine Verner were men so diametrically opposite that he could not imagine them coalescing.

"I—I am afraid you will find the task you undertake no easy one," he said, with a faint smile. "Mr. Verner is——"

"A man who, through my instrumentality, has been deceived, whose hopes I have raised in an unjustifiable fashion—therefore a man who has every claim upon my forbearance," Sir George finished grandly. "You need not think my temper will fail me, Frank, even if I do have to listen to a few hard words. I shall let Mr. Verner's indignation exhaust itself, and then, as he calms down, appeal to him, as a sensible man of the world, to listen to a just and reasonable proposition."

Sir George was so evidently delighted with and confident in the success of his plan that Frank had not the heart to put forward any further objection; besides, it was so easy and pleasant to catch the infection of the old man's hope, to believe and think that, where so much—the happiness of his whole life, thought the poor young lover—was at stake, all must go well.

"Well, you will do your best, I know, sir; and, when your interview with Mr. Verner is over, provided that it does not end in a quarrel——"

"As I promise you it shall not," Sir George broke in lightly. "Well, when your amicable conference is at an end—what then?"

"Why, then you will see Essie," the young fellow answered, with a broken laugh; "and then you will understand."

"How much I have made you suffer in these twenty-four hours of suspense!" Sir George said, resting his hand with an earnest kind pressure on his nephew's arm. "But it will be over when I see you again, and your happiness will be assured on a firmer and safer basis than it has had yet. I do not, will not doubt of my success, and you must not doubt it either; in fact, my greatest anxiety is now—Miss Essie herself."

"You need not doubt her; she is an angel of unselfishness, sir."

"No doubt; but you have raised my expectations rather high, you must admit; and, if I find her anything short of perfection in female form, I shall not think her worthy of your eulogium, or, indeed, of my nephew Frank."

Frank did not answer; but his smile was eloquent enough. He had no doubt of Essie's perfections, no fear that his uncle would fail to recognise them at first sight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONEY IN BASE BALL.

Some of the Men who have Grown Rich on the Nation Game.

The salary of the professional base ball player is something often talked about, and the figures are generally placed too high, but for an actual fact the professional player of to-day, providing he possesses ability of the right order, fares better than the ordinary member of any other profession. Al Spalding, the President of the Chicago Club, is perhaps the richest man in the business to-day, and Al Beach, the organizer of the Philadelphia Club, is another who has laid away something for a rainy day. Spalding's wealth is estimated at between $200,000 and $300,000, and Reach's possessions are placed at the same figures. Big-hearted Jim Mutrie organized the Metropolitan Club of New York, and cleared nearly $100,000 the first season, but none of the money went to Jim, and he is as poor to-day as when he started out. Billy Barnie played in better luck than Mutrie. He and Manck, a Baltimore bill poster, placed the Baltimore American team in the field last year, and scored a great hit, the club making nearly $65,000 its first year, with the prospect of nearly doubling that amount this. Four years ago Barnie came here with the Atlantics and hadn't $50 to his name. To-day he can draw his check for $50,000, or something not much less than that amount, and this is doing pretty well for one who started out with the reputation of being a broken-down catcher. Emil Gross, who catches for the Chicago Unions in their coming games here, owns $50,000 worth of real estate in Chicago, but this does not represent his earnings, he having fallen heir to the property. Mike McGeary has made enough money out of base ball to buy several houses in Philadelphia, and Anson of the Chicagos has bought a farm with the proceeds of his earnings, and also owns stock in the Chicago Club.

George Wright owns quite an establishment in Boston, and Harry Wright, now managing the Philadelphia Club, is also doing well, but neither have more wealth than they know what to do with. Of the St. Louis players Dunlap of the Unions is the most solid man, while Gleason of the American team owns the house he lives in, and is pretty well fixed financially. George Strief owns a neat home in Cleveland, and Latham is another thrifty and well-to-do player. But these men are about all there are of the present and of the old rank and file who are even well-to-do. Of course others have made money in the business, but they did not belong to the old ranks. Lew Simmons, for example, knew but little about base ball until about three years ago, when he, Sharsig, and Mason organized the Athletic Club and the trio since that time have cleared between $200,000 and $300,000 on the venture. Theirs was the greatest success, financially, ever scored in the base ball world.

The poorest paid club in the American Association to-day is the Louisville. Nearly all were frightened into signing $1,000 contracts. This gave the players no money to spend for whiskey, or something worse, and as a result they are in first class fix and playing first-class ball. The New York League team of last year, which was called "The $40,000 Gilt-edge Nine," made the poorest kind of a record for itself, the time of the players being mostly taken up in spending their salaries, instead of training and getting in trim for play. The Chicago nine of this year, perhaps the highest salaried nine in the League, seems to be following in in the rut of last year's New York Club, and the high-salaried nine which represents St. Louis in the American Association is not doing so well this year as it did last, when its salary was not so high.—*St. Louis Critic.*

The Thermometer.

Mr. R. H. Scott, President of the Royal Meteorological Society, London, has compiled some interesting notes on the history of the thermometer. The name of the actual inventor of the instrument is unknown, and the earliest mention of it as a scientific appliance, then fifty years old, was in a work by Dr. R. Fludd, published in 1638. As to the instrument as it now exists, Robert Hooker suggested the use of the freezing point, Halley the boiling point, and the substitution of mercury for spirit, and Newton blood heat. Fahrenheit, although a German by birth, was a protege of James I., and died in England. Reaumur's thermometer in its final form owes its origin to De Luc; and although the centigrade thermometer is almost universally attributed to Celsius, it was really invented by Linnæus. Celsius' instrument had its scale the reverse way, the boiling point being 0° and the freezing point 100°.

MORSELS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.

Time is the old justice that examines all offenders.

There is nothing that fear or hope does not make men believe.

Marriage unites for life two people who scarcely know each other.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

The history of all the world tell us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

No act will be considered as blameless unless the will say so, for by the will the act was dictated.

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

We seldom condemn mankind till they have injured us, and when they have we seldom do anything but detest them for the injury.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still night is full of magnificence; and, for many, it is more brilliant that the day.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

No one loves to tell a tale of scandal but him that loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and silence the distracting tongue by refusing to hear.

A right mind and generous affection has more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides, and a gain of honest and native worth is of more value than all the adventurous ornaments, estate or preferments, for the sake of which some of the better sort so oft turn knaves.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

The Great Inflammatory Remedy.

Nerviline, the latest discoved pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', writes: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Nerviline may be tested at the small sum of ten cents, as you can buy a sample bottle for that sum at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

They who do speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will I you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In arge bottles 50 cents.

What is often taken for decision of character is nothing but bigotry.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Of all the threads of a discourse originality needs less waxing.

Dame Experience

Does not conduct a select school, yet her charges for tution are seldom small. The training imparted has current value everywhere, and for this reason she can demand arbitrary compliance with her wishes One of her appreciated maxims is to get the best value for your money you can, Shun the inferior and dangerous, even if cheap. Therefore don't buy substitutes for that invaluable article—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the always sure, safe and painless corn remedy. Putnam's never fails, is painless, prompt and certain. Beware of substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and country dealers.

The horn of plenty will soon empty, unless corked with economy.

For brilliancy, durability, economy and simplicity of use, the Triangular Dyes stand pre-eminent. Equally reliable in dark and light shades. Try one package and be convinced. 10c.

No man can gain success without the plaudits of the unsuccessful.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

A Swiss doctor, who had lost everything at Monaco and had vainly applied for the means of returning home, has committed suicide. This is said to be the thirty-second case of the kind this season.

A. P. 185.

FOR SALE.

On the Sacred Hill, 143 acres, within fifteen minutes walk of the New School at Manitowaning. Beautiful situation, well watered, and *cheap as dirt*. Enquire at Box 33, Parry Sound.

FOR THE FARMER.

Feed and Breed as Affecting Quality of Milk.

[illegible] Voelker recently delivered the opening lecture of a course of lectures before the students of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, England, and in the course of his remarks on dairying had the following to say upon the influence of food and bread on the quality of milk:

In 1862 I made some experiments with a view of finding out, if possible, how it was that some of our cows produced at that time such bad milk. Our cows were wretchedly fed, and we had rancid butter and very indifferent cheese. I wanted to find the reason of the poor milk, and I saw the cows milked, and when I analyzed the milk regularly in the laboratory I was perfectly astounded to find how, with a change of food, the character of the milk changed immediately. In the month of September, 1862, our cows gave milk that only contained 1¾ per cent of pure butter fat—you can add one quarter more to represent the quantity of commercial butter—and 90.7 per cent. of water. In the evening the cows milked a little poorer—90 7 per cent. of water, and only a little over 1 1-2 per cent. of pure butter fat. Mr. Coleman thought the scant herbage accounted for th's poverty of the milk, and also for the scanty supply which the cows furnished. He therefore put the cows in the stable in the evening, and gave them hay, mangolds and rape cake, (rape cake is very good food when you can get it free from mustard), and the result was that immediately the quality of the milk improved. Then he gave them the palm-nut meal, with the same result and so rapid was the improvement that, by giving the cows concentrated food in the evening, the milk of the following morning was immediately very much richer than that of the evening before, so that in something like six hours the food told upon the quality of the milk.

It is surprising how rapidly oily matters introduced into the food will find their way into the milk. I mention this to throw a little light upon the question whether morning or evening milk is the better. It is entirely a question of feeding. If you feed the cows well in the day, the evening milk is rich, and if you leave off the feed at night the morning milk is poor. As a rule, therefore, the evening milk is somewhat richer than the morning, but it does not follow that it is invariably the case. I find, for instance, during the twelve months to which I have referred, that out of thirty-two samples of morning and evening milk, in eight cases the morning milk was poorer than the evening; on four days the morning milk was the richer, while on the remaining four days there was no appreciable difference between the quality of the morning and evening milk.

From a table before me, I see I have found as much as four per cent. of pure butter fat, and I have found as little as 1½ per cent. I have found similar difference in experiments which for the last four years I have carried on under my own personal supervision, seeing the cows milked, and so forth, at the show of the British Dairy Farming Association at Islington. In 1879 we had in the showyard an Ayrshire cow whose milk produced 5 1-2 per cent. of pure butter fat, while that of a Dutch cow gave as little as little as 2 1-2 per cent. In the succeeding years we had similar variations, but I cannot help giving you the results of the last year's milk trials which have just passed through my hands, relating to the show held on the 24th October last, and I confine my quotations to prize winners. The first prize animal, a large Dutch cow, a very profitable animal to the milk dealers, gave in the morning 31 lbs. 4 oz., or about three gallons, and in the evening 29 lbs., total 60 lbs. 4 oz., roughly speaking six gallons of milk in the day. But when we examined the milk I found that the produce of the Dutch cow gave only 2 86 of pure butter fat, total solids 12.12, leaving 88 per cent. of water—evidently not a rich milk. The second prize cow, a very taking little Devon, gave in the morning 15 1-2 lbs.; in the evening 11 lbs., total 56 1 2 lbs. of milk in the day, or about 2 1 2 gallons, less than half the quantity of the Dutch cow. But the milk of the Devon cow gave 5 1-2 per cent. of pure butter fat, and would, therefore, make 1⅞ lbs. of saleable butter per day, while the six gallons of milk of the Dutch cow would only make 1 1-2 lbs. of butter. !

Cutting Timothy.

The following method is that of an educated Indiana farmer: Timothy, unquestionably makes much the best hay for all classes of stock when well cured, which is more easily accomplished than with any other grass, but which is not always done, by any means; and yet is as worthless as need be when cut at an unseasonable time or handled in an unintelligent manner. My rule for cutting timothy, is when it is in its best state, if possible, and that is when the major part of the field is in bloom. Some of the seeds were then in milk, and most of them, perhaps, before I was through, for I never cut my grass, wet or dry, before I was ready, as some do. But my rule is to begin the first fair day after I think the gluten, starch and sugar are most abundant in the stalks and leaves, and hurry on the work as fast as possible during the dry weather, and while there is plenty of sunshine. I never cut grass for hay when it is wet from much dew, or even a very little rain. Only a careful observation of the weather is needed generally, to secure the crop in good condition. During the summer season two or three days of cloudy or rainy weather is usually followed by about the same number of good, or fairly good, hay-cutting weather, alternating in that manner through the season, except in seasons of severe drought or excessive rains

Top-Dressing Fields.

We are more and more impressed with the importance of top-dressing mowing lands. Of course cultivation becomes necessary for the production of different crops, but otherwise the maintenance of mowing land could be effected by top dressing. Upon ground that is naturally rough and stony, cultivation and re-seeding often gives occasion for considerable labor in the removal of stones brought to the surface; in such cases, if once a good sod is secured, the maintenance by top-dressing becomes more agreeable and satisfactory. We have marked with satisfaction the effect of a top-dressing in the late fall of 1882. It was upon a field in which the grass was growing thin. Last season there was a considerable increase, but it remained for this spring to exhibit a most remarkable increase of growth of clover and timothy, which was nearly or quite exterminated, as far as appearance would indicate. We know that there are farmers who think little of top-dressing, but our experience has been that upon our soil top-dressing uniformly produces good results.

Pulverizing the Soil.

One of the conditions of success in the cultivation of the soil is its pulverization. Without this the operation of culture becomes tedious, and its results unsatisfactory. For two seasons we have noticed the operation of the disc harrow, as it is employed upon a sod newly turned over. In both instances the sod was as well turned as could be expected, but fully showed the furrows, and gave evidence that it was sod before the use of the harrow, but after using the harrow, passing over the piece thoroughly, no one could detect any appearance that it was sod. The entire surface was well pulverized, and in excellent condition to receive seed of any kind that might be planted, or even for reseeding. Of course in order to secure the most satisfactory results requires that the soil be free from stones, so as to admit of the free use of the several discs, of which the harrow is composed. We should imagine that as an implement for the preparation of the soil for the preparation of the soil for seeding down, the disc harrow with the roller would serve a most excellent purpose.

Dedicating a Mormon Temple.

Discretion seemed to me to be the better part of valor, and I remained in Zion while thousands of Saints hied them to Cache Valley to view the Logan temple as the "grandest edifice of its kind that has been erected in this dispensation." Though not in Logan on this eventful occasion, I have obtained some important facts from Saints who were. To begin with the editors of Logan's own newspapers, the *Utah Journal* worked like beavers on the day preceding the dedication collecting statistics of the temple, the number of donors and their names, the cost of the edifice, etc. These enterprising brethren had their type set up, and were about to print, when orders came from the prophet John Taylor that the result of their blessed labor was to be "knocked into pie!" Tell the world that Logan temple cost $500,000! Put the United States Government in possession of such important information, when the law limits every church to $50,000 worth of property in any given locality! It wouldn't do. So the foiled journalists labored all night to fill the aching void, and the Latterday saints again proved their astuteness. On the night before the dedication John Taylor received a revelation direct from God that he accepted the temple, the ground and sacrifice of the saints. All was pronounced "good," as at the creation of the world, and the next morning it took the "Almighty's mouthpiece" thirty minutes to bless every stone, chair, window, door, pane of glass, etc., pertaing to the holy edifice. This prayer was "so complete and perfect," declares a good saint, as to "seem to comprise everything on earth and in Heaven pertaining to the offering of the temple." There's no doubting this statement. I doubt whether a bolt or a bar was forgotten. In reading the prayer I wonder what a deity of supreme intelligence thought of this mass of verbiage, provided He thought of it at all. Only Mormon patience could endure such a Niagara of words. Everything in this world depends upon the point of view. "Never," asserts one of the best of Mormon women, "never since the time when we witnessed the remarkable, one might say marvelous, occurrence which transpired in Nauvoo at the time when the mantle of the Prophet Joseph appeared so plainly to fall upon Brigham Young, have we seen any manifestation of divine acceptance so distinctly clear as during the dedication services in the Logan temple—a sensation as though myriads of angels were in attendance and taking cognizance of that which transpired."

It is significant that, the prayer excepted, very brief reports of the three days' services were given to the public. One who was there affirms that the greater part of the preaching dwelt upon obedience to the priesthood and upon the glories of celestial marriage. The prophet, John Taylor, repeating himself, declared that no man should hold office in the church, who did not carry out the sublime principle of plural wives, and branded every man as a "coward" who did not at once obey God's command. He defied the United States Government to harm "this people" or stay their onward march. The world would yet see a temple in New York City, built by the saints, and dedicated to the God of Israel! Aye, this would come to pass, in spite of all Hell!"—[Kate Field in Boston *Herald*.

Origin of the Bayonet.

In the short reign of James II. the first step was taken towards the abolition of the use of pikes in our Army by the introduction of the practice of sticking the dagger into the muzzle of the musket, in order to protect the men when charged by cavalry immediately after they had fired. It is said that this practice, which was borrowed from the French, was the origin of the bayonet. The daggers were for many years affixed to the musket by having their long handles, in some cases a foot in length, jammed down the muzzles. At what time the mode of fixing the bayonet so as not to prevent the loading and firing of the piece was adopted in England it is not very easy to discover; but the improvement is said to have originated in France; and the following anecdote in Grose's *Treatise on Ancient Armour* seems to support this—"In one of the campaigns of King William III. in Flanders there were three French regiments whose bayonets were made to fix after the present fashion, a contrivance then unknown in the British Army. One of them advanced against the 25th Regiment with fixed bayonets. Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, who commanded it, ordered his men to screw their bayonets into the muzzles of their muskets to receive the enemy; but, to his great surprise when the French came within a proper distance, they threw in a heavy fire, which for a moment staggered his people, who by no means expected such a greeting, not conceiving how it was possible to fire with fixed bayonets. They nevertheless recovered themselves, charged, and drove the enemy out of the line." The word "bayonet" is believed to have been derived from the town of Bayonne, in the extreme south-west of France, the first weapons of this description—used to convert muskets, as it were, into pikes—having been made there.

MURDERED HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

A Sensational Story by a Deserted Wife from Texas.

The readers of the *Enquirer* will remember a paragraph which appeared in this paper a few days ago referring to a woman named Lizzie Perry, who reported to Capt. Devine, at the central station, that her husband had stoled her 4-months old child, which she was wheeling in a baby-carriage on West Court street. The story, when related by the excited mother, at once enlisted the sympathies of the police, who promised to give her every assistance possible to reclaim her child. She sobbed pitifully that he would kill the babe. The officers attempted to persuade her that her husband would not attempt such a rash act. "Oh, yes, he would," replied the weeping mother; "I saw him kill my gray-haired father before my eyes." This sudden and unlooked for announcement put a different phase to her story, and when questioned by the captain as to the correctness of her statement she related the following harrowing story, which, if true, would make her liege lord an undesirable citizen in any community:

"Charles Perry, the young man who is the author of all my recent troubles, arrived in the state of Texas a little over four years ago, and settled down at Brookstone, La Mar county, Texas, where, after a short courtship, we were married. Not, however I am sorry to say, with the approbation and consent of my father, who was a prosperous trader in the country. I was not long in perceiving a growing jealousy between my father and husband, which culminated in the death of a fond parent at the hands of a worthless husband. An arrest quickly followed and the whole community were much agitated over the tragedy, as 'old man Robinson' (my father) was respectably connected. At first I concluded to abandon my husband and leave him to his fate. But his constant pleading caused me to relent, and I called to see him at the jail where he was incarcerated awaiting his trial. After several ineffectual attempts in procuring bail I was at last successful in inducing Capt. Shelton, a very wealthy man, who, through sympathy for me, consented to go on his bond.

"When the date fixed for the trial drew near my husband began to grow extremely nervous, and finally announced his intention of leaving the state. I consented to share with him the hardships and perils of such a course, knowing that in doing so I would incur the hatred of all my former friends. But, woman like, I clung to him, for which I am now repentant. Indian Territory was the first place in which we concluded to stop, as we felt secure from further pursuit, and in that wild region my child was born. My husband becoming dissatisfied with the place, at last concluded to start for Cincinnati, where we arrived a short time since. The relatives and friends of my husband live here, and he is protected in his extreme cruelty towards me. I know he will kill or take my innocent babe to his mother's home, and they will send it away."

The poor woman, after she had concluded the tale of the wrong she had suffered under such trying and peculiar circumstances, started out of the station in quest of her stolen child. Charles Perry, the husband, who, with his child, was stopping at his sister's, No. 424 West Ninth street, read the paragraph and at once repaired to the central station, stating that he was the man whom it was claimed through the press had on the day before stolen his own child, if there was such a crime. Capt. Devine asked him to relate his version of the story and all the circumstances connected with his domestic life. Mr. Perry, who is yet quite a young man and with nothing about his general appearance that would indicate bloodthirstiness, began, and in a clear and precise manner made the following statement:

"Some time ago I left Cincinnati, and in my traveling about I found myself in the Lone Star state, where I concluded to remain, and worked steadily for quite awhile, and in the meantime became acquainted with my wife, then Miss Lizzie Robinson, whose father was a well-to-do citizen of the place. Like many young men, I became infatuated, and made up my mind to marry Miss Robinson I went to her father and asked for his consent, but was met with a blank refusal, and told to discontinue my visits about the place, but his objections were ignored in a clandestine marriage. Such a course made my father-in-law a bitter enemy. We had many quarrels, but nothing of a serious nature, as I concluded to leave the place, and come on here. I am sorry to say my wife contracted a strong desire for drink, and I attempted several times to break her of the habit, but without success. When we arrived here a short time ago she drank so that I was compelled to leave her. I went to my sister's and my wife was given lodging at the Home of the Friendless. Yesterday I was passing up Court street, and when near Mound street my wife spied me. She left the child on the sidewalk and ran away. Of course, I took my child and brought it home. I could not leave it in the street. I promised her to pay her board and give her money besides, but would not live with her."

"But she says you killed her father. Is there any truth in her statement?"

"Yes, I did; but it was a clear case of self-defense, and I was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter. The deed occurred one evening while seated at the supper table. He attacked me with a dirk-knife, and here is the wound that he gave me."

Mr. Perry opened his shirt and exhibited an ugly scar on the left breast.

"This was inflicted while Robinson had me down on the floor. I reached out and picked up a small hand-ax which was lying near the stove, and dealt him one blow on the head. It was that blow that killed him and saved me, as in a second more I would have received another stab which would have ended my life. He died the next day, and I was taken to the hospital. The talk she made of my jumping my bail is all nonsense, as I was not on bail, but lying helpless in the hospital with my life despaired of.

"If you desire I will inform you from whom you can learn the truth of the affair." The statement made by Perry is no doubt correct, as the superintendent of the Children's home heard his request to his wife, which she refused to comply with. Mr. Perry says that he never intends to live with his wife again. Perry is said to be a brother of the notorious Ben Perry, who is said to be a brother of the notorious Ben Perry, who is wanted for burglary.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Gambler's Suicide—Siberian Cattle Plague—Cruelty to a Child—in the Seine, &c., &c.

Another link, connecting Portugal with Spain,—namely, the railway from Salamanca to the frontier, where it joins the general system of the Portuguese railways,—is now expected to be completed in September next.

Munkacsy's new picture, "Christ on the Cross," is the new excitement with the art world in Paris. The picture, critics say, even exceeds, both in beauty of composition, color, and technique, the artist's other great work, "Christ Before Pilate."

A few days ago an English sailor entered a cafe in Boulogne, and, having lit his pipe, departed, forgetting his match box. Shortly afterward some one in authority entered the place and spied the pieces a conviction. The rightful owner having disappeared, the land lord had to pay the penalty—namely, 30 francs, or one franc for each match.

A fisherman named Flood has died at Drogheda from blood poisoning caused by a bite inflicted on his face during a savage fight with a man named Murphy. The bite was followed by a hideous leprosy of sores, which eat away the flesh on the throat and chest, leaving the muscles bare. The doctors certify that death was caused by the bite. Murphy is in custody.

The Siberian cattle plague has this year assumed enormous proportions. From the 1st to the 15th of January 533 head perished in Tchiginsk, 217 in Bieloff, 170 in East Aleisk, and 140 in Zimin. In the district of Tcharitthesky the loss in three weeks among five villages amounted to 1,150 head. The peasantry in many districts become more and more impoverished, and seek a remedy in constant migrations.

The annual returns published by the prefecture of police show that there has for the last three or four years been an increase in the number of fires in Paris. The total in 1880 was 2,097, of which 1,509 were chimney fires only, but last year the total had risen to 2,593, of which 1,688 were chimney fires. The number of persons burnt to death last year was 8, and 51 firemen were more or less seriously injured. Honorary rewards were conferred upon 39 firemen for special acts of bravery.

Berlin was treated to another pageant recently in the shape of a grand historical procession, organized by the Guild of Shoemakers, in celebration of the sexcentenary of its existence. The procession, which attracted enormous numbers of spectators, was viewed from the balcony of the palace by the emperor and the crown prince, and also by Prince Bismarck, as it passed along the Wilhelm strasse. One of the historical groups delineated Hans Sachs and his surroundings, while another showed the development of the shoemaking art.

The latest sport in Paris among the young *gommeux* of the day is to offer a supper in some of the swell restaurants, where the room and the lights were given by the host for a costly sum, while the guests are only allowed the food which they bring, and which they must steal on their way down to the rendezvous. The fashion was set some years since by the Duke de Morny. It is to be presumed that any flagrant act of appropriation to the needs of the moment would in the end be paid for, but for the time being the viands, wines, and flowers have all the flavor of stolen sweets.

Mr. Bryan Molloy was tried at the Dublin commission court, a few days ago, on the charge of bigamy. He had married a number of wives,—it was not known precisely how many,—but five had been traced. The defense set up for him was insanity, and it was proved that he was of weak intellect; that he had several times been in lunatic asylums at home and on the continent, and that he came of a highly respectable family, in which, it was stated, insanity is hereditary. He was convicted and ordered to be detained in an asylum during the lord lieutenant's pleasure. All his wives—at least all the police have been able to get together—were in court.

Chios, which is still suffering from the effects of the earthquakes, is now visited by another calamity. A large number of the lemon and orange trees, which form one of the chief resources of the island, are attacked by an unknown disease, and specialists are being sent by the minister of commerce to make investigations into the matter. Meanwhile the pious inhabitants are having recourse to supernatural remedies. Having chartered a special steamer, they have brought from one of the monasteries of Mount Athos a miracle-working girdle of the Virgin, and a grand procession, headed by the orthodox metropolitan, is bearing the sacred relic through the orchards.

Ellen Cashion and Anastatia Rourke were arrested at Clonmel, Ireland, recently, charged with cruelly ill-treating a child 3 years old, named Phillip Dillon. The prisoners were taken before the mayor, when evidence was given showing an extraordinary survival of superstitious belief. It appeared that the neighbors fancied that the child, which had not the use of its limbs, was a changeling left by the fairies in exchange for the original child. While the mother was absent the prisoners entered her house and placed the child naked on a hot shovel, under the impression that this would break the charm. The child was severely burned. The prisoners were remanded. They were hooted by the crowd.

For the third time a new head has just been placed upon the carving of Maj. John Andre in the beautiful fresco upon his tomb in Westminster abbey. Exactly six cases of sacrilege have occurred at this tomb. The heads of George Washington and Maj. Andre, both being prominent in the fresco, have been three times stolen respectively. Americans are fond of taking home samples of what they see in "old country," and the tomb of this unfortunate English gentleman has, it is supposed, especially suffered in this way. The last theft of Maj. Andre's head occurred during an organ recital by Dr. Bridge upon the splendid new instrument by Messrs. Hill & Sons; and the head has been cleverly replaced by a new carving.

There are no fewer than 25,000 persons in France afflicted with blindness. In aid of the indigent of this class an admirable performance of M. Gounod's "Redemption" was recently given in Paris under the direction of the gifted composer, who is said to have "entered into the spirit of his task with all the ardor of an enthusiastic youth eager to win his spurs.' The solo singers were the same as on the occasion of the only previous hearing of the oratorio in France, except that the principal soprano part devolved on Mme. Eides Devrier, who acquitted herself of her task in a truly musician-like manner. M. Faure again spoke the sacred words of the bass part with a dignity and solemnity, perhaps, that no other singer could approach.

M. Pasteur's intention to establish at Meudon a range of kennels for subjects used in his rabies experiments causes the population of that peaceful and picturesque suburban resort great anxiety. M Pasteur's idea, of course, was that no one could possibly object to the presence of his mad dogs on the confines of an ample wood. But in this he proves to have been mistaken. The mayor of Meudon has appealed, on behalf of his commune, to the minister of the interior, and also to the press. However carefully the dogs might be watched, the mere idea of having them for close neighbors would, he urges, effectually prevent quiet Parisians from making Meudon their suburban home and place of recreation, and thus the place would be ruined.

Three men, named Jones, Walker, and Mackness, who had spent Whitsun week in jail for refusing to have their children vaccinated, were liberated from Leicester prison, England, recently. A large concourse of spectators assembled in front of the prison, accompanied by a brass band, and the men were welcomed with great cheering. They were driven in a carriage and entertained at breakfast, in a procession headed by the brass band afterward marching through the principal streets of the town. Resolutions condemning the vaccination acts and imprisonment of men for conscience sake were passed at a large meeting. The goods of twenty persons have been seized for nonpayment of vaccination fines, and they will be sold by public auction.

A good story comes from an Anglo-Indian legion. A sub-lieutenant took sick leave, and spent his leisure in the steps preliminary to getting married. The colonel heard of the indiscretion, and peremptorily telegraphed, "Join at once." With the fatal order in his hand, the youth proceeded to say farewell to his betrothed. But the lady was more intelligent in military matters. "I am glad that the colonel approves the match," she said; "but why is he in such a hurry?" The sub-lieutenant was still too literal for the fair one, who had further to explain that to "join at once" meant "marry immediately." The result was that in forty-eight hours the colonel received the following reply, per telegraph: "Your orders are obeyed. We were married at once."

M. Louis Maiche, a well-known French engineer, has made a discovery of a hardly less startling character than that of a means to set the Seine on fire. He has discovered a gold mine in the bed of that river. The little fragments of quartz and silex which form the gravel in the bed of the Seine are, according to M. Maiche, remarkably rich in the precious metal. In some of the specimens which he has collected the aureous particles are numerous and visible. The discovery will hardly prove of practical importance. It has been calculated that the pavement of the streets of Strasburg contains gold to the value of 4 000 000 sterling. Unfortunately, it would take just double that amount to extract it, and it is more than probable that the French proverb about the game and the candle will be equally applicable to the pebbles at the bottom of the Seine.

A Walking Stick That Has Travelled.

Col. William Erneston, a bronzed veteran of the British India service, who passed through Philadelphia a few days ago, carried a cane that is a memento of great events. It is made of nine longitudinal strips of wood; the head is a highly-polished bit of bone from the river drift deposits in Devonshire, England, and the ferule is a fragment of a gun used at the battle of Melegnano. One wooden strip is from the Mount of Olives, at Jerusaleum, and of the other eight one is from Nelson's ship, the Victory, one from the American sloop-of-war Cumberland, and one from the Alabama, cut before she left Laird's ship-yard; one from the Bellerophon, Napoleon's prison ship, one from the Ville de Paris, Admiral de Grasse's flag-ship in our revolutionary war; one from the floor of the black hole at Calcutta; one from the grove surrounding Taj Mahal, and the last from the wreck of the Royal George. Col. Erneston has written a sketch of the circumstances under which each piece of the cane was obtained, and the whole put together, and on his death it and the manuscript are to be deposited in the South Kensington Museum. Each circumstance regarding the gathering of the pieces is properly attested.

Only One of the Nine.

A man with a mournful expression of countenance sat in the corner of the smoking car. One of his eyes was hidden by a green flap, the other gave evidence that it had violently come in contact with some hard substance. His nose looked as though it had been flattened against a window pane when he was a boy and never regained its natural shape. One ear was missing and the other drooped like a wilted morning glory His left arm was in a sling, and no two fingers of his right hand pointed in the same direction.

When the conductor came along he gazed compassionately at the wreck before him and said, inquiringly:

"Collision?"

"No," growled the human debris.

"Prize fight?"

"No."

"Mother-in-law?"

"No."

"Dog?"

"No."

"Then what under the sun has broke you all up?"

"Base ball," groaned the victim, pulling his slouched hat down over his frescoed eye.

Coaching parties from which the tyrant man is excluded promise to become mildly popular among the ladies. The first of the season was given in retaliation for a party which has enjoyed by none but men, and it was tedious in so inconsiderable a degree that others of the same sort was talked of. Of course the ladies do not hold the rein, and wind the horn, but maybe they will do the former in the course of a few seasons when the present "horsy" tendency in fashionable life shall have borne fruit.

"Reviews" Distributed Free!

For this week, July 17th, and three following issues, several hundred extra copies of the REVIEW will be mailed to residents of the townships of Cardiff, Burleigh, Chandos, Anstruther, and the northern townships of this County, who are not now regular subscribers. The papers are paid for and sent with the compliments of E. J. Cassell, Bancroft, whose advertisement appears therein.

THE GLORIOUS 12TH!

Celebration at Eldorado and Elsewhere

Saturday last added another anniversary to the historic Battle of the Boyne. The day did not dawn very auspicious, being wet and cloudy, but the Orangemen were early astir nevertheless, dressed in their best clothes, and decorated regalia, intent on preserving the sacred memory of King William, rain or shine. This year the celebration in No. 2 District took place at Eldorado, where a dinner was given by lodge No. 517, the proceeds being for the erection of a new Hall for the brethren of that lodge. As usual on these occasions there was a large turnout, and in spite of the unfavorable weather the events of the day passed off successfully.

In the midst of a drizzling rain the procession was formed at Lower Eldorado, at 11 o'clock. The following Lodges took part:—

Allen Settlement, No. 253, J. A. McCoy, W.M.
Wannamaker, No. 285, W. T. Brown, W.M.
Queensboro, No. 437, L. D. Clothier, W. M.
Best's, No. 517, J. Best, W. M.
Hazzard's, No. 1133, J. Donohue, W. M.

White's Agricultural Band was engaged for the day by No. 1133, and headed the procession to the grove. The marshals and District officials were well mounted, and managed the day's proceedings with great credit to themselves. They were, Bro. Wm. Thompson, District Master; Bro. Hugh Ketcheson, District Marshal; assisted by Bro. Wm. J. Allen, of Allen Settlement Lodge.

By the time the procession arrived at the grove the rain was coming down in torrents, which had the effect of spoiling the dinners of many hungry ones, as well as spoiling much of the excellent food prepared for them. Standing at an open table during a heavy rain, holding an umbrella with one hand, and having to rely on the other for what you get to eat, is not the most pleasant manner of satisfying the hungry inner man, but it could not be helped on this occasion. The Committee and the ladies in charge did all they could, but the rain was master of the situation. In the course of an hour, however, it cleared up, and those who came after fared better.

After dinner the speaking commenced on a platform adjoining. The District Master, Wm. Thompson, acted as chairman, the speakers being Bros. William Anderson, of Mountain View, Grand Treasurer; Geo. D. Dickson, of Belleville, and James White, of Madoc. The speeches were eloquent and interesting, and were attentively listened to. The band was also on the platform and interspersed some choice selections between the speeches.

Before the crowd dispersed the result of the canvassing between the two young ladies, Miss Empey and Miss Phillips, for the gold watch and chain, was announced. When the money was counted it was found that Miss Phillips had collected $490.70, and Miss Empey $405.00. The young ladies were brought on the platform when the amounts were made known, and the prize was duly presented to the successful canvasser. As the loser had also worked as hard as the winner, the committee very generously decided she was also entitled to some recognition, and a gold watch was also presented to Miss Empey. Cheers were given for the young ladies and the crowd dispersed.

We understand the total receipts of the day will amount to upwards of $1100.00.

THE DAY IN HUNTINGDON.

Loyal Orange Districts Nos. 1 and 3 celebrated the day in Mr. Tummon's grove, near White Lake, Huntingdon. There were nine lodges in the procession, under District Masters James Gay and John Bateman, and was said to be the finest turnout ever held in North Hastings. Mr. S. Tummon, County Master, was chairman, the speakers being Revs. Messrs. Leitch and Ray, and Mr. F.M. Clarke. A.F. Wood, M.P.P. was present, but had to leave before the speaking commenced. Here again of course the rain somewhat marred the success of the celebration, but, as it was, over $600 was realized. Great praise was due and was heartily given to Messrs. William Tummon and Francis Reynolds, who had sole charge of the arrangements, and to whose energy, ability and untiring exertions the success of the day is attributed. The crowd present was estimated at fully 2000. Over $600 were realized for the new Methodist church at White Lake.

Moody, the evangelist, is on his way to America. He made many converts in England.

No dynamite outrages have been reported for some days. Can it be that Irish servant girls have grown tired of supplying O'Donovan Rossa, and his fellow fiends with funds?

General Middleton, the new commander of militia in Canada, arrived in Quebec this week per S. S. Polynesian. Upon disembarking, a salute of 13 guns was fired from the Citadel.

Texas is keeping up with the procession. Kansas had a bull-fight on the fourth of July, and stepped 2 or 3 paces ahead of the other States, but Texas had a real duel on Sunday, and now the two great states of the southwest are marching abreast.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the deseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stray Horses!

FROM Lot No. 3, 7th concession of Elzevir, one Gray Horse, aged, and one Bay, 9 years old. Both horses had a spavin. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

SIDNEY MENIA,
376 Bridgewater.

REMOVED.

W. HUDGINS

HAS removed his BAKERY to the

VICTORIA BLOCK,

where he has opened in connection therewith first class

Restaurant and Ice Cream Parlor.

Confectionery and Fruits in Season.
Give me a call.

W. HUDGINS.

Receipts & Expenditures

—OF THE—

Municipality of Madoc Village,

For the Year 1883.

RECEIPTS.

1883.		
Jan. 1 To balance on hand		$ 441 14
J. H. Dunn, bal. on Roll 1880		22 73
2nd Deb. I. Fund, '82-83	$ 13 50	
1st do '83-84	477 20	490 70
Legislative grant to Model School		147 00
County Treasurer, non-resident		2 14
Clergy Reserve Fund, 1881		12 85
Rent for Town Hall		20 00
Proceeds of two notes, $400 each		783 34
J. H. Dunn, Roll of '82	$1076 78	
do '83	4035 83	5112 61
License Billiard Table		50 00
Proceeds of Debentures		1250 00
Ross and Gray for crossing		6 00
A. F. Wood, fines for 1882-83		23 00
E. D. O'Flynn, fines for 1883		9 00
Total Receipts		$8270 51

EXPENDITURES.

1883.	
Feb. 8 By T. Wills, Co. Treas.	$ 845 03
Debentures, Interest and Registering	1085 89
Treasurer Board of Trustees	1500 00
Legislative grant	147 00
Fire Engine	1167 21
S. F. Weaver, Fire Brigade	75 00
Kerr & Walton for Ladders	39 25
Sinking Fund	260 00
Two notes retired, $400 each	800 00
J. R. Orr for printing	74 37
R. O'Riardon, Street Surveyor	390 51
Messrs. Rollins, for lumber	276 54
J. O'Hara, for lumber	113 54
B. C. Sills, salary	125 00
E. Mouncey, Treasurer	30 00
J. H. Dunn, Collector	40 00
J. Caverly, Assessor	20 00
M. Maybee, do	20 00
Court of Revision expenses	14 00
J. Tuller, for sleepers	28 59
E. D. O'Flynn, for sleepers	6 75
Chas. Gream, for services	95 40
R. Squires, do	54 35
Registering births, deaths, marriages	4 40
For indigent purposes	17 50
Sundry accounts rendered	36 02
Auditors	16 00
Miscellaneous	14 00
Total Expenditure	$7296 35

Receipts	$8370 51
Expenditures	7296 35
Balance on hand	$1074 16

THOS. CROSS, M. McLEAN, } Auditors.

TO RENT.

A STORE and dwelling, combined, on St. Lawrence street, adjoining Mr. Scott.
W. FERGUSON.
For particulars apply to D. C. Clarke, Madoc. 373-4w

NOTICE.

To School Trustees.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Trustees of the different School Sections in the Township of Madoc, requiring them to send in their applications for School monies, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of August next. If not in by that time they will be liable to be shut out this year.

By order of the Council,

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, June 5th, 1834. 4

NOTICE.

THE Mnnicipal Council of Bangor, et. al., will at its next meeting, to be held the 9th day of September next, pass a by-law establishing a road starting at 8th concession line, Wicklow, and running south between lots 27 and 28, one hundred and fifty yards, then bearing west of south two hundred yards, thence east of south to the school house, section 4. All parties concerned may govern themselves accordingly.

D. CARD, T'p Clerk.

Maynooth, June 23rd, 1884.

FARM FOR SALE

In the matter of the

ESTATE OF STEPHEN FOX,

a Lunatic in the Asylum for the insane, at London.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO. is instructed by Dr. Wm. T. O'Reilly, Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, and Statutory Committee of Stephen Fox, above named, to

RECEIVE TENDERS

for the purchase of the east half of the west half of lot No. 21, in the Fifth concession, of the township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing by admeasurement, 50 acres, more or less, whereof 25 acres are cleared, and free from stumps. The buildings consist of a frame house, 36x24, and frame barn, 48x50. The soil is clay loam. Possession will be given on the 1st of October, 1884.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned at the office of the Toronto General Trusts Company, not later than the 25th July next, and to state Cash offers, or one-third cash and the balance in one or two years, to be secured by Mortgage, with interest at six per cent.

J. W. LANGMUIR,
375 Manager.

Hardware!

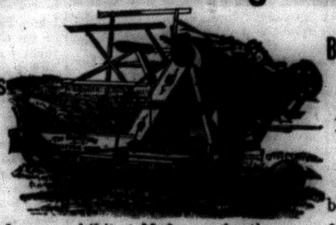
—x—

Blacksmith Bellows Anvil and Vice, for sale cheap, at

J. DALE & SON'S,

General Merchants, Madoc

Brantford Harvesting Machines!



Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883. 2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883. 1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undesigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

—o—

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

—o—

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Specialties

—:—

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

—:—

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

—:—

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

—:—

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

—:—

Diston Saws.

—:—

Pocket - Knives,

TRADE MARK.

A ... of any

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

—:—

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co.
MADOC, ONT.

BANCROFT TO THE FRONT!

Stock New and Fresh.

The subscriber, late of Maynooth, begs to inform the public in general that the business is now open in the premises formerly occupied by J.B.Cleak, Esq., and would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

From my long experience in the trade, and buying for Cash in the cheapest markets, and in large quantities, I trust to be able to give entire satisfaction.

The stock of DRY GOODS is very large and well assorted, and requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. Excellent values in

Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Tweeds, Winceys, Dress Goods, Flannels, Ducks, &c.

In Groceries, Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Fruits, &c., of the finest qualities and choicest brands. Call for quotations. Prices by the original package very low.

The stock of Boots and Shoes is now in process of manufacture, and will arrive in a few days, and for assortment, quality and prices, second to none in the County.

GENTS HATS,—A LARGE VARIETY.

HARDWARE, Every description of Shelf, Heavy, and Builders' Hardware, including Nails, Glass, Paints, Oils, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Carpenters Tools, &c., &c., &c.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, --- a well assorted stock.

Also Tinware, Woodenware, School Books and Stationery, Ready-made Clothing, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Coal Oil, Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Horse Collars, Harness Straps, and many other goods which it is impossible here to enumerate.

To arrive, --- 1 car load IRON, 1 car load SALT.

Special care has been taken by Mr. Cassell during the past four weeks in selecting the stock in the various markets.

As heretofore the business will be conducted on strictly Cash principles. From experience I find it to be the only advantageous method for both buyer and seller.

Trusting to see both old and new Customers.

I remain, yours very truly,

E. J. CASSELL.

BANCROFT, July 1884.

P. S.—I would also take this opportunity to thank the *personnel* of the Central Ontario Railway for their kind and courteous treatment.

Latest Local News.

—A circus is coming to town.

—Read the new advertisements in this issue.

—Teachers and pupils are now enjoying their summer vacation.

—The Auditors' Report for the village, for 1883, appears in this issue.

—Madoc has now four butchering establishments. A short time ago we had only one.

—Mr. L. W. Burke, teacher at Foxboro, was in the village a few days this week seeing his old friends.

—The plasterers are nearly finished and the painters have commenced work in Wilson's new block.

—Messrs. Rollins & Hill have leased their grist mill in this village to Mr. A. L. Sagar, for a term of years.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McKeown, of St. Catharines, have been visiting at Rev. Father Davis' during the past week.

—An old gentleman, a cripple, drawn by a good-sized dog attached to a little carriage, passed through the village yesterday.

—Rev. Mr. Fornieri will, D. V., hold divine service in St. John the Baptist's church next Sabbath, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

—Miss Jones has sent in her resignation to the School Board, who have advertised for a new teacher for her department.

—Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Chief Justice of Manitoba, was in the village on Tuesday. He was here inspecting some property in the neighborhood.

—Owing to a rush of advertising matter we this week issue a small supplement to our subscribers. Next week we purpose getting out a much larger supplement.

—A number of Madoc "Odds" visited the Stirling lodge last night to witness their brethren there perform the Degree work. They were well pleased with their trip.

—Mr. W. Feeney, who lives a few miles from the village, has had a windmill erected on his premises to pump the whey from the cheese factory to his hog pen. It works well.

—We are informed quite a number of self-binders have been sold by local agents in this township this season. The introduction of such machinery by farmers will greatly curtail their expenses for wages.

—A lacrosse match between the Okas of Belleville and the Sioux of this village, will be played here on Civic holiday. The Sioux also expect to play return matches with the Norwood and Hastings clubs soon.

—Last week Mr. John McGregor received from the celebrated Peterborough manufacturers a handsome cedar canoe, which he purchased a short time ago. It attracted great attention from the sporting men of this village and neighborhood.

—Mr. Willis Hudgins has removed his bakery to the Victoria Block, where he has also opened a restaurant and ice cream parlor. He has fitted the place up cleanly and neatly, and no doubt he will make business in his line boom.

—Revs. Messrs. Stratton and Beer, the new Methodist ministers for this circuit, introduced themselves to their congregation in this village last Sunday. The church was crowded at both services. We have no doubt but the rev. gentlemen will soon have things running smoothly.

—Mrs. Louis Weiss, of this village, has the handsomest article in the flower line ever seen in this part of the country. It is an Oleander, in full bloom, which stands over 10 feet high—in fact it makes a good sized shade tree. The family are justly proud of it, and they have had a number of visitors during the past week to see it.

Show Coming.

An advertisement in another column announces that King, Burke & Co's great allied shows will pitch their tents in Madoc on Thursday, 31st July. It is many years since a real live circus exhibited in this village, and no doubt on this account the one coming will be well patronized. It will make no georgeous street parade, but under the canvass they promise something good in the way of acrobatic and gymnastic art, together with an interesting exhibition of trained horses, ponies, dogs and monkies, hindoo snake charmers, marvelous female sampsons, grotesque and comical clowns and in fact a multiplicity of attractions which we have not the space to enumerate. There is also a museum in which some curiosities will be exhibited. The admission will be 25 and 35 cents.

Good Shots.

The 49th Battalion is well known to include some of the best rifle shots in this part of the country, Messrs. Johnson, Hastings, Hilton, Tammadge, Kimmerly and McDonald being among those who have won for the corps honors in many a contest. No. 4 Co'y of this village, also includes some excellent shots for amateurs. Last year, it will be remembered, Serg't. Robt. Phillips succeeded in bringing home the Battalion prize for the highest score at the annual shooting in camp. This year he again made the highest score of any man in the battalion, over the ranges at Trenton camp. Other members of the company also made good scores, principal being Sergts. Morrill and Best and Pte. Pitts. We believe an effort will be made to have a a Rifle Club formed here soon, and the targets furnished by the Government last year, will be put in position. It will then be in order to get up shooting matches here, which would do muchto encourage and bring out the good shots of the company.

The First.

The first new potatoes of the season were left in the REVIEW office on Thursday last, 10th inst., by Mr. S. McGuire. We enjoyed them for dinner, immensely.

North Hastings Uniform Promotion Examinations.

ENTRANCE TO FOURTH CLASS.

The following are the names alphabetically arranged of the pupils who were successful at the recent examination for promotion to the Fourth Class :—

The names of the candidates were examined on June 28th in Stirling by a committee composed of Miss McDermid, Miss Horkins, and Messrs. Mackintosh, Grimwell, Clark, Wallis, Morton, Moore, Jenkins, Stevenson, Miachin and Walker.

The results of the examination are very satisfactory. The number of failures was very small.

One of the most pleasing things connected with the examinations was the success attained by pupils from rural schools in remote parts of the Inspectorate.

The total number of marks obtainable was 710.

		Marks obtained
1	Allen Minnie, 6 Madoc	388
2	Atkins Willie, Madoc M. S	424
3	Blair Ida, 6 Madoc	417
4	Butler Arvilla, 6 Rawdon	527
5	Brown Annie, 8 Rawdon	540
6	Brown Samuel, Madoc M. S	475
7	Bird Nellie, 20 Rawdon	439
8	Burns Ida, 6 Elzevir	400
9	Burns Ella, Madoc M. S	417
10	Burnside Ada, 13 Madoc	398
11	Barry Nancy, 5 Elzevir	400
12	Bull Laura, Madoc M. S	436
13	Crawford John, 2 Marmora	402
14	Crawford Willie, 2 Marmora	415
15	Cuttle Alice, 10 Huntingdon	458
16	Courtney Sarah, 11 Rawdon	519
17	Cross Edward, Madoc M. S	474
18	Eagleson Fred, 4 Madoc	453
19	Elliott Robert, 5 Madoc	449
20	Farrell Nettie, 13 Madoc	430
21	Fenn Kate, 13 Madoc	411
22	Fair John H., 19 Rawdon	435
23	Gallagher Maggie Stirling	455
24	Gillen Cassie, Madoc M. S	427
25	Hurst Ella, 17 Rawdon	499
26	Hatton Ruth, 6 Rawdon	385
27	Hughes Thomas, 2 Marmora	442
28	Houston Eddie, Stirling	382
29	Inkster Ida, 9 Marmora	388
30	Jones Lillian, 2 Marmora	486
31	Jarman Harry, L'Amable, Dung'n	422
32	Lafferty Priscilla, 6 Rawdon	371
33	Linn Emma, 17 Rawdon	368
34	McLean George, L'Amable	424
35	Mason Annie, 20 Rawdon	472
36	Maloney Hugh, 9 Marmora	516
37	McKinnon Beatrice, 4 Madoc	356
38	McCaw Ida, Queensboro'	454
39	McCoy Annie, Madoc M. S	486
40	Millen William, 3 Rawdon	371
41	Martin Della, Stirling	404
42	Nicol Thomas, Queensboro'	432
43	Neal Charity, 15 Rawdon	487
44	Noakes Millie, Madoc M. S	421
45	Patterson George, 19 Rawdon	393
46	Preston Lizzie, 5 Madoc	439
47	Rupert Lily, 20 Rawdon	429
48	Reid John, 3 Rawdon	393
49	Sullivan John, 7 Marmora	427
50	Sharp Alex., 3 Rawdon	374
51	Spurr Nellie, L'Amable	493
52	Tucker Burton, 6 Rawdon	398
53	Tait Lizzie, L'Amable	394
54	Totten Rosa, 8 Rawdon	557
55	Totten Andrew, 8 Rawdon	583
56	Totten Morley, 8 Rawdon	484
57	Todd Edward, 8 Rawdon	471
58	Utman Bernice, Stirling	433
59	Volume John, 12 Madoc	424
60	Watson Essie, 8 Rawdon	556
61	Whitton Cynthia, 8 Rawdon	371
62	Webb Christopher, 20 Rawdon	424
63	White Florence, 3 Rawdon	407
64	Young Millie, 5 Madoc	382

The following pupils failed by a very few marks to gain the standard required, but their promotion has been sanctioned :—

65 Henry Mary, Queensboro'.
66 Johnson Helena, 7 Madoc.
67 Martin Nora, Stirling.
68 Empey Stuart, 12 Madoc.
69 Lowry Nettie, 7 Elzevir.

For admission to High Schools, there were, at Madoc, 39 candidates, at Stirling, 32 candidates, and at Bancroft, 3 candidates. The results of this examination cannot be known for some time.

☞ Call and see our Remnant Tables.
4w376 JOHN DALE & SON.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.— Coughs, Influenza.—The soothing properties of these medicaments render them well worthy of trial in all diseases of the respiratory organs. In common colds and influenza the Pills, taken externally, and the Ointment rubbed over the chest and throat, are exceedingly efficacious. When influenza is epidemic, this treatment is the easiest, safest and surest. Holloway's Pills purify the blood, remove all obstacles to its free circulation through the lugs, relieve the over-gorged air tubes, and render respiration free, without reducing the strength, irritating the nerves, or depressing the spirits ; such are the ready means of escaping from suffering when afflicted with coughs, colds, bronchitis and other chest complaints, by which the health of so many is seriously and permanently injured in most countries.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 40 cents to 42 cents
Rye, 56 " to 60 "
Barley, 45 cents to 60 cents
Peas, 70 cents to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 00 cents to 100 cents
Butter per pound, 17 cents
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 40 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 40 cents
Wool, 17 cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $10 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 8c to 12c

☞ Eighteen pounds of sugar for $1.00 at Chambers & White's.

King, Burke & Co's
GREAT AMERICAN
ALLIED SHOWS
MUSEUM
And Trained Animal Exposition,

Embodying the Greatest Variety of Attractive Recreation of any American Combination on the road, will exhibit at

MADOC on JULY 31st,

An Extraordinary Convocation of

Skilled Arenic Talent,

Associated with an Attractive Display of LIVING and NATURAL WONDERS, and an Exhibition of the Most Wonderfully Educated Animals in existence. Acceptably presenting a CANVASS ENTERTAINMENT of FRESH FEATURES in a New and Pleasing Form.

Amphitheatrical [illegible] Entertainment will include among its Host of Attractions the

ALBION BROTHERS,

Three in Number. The World-Famed ACROBATIC WONDERS. Conceded by all candid contestants to have no peers in the profession.

[illegible],

"The Iron-Jawed Woman." Celebrated throughout the Old World and New as being the Strongest Woman Living. Lifting with Her Teeth alone Huge Weights that would baffle the stoutest man, and successfully Pulling against Teams of Two and even Four Horses.

AHNET[illegible]A,

The Mysterious Hindoo Snake Charmer. Playing with and coiling about her person Hundreds of Pounds of Monstrous Living Serpents.

ANDY SHOWERS' SCHOOL OF
EDUCATED DOGS and MONKEYS,
The Children's Delight.

SIGNOR JEAN ALVERERS, in his Inexplicable and Inimitable Act of Contortion.

THE GLENN SISTERS, Mid-air Phenomenons, in their beautiful High Rope Specialties.

FUNNY CLOWNS.

CHAS. CAROL'S wonderful Troupe of Trained Andalusion Stallions and Pigmy Ponies.

OUR MUSEUM Department will be found replete with the Strangest Living Marvels.

ADMISSION 25 and 35 CENTS.

Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m.

TOLD IN A BACKWOOD TAVERN.

Stories of Wild Life Heard Sixty Years Ago by an old New Yorker.

"I lived twenty years in the wilds of Sullivan county, and left them over forty years ago," said the venerable William R. Sands, now a resident of this city, "and have a lively recollection of the old hunters referred to by Fin Teeple, the Pennsylvania Nimrod, in his narrative of old times in the woods of that region, as given in last Sunday's *Sun*. I was much surprised to hear that Peter Stewart was still living. He must certainly be between 90 and 100 years old. The last time I was in Sullivan County was in 1872, when I attended the funeral of Stephen Curry, one of the pioneers of the county, who died at the age of 101. I remember Nelse Crocker, the panther hunter, whom Teeple mentions as having killed himself because he broke the temperance pledge. He, as well as many others of the old hunters, used to lounge at a tavern kept by an uncle of mine when they were in that vicinity. In those days rum was the favorite beverage, and those free and easy woodsmen punished quantities of it. I can remember, when I was a boy, sixty years ago, sitting on a bench in the bar-room of that old tavern and listened in open-mouthed wonder to their recitals of adventures with panthers, wolves and bears.

"At that time some of them were old men and had roamed the woods before the Indians had given up their claim to them as hunting grounds, and they enlivened the meetings on such occasions with tales of Indian atrocity and personal encounters with the savage, which were then still fresh in their memory. These men lived in different parts of the county, but they seemed to look upon the whole region as a common stamping ground, and it was no unusual thing to see half a dozen hunters in that little bar-room, which was in the town of Neversink, whose homes were thirty miles away in different directions.

"Nelse Crocker was a general favorite because of his great fund of rugged wit and humor and his great sociability. His stories were told in a vein that kept his hearers in a perpetual roar of laughter, his illustrations being broad and original and his powers of mimicry wonderful. He seldom made his own adventures the subject of narration, but always had some good thing to tell, either in favor of or at the expense of some one else. His great bane was rum. Under the influence of that he was but

LITTLE BETTER THAN A DRIVELLING IMBECILE,

and his sprees lasted for weeks. One of Nelse Crocker's adventures with panthers, or rather the story of it, I recollect as well as if I had heard it only yesterday, although it occured sixty years ago. Crocker lived near White Lake, in Bethel turnpike, where his grandfather had been a pioneer settler, and kept a tavern. In the fall of 1820 Nelse had his cabin in the woods near what was called Big Pond, and one day he and his dog struck the trail of panthers along the edge of Painter Swamp. The practised eye of the hunter discovered that there were tracks of no less than seven of the ferocious animals. He followed the trail with his dog a long distance in the swamp without discovering any game, and then sat down on a log to eat his lunch and rest himself. Suddenly his dog began to bristle up and growl, and the next instant a large panther sprang from a tree near by, almost touching Crocker's shoulder as it shot past him. It struck the ground a few feet beyend and bounded off into the swamp.

"Crocker caught up his gun, and lost no time in starting in pursuit of the panther. The dog had followed it immediately, and was yelping along ahead on the track of the animal. Crocker's dog was an exception to most hunting dogs, for, as I have many times heard the old hunters say, there were very few dogs that would follow a panther's track. Nelse's dog overtook the panther, or probably the panther waited for him. At any rate he pitched into the panther without delay, and was whipped in three seconds. Crocker met his dog coming back badly used up. The hunter went on, and found the panther in a tree. As he was aiming at it, a noise off in the swamp attracted his attention, and looking in that direction, he saw another panther rushing toward him, bounding over the tops of the laurels like a rubber ball. Crocker's interest in the animal in the tree vanished at once, and he turned his gun on the new arrival, and by a lucky shot killed it. The report of the gun was followed immediately by yells of panthers from all parts of the swamp, and, as Crocker had now no dog to aid him, he thought that the best thing he could do would be to beat a retreat from the swamp. Two panthers brought up his rear, but did not approach to within shooting distance of Nelse. They followed him, however, to the edge of the swamp.

"When he reached his cabin he found his dog there ahead of him, looking sheepish and ashamed of himself. The more Nelse thought of the way he had left the field alone to the panthers the madder he got, and when he discovered that he had left his hunting cap, which was made out of a wolf's skin, behind him in the swamp, he swore that he would go back and recover it, skin the panther he had killed, and tackle the rest of the drove, if he got chawed up himself. The dog wasn't hurt so badly as he thought, but he did not suppose that it would ever go around where there was a panther again. Yet, when Nelse started back for the swamp next morning to redeem his reputation as a panther hunter, what was his surprise to see the dog gather himself up and march resolutely along as if aware that he ought to retrieve his reputation, and was determined to do it.

"On reaching the scene of his encounter with the panthers the day before, Crocker found his hat and the body of the slain panther. Nelse began taking off its skin, when in glancing up in a tree near by, he saw another crouching down on a limb. Crocker shot it, and it tumbled to the ground, but jumped to its feet and climbed to the top of a small chestnut tree, which bent over with the weight until it was only a few feet from the ground. The panther dropped to the ground, and

CROCKER'S DOG AT ONCE SEIZED IT,

but with one blow of its paw it knocked the dog twenty feet away. Crocker had been trying to reload his gun, but the ramrod stuck in the socket, and delayed him so that the panther, after its bout with the dog, rushed upon him while his gun was still empty. The second experience of the dog was again too much for his valor and he ran away. Crocker, taken at a disadvantage, was also compelled to seek safety in flight. The panther followed him, and was gaining at every jump, when Crocker threw down his rifle. The panther ran to where he had thrown the gun and paused a short time to inspect it, enabling Nelse to make good his escape from the swamp, beyond which the animal did not pursue him.

"When Crocker cooled off he cursed his cowardice, and going to his cabin, he took his hunting axe, which, for some reason, that he was never able to explain, he had failed to carry on either of his other visits to the swamp. Armed with this, he went back to meet the panther he had wounded. He had not long to wait, for he had gone but a short distance in the thicket when the infuriated beast sprang out of the bushes, alighted directly in front of Nesle. It jumped for his throat before he could deliver a blow with his axe. He drew his knife, and by a lucky thrust buried it in the panther's heart. It was more than lucky, for the panther's forepaws were on his breast, and its wide open jaws at his throat. In falling back it set its claws in the hunter's clothing, and tore them from him from the shoulders down. Leaving the panther in its death throes, Crocker hastened to the spot where he had thrown his rifle, and found it. He lost no time in loading it, for he knew that it was more than likely that the dying cries of the panther would summon others to the spot, and he had barely got his rifle ready before he heard one springing from a tree toward him. It soon came in sight, and, discovering Crocker, crouched for a spring in the crotch of a tree, a few feet away. Nelse waited for the leap, and as the panther left the tree he fired. The ball entered its heart, and the animal fell dead at Crocker's feet.

"Nelse's dog, probably unable to face his master after deserting him twice in a strait, had disappeared, and Crocker never saw him again. Finding himself thus left to combat panthers alone, Nelse concluded it would be best to let the ones still remaining have the swamp to themselves, so he took the skins of the three panthers he had killed and broke camp. Crocker signed the temperance pledge in Monticello in 1843, and did not drink anything until the fall of 1844. He joined a party on a hunt that fall, and they had plenty of rum in the camp. Nelse got drunk and remained so for a week. When he became sober he was so ashamed that he shot himself in camp.

"Another hunting story that made a deep impression on my mind in that old backwoods tavern was about a man named Dodge who was a great panther hunter. He was driving a deer once near one of the ponds of Sullivan county, and was walking along the edge of the pond, when he discovered a panther glaring at him from a tree and making ready to spring. Quick as a flash he had his rifle to his shoulder and before the panther had time to spring he sent a bullet in its brain. The panther fell dead and rolled into the pond. The echoes of the shot had hardly died away when the woods seemed literally alive with companions of the dead beast. Dodge said he saw them leaping about in the trees on all sides. He knew that he had no possible chance for his life in a contest with such numbers unless he could obtain some advantage which they could not overcome. It suddenly accurred to him that no member of the cat family would enter water under any circumstances, so he waded out into the pond until he was waist deep. He counted seven panthers leaping about in the trees, uttering blood-curdling yells, and glaring at the hunter. From his position in the pond Dodge would shoot at a panther whenever one would rush down to the edge of the woods. He killed four, when the other three retreated into the woods and disappeared. Fearing that they had gone after reinforcements, Dodge made all haste to get to his cabin. The next day, in company with another hunter, he followed the remaining three and succeeded in killing two of them.

"But panther stories were not the only ones those hunters of the olden time used to tell. Wolves, bears, and wounded bucks furnished subjects for endless tales of backwoods prowess. If that old tavern were standing now, and its walls would speak, the life of Davy Crockett would be as tame as a dictionary alongside of the tales they could unfold."

The Martyrdom of St. Peter.

The notion of the Apostles crucifixion head downwards is derived from a passing allusion in Origen, and seems to contradict an expression of Tertullian. It was possibly suggested by an erroneous translation of some Latin expression for capital punishment. At any rate, it stands condemned as a sentimental anachronism, bearing on its front the traces of later and more morbid forms of piety rather than the simple humility of the Apostles, who rejoined in all things to imitate their Lord. Those who accept these legends must do so on the authority of an heretical novel, written with an evil tendency, not earlier than the beginning of the third century; or else on that of the aprocryphal "Acta Petri et Pauli," which appeared at a still later date. All that we can really learn about the closing years of St. Peter from the earliest Fathers may be summed up in a few words, that in all probability he was martyred at Rome. That he died by martyrdom may be regarded as certain, because, apart from tradition, it seems to be implied in the words of the risen Christ to his penitent Apostle. That this martyrdom took place at Rome, though first asserted by Tertullian and Gaius at the beginning of the third century, may (in the absence of any rival tradition) be accepted as a fact in spite of the ecclesiastical tendencies which might have led to its invention; but the only Scriptural authority which can be quoted for any visit of St. Peter to Rome is the one word, "The Church in Babylon saluteth you."

Chinese Composition.

The Chinese compositor has a merry time while working. One would imagine he was on a six-day-go-as-you-please walking match instead of setting type. He cannot sit at the case as our printers do, but must constantly travel from one case to another, as the characters needed are so numerous and cover so much space that it is impossible to keep them in anything like the room required for the ordinary cases. In setting up a piece of copy the Chinese printer will waltz up and down the room for a few moments, and then go down-stairs for a line of lower-case. Then he takes the elevator and goes up into the third storey after some caps, and then out into the wood shed after some astonishers. Intelligence in his case is not so much a requisite as being a good pedestrian.

THE SHAKERS.

How the Disciples of Mother Ann Lee Live and Thrive — Their Parent Senemttlet—Property held by the Community for the Benefit of All.

What are known as the Shaker settlements are situated seven miles northwest of Albany, in the town of Watervliet, N. Y. There are four villages clustered together, distant from each other about half a mile. The principal settlement is called the "Church" village. The church in which all the members worship in common is located here. The other three villages are known as the "North," "South," and "West." The names indicate their direction from the Church settlement. Each community holds its own propety and controls its own temporal affairs. In religious matters the four settlements are controlled by the pastor of the church, though each has one "presiding elder." The land held by the four communities forms a total of 3,000 acres. Some of it is woodland and a small portion of it is marshy. There are no hills of prominence, and generally the land is level, fertile, and cultivated with extreme care. The land owned by the Church village comprises 769 acres.

The term village is rather a misnomer here. Ordinarily it conveys the idea of a greater number of dwellings, streets, a tavern, and some signs of public business. The buildings which compose the Church settlement number twenty or thirty about. They form a sort of square or court. There is nothing which at all represents a travelled highway. Nor do these building appear like dwellings, as they serve various other and different purposes. The first, which stands near the public road, is a neat and substantial structure. This contains the office, the "store," and reception-room. Here Samantha Bowie, Barbara Hooper, and Ella Benedict preside as hosts, and receive the public gracefully and graciously. In the store various articles of home manufacture are exposed for sale. Basketwork, needlework, mats, canes, etc., represent the patience and deft hand labor of these interesting people. The female costume, like that at the Oneida community, is peculiar to themselves. It consists of a dress with long kilted skirt of black alpaca and a cape of the same material. This, with a white apron and a bonnet-frame for the head, covered with white goods, makes up a neat and effective indoor costume. The general appearance of the women here, with the white apron omitted, is not unlike that of the Sisters of Charity. When the women folks go to Troy and Albany on business they wear the straw bonnet and cape which is known to the female creation everywhere as a "shaker." The men wear no peculiar or distinctive costume. Theirs is that of society at large.

The members of the Church family number about fifty. The total of the four villages is not more than 150. Two-thirds of the whole number are females. All, or the major portion, of the Church family sleep and eat in one large building. The sleeping rooms are divided, the male from the female, by a long hall. The meals are taken at a long table in silence, and with strict decorum. A bell on top of this building gets the members out of bed at 4:30 a.m. in the summer and at 5 a.m. in the winter. It summons them to breakfast at 6, to dinner at 12, to supper at 6. The male members do very little manual labor. They superintend the outdoor work, which is mostly performed by hired help. About twenty hired men are employed, at a salary of $200 a year, with board. Although some Jersey and Holsteins are raised, no effort is made to rear thoroughbred cattle. The women are engaged in tailoring, mending, making shirts and other garments for family wear. Brooms are also made here, and small pails. The buildings, aside from the church, the office, the house, and the seed store, are devoted to factory or workshop purposes on a small scale.

Those familiar with the Oneida community can not avoid making comparisons. Though the latter and the Shakers bear a general resemblance one to the other, yet they are unlike in some particulars, and in one point are as dissimilar as the antipodes. Before Oneida community resolved itself into a stock company and conformed to the state marriage laws its members were "free lovers." Their peculiar and abhorrent practices were a part of their creed. The Shakers' faith is based upon the plan of property in common, but also upon "the practice of living a strictly virgin, celibate life." The Oneida community contains more members and has immense trap-shops, silk-works, blooded stock, barns, and a canning factory. The Shaker settlement have none of these. They may lack the collective vigor and talent for business and manufacture which formerly characterized the Oneida community under the leadership of J. H. Noyes, the founder. There is no pretense here to landscape gardening; no handsome lawns, or flower-beds, or museums. The buildings are not unlike in general character those of the ordinary farm sort. There is more evidence of simplicity and contentedness than of an ambitious desire to pose before the world.

This is the parent Shaker settlement. Mother Ann Lee went from England to New England in 1774. She claimed to have received a revelation and a commision from Christ to form a kingdom of Christ on earth. In this kingdom the sexes were to dwell together in virgin purity. She had been the mother of four children, all of whom died in infancy. Odd as her theory was, she brought with her from England seven converts. In witchcraft New England she met with no favor. Then, with a society numbering ten members, she wandered into the wilderness here in Albany county about the year 1780. The first church was built in New Lebanon, Columbia county, in 1785. In 1795 the society appeared under the name of "The United Society of Believers of Christ's Second Appearing." Now there are seventeen societies in the United States. There are none in any other part of the globe. The common name "Shakers" was applied to these people in derision, and, like many another, the epithet stuck until it has ceased to be opprobrious as was at first intended. In their religious services the worshippers, when moved by the Spirit, shake or dance. They hold public services in the church on Sunday, beginning at 10 a.m. The public services held last Sunday were the first held this season. These occasions attract large numbers of sightseers from this city, from Troy, Cohoes, Waterford, Lansingburg, and West Troy. Some of the public who attend these servicers are scoffers and disturbers of the peace. They march about the aisles of the church and in circles with a step that is a short of shuffle, accompanied by a rocking and a shaking of the body. The members, like the Quakers, speak when the spirit moves them to do so. Ann Lee is buried in the Shaker cemetery here, in which rest the dead belonging to all the villages.

Gardening is the principal employment of the Shakers, though all sorts of farming are carried on. The recent severe frost utterly ruined nine thousand of the finest early tomato plants. These can not be replaced. Tomatoes, apples, and other fruits are canned here by the Shakers for the Oneida community. More than half a century ago the Shakers first originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered, and vended garden seeds in the present styles. From their first methods of preparing medicinal roots and herbs for market sprung the immense patent medicine trade. They began the broom-corn business. The first buzz-saw was made by the Shakers at New Lebanon. This is now in the Albany Geological hall. The Shakers here at Watervliet invented the metallic pens, first made of brass and silver. All distilled liquors were abandoned as a beverage by the Shakers sixty years ago, and during the past forty years no fermented liquor of any sort has been used except as a medicine. Pork and tobacco are also numbered among the "forbidden articles." Though the Shakers are not strict vegetarians, the amount of meat and grease used as food is reduced to the minimum.

Males and females are "not allowed to touch each other unnecessarily nor to hold secret correspondence." The Shakers claim to be anti-Mormon and anti Onedian. Before a new member is admitted he or she must confess all sin in the presence of an elder or an elderess and confessor. Married and single persons are admitted on conforming to the requirements. What property they bring goes voluntarily into the common fund. Sometimes a member "backslides." As Philip Smith, one of the managers, said: "They come and go." When a member "backslides" he or she may return, if no serious objection be made. Children with their parents are received with reluctance. They are educated in the common school branches and are given trades. In the officebulding members receives visits from relatives and acquaintances belong to the outside world. These friends are permitted to remain for days or weeks, though indiscriminate intercourse with "worldlings" is discouraged.

Shakers point with pride to their mortality record, which testifies to their longevity. The average age at death in the seventeen societies, embracing nearly five thousand persons, is 57½ years. "Aunt Dolly," who recently died at Mount Lebanon, was 108 years old. She had been a Shaker nearly all her life. The only peculiarity noticeable in a Shaker's speech is the omission of the final letter in "yes." It is odd at first to hear "ye" instead of the usual affirmative. It is a corruption of the Quaker "yea," perhaps. As one of the Shakers observed to the writer, "It takes all sorts of people to make a world."

An Island of Cocoanuts and Bananas.

Bonacca is an island and in its way is one of the liveliest places in Spanish Honduras. Its liveliness, however, is peculiar to itself, and there are few places like it. The island has two uses. It grows excellent bananas and cocoanuts and affords a refuge for all the flies of the surrounding islands.

There are many bananas raised at Bonacca, but they do not run so large as on the mainland; the cocoanuts do splendidly. Indeed, it is to encourage the cocoanut growers that the fruit men take their bananas. At present there is a sort of a boom in the cocoanut business, and many are starting cocoanut plantations, or "cocoa-nut walks," as they are called here. It is a safe investment of money, but the return is slow. The trees are planted along the sea-shore in a sandy soil mixed with loam. From the time a tree is planted it takes seven years before it is sufficiently large to bear nuts. But just as soon as the cocoanuts form on the trees then a steady income sets in. The average number of cocoanuts to a tree is 120 per year. In the best places trees will bear 150 per year. They are sold according to the season of the year, from $16 to $30 per thousand. Our captain was paying $20 per thousand for good nuts. The cocoanut walk needs hardly any care. When ripe the nuts fall off themselves, and all that is necessary is to pick them up. The husking of cocoanuts is the most tiresome work on a plantation, but the native inhabitants are very skillful at it, and they charge very little for their services. After being husked the cocoanuts are piled up, and when the first steamer arrives are loaded into dories and paddled to the ship. As they are passed up the sides they are counted, and a check given immediately to the planter, who on going to the captain or purser receives his money in Mexican dollars or Hondurian money. The whole business is conducted on a cash basis. There are plenty of small islands which can be bought cheap for cash on which there are now sufficient trees to pay for the money invested in a short time, as well as to support the planter while waiting for his new trees to grow.

The cocoanut industry is increasing every year, while the demand for the nuts in New York and New Orleans is always equal to the supply. The usual method of a planter who comes into this country to start a new plantation is to begin with the banana. Nine months after the banana sucker is planted a yield is obtained. The young shoots are planted eighteen or twenty feet apart, and between them a cocoanut tree is placed. The heavy growth of the banana shades the young plant until it is well rooted, when it soon shoots up ahead. The soil is so rich that banana and cocoanut will soon interfere. Then the banana suckers are cut down and the trees kept clean. Thus, while the planter lives upon and makes a profit from his bananas, the future fortune in cocoanuts is rapidly nearing its consummation. There is little trouble in making plantations in this country. Land costs nothing, and large concessions may be obtained from the Hondurian government.

Take away man's hope of Heaven and the devil could dispense with his recruiting stations.

The heart's oil of the pure furnish light for God's candle, the heart of the impure, darkness for the devil's scandal.

The solitary oyster in a church festival kettle, is accorded more honor than a whale in a school of leviathans.

LEPROSY.

Alleged Increase of the Disease on the Pacific Coast—A Situation of Affairs Which is Appalling in San Francisco.

The increase of leprosy in this city is beginning to attract more than usual attention, says a San Francisco letter. There is a loud cry for some systematic method on the part of the authorities whereby the disease may be kept off but up to this time the board of health, although devising the proper methods for preventing the landing of lepers, have not paid sufficient attention to the cases already here. A careful investigation shows that the cases already in this city may be numbered by the hundreds.

At one hospital there are now twenty two Asiatic lepers and one from Hawaii. Forty eight cases have been shipped to China. Of the large number of cases already here, the majority are engaged in just such work as will aid in spreading the disease, such as the manufacture of cigars, the manufacture of shirts, and as cooks for Caucasians. These afflicted people are aware of the danger that may follow the spread of their disease, and are using all kinds of devises to conceal their condition from the authorities. Sometimes they succeed for a while in eluding detection by the lynx-eyed inspectors but finally they are tracked. If they conceal the filthy and painful sores and scabs which always accompany the disease from view they are safe. The whites, strange to say, give themselves but little concern, but those of their own race are in most dread of the disease. The afflicted Chinaman is shunned to a degree that partakes almost of the character of inhumanity, so far as his countrymen are concerned. When reduced to a condition of almost utter helplessness, the idea of removing the victim by means of poison is then entertained by his fellow countrymen who have escaped the evil. Some of the cases of leprosy to be seen in this city are of such a disgusting character as to cause a shudder even to those who have passed over a battlefield or are familiar with hospital work. How these poor beings are shunned by those of their own blood, how they are put out of sight and allowed to rot to death as it were, are facts not to be denied. Reduced to this condition, the leper thus forsaken by all the world, is not infrequently carried to some out-of-the-way place where he occasionally is gladdened and revived by a draught of water from the hand of some compassionate member of his family, but in the majority of instances even this boon is denied him and he is allowed to die by inches, his life being terminated by poison.

In this city the probabilities of a spread of leprosy are undoubtedly greater than in any other city in the world. Among the later arrivals from Hawaii is a young lady who is now confined at the Twenty-sixth street hospital. Her case is a peculiar one, and her recovery is considered doubtful. Molokai, one of the Sandwich islands, is a regular settlement for lepers, and it was proposed to send this young woman there for treatment. She escaped however, eluded pursuit, and determined to make her way to this city. No one suspected her true condition. Her fellow-passengers on the steamer to San Francisco did not detect the slightest traces of her disease. She mingled freely with those on board and was considered the belle of the ship. When the ship neared San Francisco someone recognized the girl and notified the authorities, who made an effort to prevent her landing which was accomplished after quite a struggle. She is now in the hospital and will probably not survive many days.

At Honolulu the idea has gained ground that San Francisco is a most desirable place for lepers. The rigid and somewhat cruel treatment to which patients are subjected in the Molokai settlement has driven the lepers to seek other fields, and the ease with which they are permitted to land on our shores has been heralded at home. Hence has followed somewhat of a stampede by the army of lepers to come hitherward by each steamer. A gentleman who recently witnessed the departure of a vessel from Honolulu for Molokai informed me that the scene was the most terrible one he had ever witnessed. There were about sixty cases bound for Molokai. Some of them were simply masses of rottenness and filth. The steamer was a small one and the patients were crowded into a narrow space. The farewells of the relatives who had come to bid a last adieu to their stricken kinsmen was a pitiful sight for it was known to a certainty that not one of the lepers would ever leave Molokai alive.

The medical fraternity of Honolulu have so far made but little progress in their attempts to ward off the disease. Some of them assert that the disease is simply a stage of syphilis. Others do not share in this belief. It is conceded that there is quite a resemblance in leprosy and tertiary syphilis. The leprosy of Hawaii and that of Asia are pronounced to be totally unlike.

On Feb 13 there were thirteen cases of leprosy in the hospital here, and at the present time there are twenty-three. Its further spread depends upon the vigilance of the authorities, and they doubtless will take such action as may be required in dealing with this terrible scourge.

The Great Canal.

It is now proposed to join the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean Sea by means of a great ship canal, which will save the voyage around the Spanish peninsula. This would be a work second in importance only to the Suez Canal itself, for all the vessels from England and Northern Europe would be forced to use this new means of communication. It would be a gigantic work, but it would certainly pay in time. In the meantime the Panama canal is being vigorously prosecuted by M. de Lesseps. This is a mighty work, for it aims to join the Atlantic oceans by a great ship canal cut through Central America. A vast amount of work has been done, and the most gigantic efforts are being made to finish this extraordinary channel by the close of 1886. But it seems that only 1-60 of the dredging, 1-50 of rock cutting, and 1-15 (2,967,000 metres) of the earth of excavation had been completed on the first of March last. The important supplementary work, the Chagres Dam, is not yet begun. There is reason to fear the canal will not be finished before 1900. Of the 600,000,000 francs subscribed for, 300,000,000 have been spent in preliminaries and plant, and 100,000,000 in purchasing and improving the railway. It is supposed that 500,000,000 more of francs will be required to complete the work.

The place man occupies in this world takes the hue of his character.

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

A Nihilist's Experience between his Arrest in Kief and his Escape in Irkutsk.

At midnight on Feb. 11, 1879, in the city of Kieff, Mrs. Kossarovsky's house, then occupied by the Nihilist brothers Ivichevitch, was regularly besieged and captured by the gendarmes at the point of bayonets. They fought desperately on both sides. The gendarmes were ordered to take the conspirators' headquarters at any cost, and the Nihilists were determined to defend themselves to the last shot. One door after another was broken in, but not before each was turned into a sieve by the shots fired from both sides. Capt. Sudeikin and his men wore suits of chain mail, yet a gendarme was killed on the spot, and several were wounded. Both brothers Ivichevitch were mortally wounded. N. Brantner and another friend were seriously wounded. The conspirators were overpowered, arrested, and brought to the police headquarters.

On the same night in another house I was arrested and brought to the same police building. In what a plight I beheld my comrades there! N. Posen and B. Steblin-Kamensky were standing with their arms tightly bound behind their backs and held by gendarmes. In a corner of the same room were sitting Miss Armfeld, Miss Patalitsin, and P. Sarandovitch, all bound and helpless. The room was filled with policemen and armed gendarmes. Amid a roar of voices there suddenly appeared the gigantic figure of our brave comrade, known under the assumed name of Antonoff. He was dragging behind him two policemen who tried to hold him by his arms. Never can I forget his appearance. Pale was his face, sparkling his eyes, disorderod his black, curly hair, and trembling his frame from head to foot.

"What is that?" he thundered, pointing at Posen and Kamensky. "Arms tied! Away with the ropes!"

"Please calm yourself," said the police captain, "we will untie them."

Instantly the ropes were taken away.

"Water! I want a drink!" roared Antonoff.

"Bring water at once," commanded the captain. Presently a colonel of gendarmes appeared, and ordered that each of us should be taken to a separate cell.

"Use your swords and bayonets in case of need," said the colonel to the gendarmes.

On the next day we were transferred to the fortress where scores of our friends had been pining for years, waiting for the "quick and just trial" which has been solemnly promised by the Czar Alexander. Of course, we were

SUBJECTED TO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

However, we kept up a lively correspondence. We telegraphed to one another by rapping on the wall. Occasionally we shouted to each other in cipher. The fortress authorities tried in vain to hinder us from talking in one way or another. In April we were tried by the military court. As we were not allowed, though we had the right by law, to chose our own counsel, we decided not to take any part whatsoever in the sham trial.

Three of our party of fifteen—Antonoff, Brantner, and Osinsky—were condemned to death, and the rest to hard labor in the Siberian mines for fourteen years and ten months. When the sentence of death was announced a lady prisoner swooned. The spectators who packed the hall were greatly excited; curiosity prompted some to stand up on the benches.

"What do you stare at?" thundered Antonoff with his eyes flaming. "For shame, to make a spectacle of this thing!" The people fell back and turned to the exit.

After the trial we condemned prisoners—those who were to die and those destined for Siberia—were allowed to pass a part of every day together. It is impossible to describe our feelings. On the eve of the execution of our three friends we bade them a last good-by. I must say that on that momentous evening the three who were about to die tried their best to cheer the rest of us. Antonoff was anxious about only one thing—that his proper name would not be discovered. He loved his mother dearly, and wished that she might remain ignorant of his fate. It is hardly necessary to say that the three died bravely.

Soon after that we were sent to eastern Siberia. The two of us who did not belong to the nobility were sent on foot, like the rest of the unprivileged criminals. Their heads were half shaved, and heavy chains were put on their feet. According to the law, the noblemen do not lose their privileges until they reach their destination in Siberia, and so some of us drove in rude waggons. Our heads were not shaved, and we were free from chains. All, however, were dressed alike. We had caftans of a coarse gray cloth, with two diamond shaped yellow patches on our backs to signify that we were sentenced to hard labor. The Siberian exiles proper wore only an ace of diamonds. From Kieff we went by railroad in a special prison car, accompanied by gendarmes. Thus we passed Orel, Moscow, and reached Nijni-Novgorod. Then we were placed in a barge, which was towed by a steamer to Perm. Then again we went by railway up to Ekaterinburg. After that there was before us the famous Siberian road. It is a common post route, with three telegraph wires stretched on one side These wires lead to the very shores of the Pacific. Each of us noblemen had a troika, and each was accompanied by two armed gendarmes. From Kieff to Ekaterinburg we had no chance to look upon the world except through iron bars and nets, but now we could enjoy the view with no obstacle before our eyes. What a joy it was for me! I felt as if freedom was returning to me. True, since the first day of my arrest the idea of attempting to escape never left my mind. But now that I looked upon the free wide world the thought turned into a burning desire which controlled all my actions Once in the night when the gendarmes were asleep at my side, I took the cap from one of them, and

TRIED TO PULL OUT HIS PISTOL.

If I had succeeded in getting that pistol I would have tried my legs, but the gendarme awoke, and I parted for the time with my happy dream.

We made two hundred miles and reached Tiumen. From that town up to Tomsk we were taken along with hundreds of common criminals in a barge. We ran up the Ob. The prisoners called our barge a poultry house, because it was covered with a solid iron net. The prisoners were packed in the barge like herrings in a box. We, the political prisoners, were allowed to walk occasionally on the deck. In this manner we journeyed 2,700 versts. From Tomsk to Krasnoiarsk we travelled 500 versts on the troikas, and from there to Irkutsk we had to go by the *etape* system. One thousand versts were thus journeyed in two months. In our party there were 170 persons. There were robust men, hearty women, babies, and the aged. The *etape* system is arranged in this way: All the prisoners were put into two lines. Then followed wagons with the women and children and the prisoner's luggage. Then followed two troikas of the noble exiles, and three troikas of the political criminals closed the procession. An officer and thirty soldiers forming a kind of chain around our party. Fifteen miles was a regular day's tramp. Then all stopped in the prison for the night. After two days of walking a day was allowed for rest. The houses are divided into four unequal parts, to wit, a large hall for male prisoners, a family room, a room for noblemen, and the guards room. Of cleanliness and comfort in any of the rooms there was absolutely none.

Besides the officers and the soldiers two men play an important role in the prisoner's life. Each group of prisoners elects from among themselves the elder, who serves in the common interest, representing the others before the authorities, and keeping the prisoners funds. That elder is a kind of guardian angel to the prisoners. But then there is an angel of quite a different character. This is the tradesman who keeps a store and a club for the prisoners. He is a prisoner who outbids his competitors for his privilege. He keeps for sale tea, sugar, tobacco, candles, cards, &c., Each prisoners receive ten topecks, or five cents each day. The officer turns the money over to the elder, who distributes it among the prisoners. On entering the heap house and being counted over the prisoners are let free. Whereupon they make a lively rush, each one scrambling for a good sleeping place. He who gets a bed of plain boards is deemed lucky, and whoever secures a place under such a bed is also contented. The remainder sleep on the floor.

Before bedtime the prisoners make fires in the yard and prepare their porridge and tea. This forms a unique scene. Scores of wood piles burn brightly in the yard, and around each the prisoners swarm, adjusting their iron tea kettles and stirring porridge. Here and there men are taking off their worn out boots, unwrapping their feet, and examining their chains, which often cause bad sores. Some of the prisoners deftly remove their irons altogether, and others, assisted by specialists, try to smoothen the leg rings or even to stretch them so much that the foot will easily pass through. Here are two men ready to fight, and there is a group cautiously whispering, discussing some conspiracy. Presently a song, "Down the mother Volga," is heard. A young prisoner possessing a melodious and strong voice pours his very soul into that favorite Russian ballad. The prisoners' camp is hushed at once. Everybody drinks in that melody, and happy reminiscences of the past, of wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers, companions, and children, chase one another through these saddened minds. Some of the men, though rough looking, show tear dampened eyes.

IT IS A SACRED MOMENT.

Even the guard sent to order the prisoners to bed, stops as if petrified, his heart melted by the familiar air.

Many of them do not care to sleep. Here and there they light candles and play cards. But the tradesman's corner is the liveliest spot. There piles of coppers constantly appear on the table and as rapidly disappear. The prisoners play for cash, and occasionally the tradesman advances a few copecks, under the guarantee that he will get the prisoners share next day. Sometimes the play is for the "Government things," that is to say, the prison clothes are pawned, and the wretched man sacrifices his necessities to his passion. The further we went into Siberia the harder it was to move on. The men grew tired, and many fell sick. Bread was dear, and the "hunger typhus" was spreading in our party. As the etap hospitals were far apart, we were compelled to carry our sick and dying patients. Now there were stranger scenes in the resting places. In one corner men gambled, in another a story teller provoked paroxysms of laughter; here was heard a merry song, and there came forth the last groans of a dying man. But it was only the world on a miniature scale.

On the route we often met with runaways The guards did not bother with them. Sometimes conversations were held between the runaways and the prisoners.

"Halo, Ivan, you are again in the regulars!" a runaway would remark.

"Hallo, Semen! are you not satisfied with free board?" a prisoner retorts.

"I say, Semen, you are a good running horse," puts in a jester, "yet you will not escape his Majesty's stables."

The condition of the political prisoners was far better than that of the capital criminals. The political prisoners got 15 copecks per day, rode in waggons, and had a separate room for themselves. It was the Government order that the political prisoners should be kept quite apart from the others. But on the journey that order was not always executed. Every evening in the houses the prisoners of all grades came together. It is a common practice for the prisoners to exchange sentences. A man condemned to settlement assumes for some payment the name and fate of his fellow sentenced to hard labor for a long period. I engaged an exile, a robber, to assume my role for a pair of hunter's boots, a flannel shirt, and eight roubles ($4). I am told that in our party twenty exchanges took place. Yet the guards and the authorities knew nothing about it. As a rule, the prisoners do not betray one another. My new role and that of my substitute were bothersome. I was a medical student, a political criminal and a nobleman; and he was a peasant, hardly able to sign his name. But if I could drag his irons, he, too, could support my reputation. Once our officer was taken ill, and as he knew that one of the prisoners of his command had studied medicine, he called upon me, that is, upon my substitute to treat him. My substitute did it well.

Toward the end of October we reached the city of Irkutsk, where the prisoners are usually classified. Those condemned to settlement are sent to their new home, those condemned to hard labor are distributed among various mines. My substitute and I passed the final examination, and each went his own way, never to meet again.

On the second day we exiles, or settlers, were turned over to the village authorities. We were particularly free. My companions went to a liquor shop to celebrate the happy event. I resolved to make the best possible use of my freedom by running away from Siberia. I had sold some of my things and realized about 75 cents, which money I determined must support me during a week. I had to travel 140 miles to reach the residence of a trusted friend. Profiting by the lessons of the old runaways, I made my way successfully, though the gendarmes were after me. It was in November. Snow was on the ground. Whenever I hid myself in any bushes I reach them by

WALKING BACKWARD INTO THEM,

and thus, perhaps, I misled my persecutors. My friend secreted me in his country place for two months.

On the *etape* road I made the acquaintance of many old runaways, who gave me the knowledge needed for becoming a successful tramp. In Siberia there are about thirty thousand runaways tramping as the sun does, westward to Russia. The villagers treat them well as long as they do not injure property or otherwise misbehave. Otherwise they hunt them like wild beasts. Yet, if a runaway is badly handled by villagers without just cause, the runaways pledge themselves to have revenge. Incendiarism is meted out for the whole village and death for the individuals. I am told that in the Irkutsk province there was a native who made it his business to hunt fugitives. "If you kill a squirrel," he used to say, "you earn only fifteen copecks, but kill a runaway and you are sure of earning fifty copecks at least, for his dress costs that sum." That brute was in turn killed by runaways.

A professional runaway. Beloff, who for twenty-five years has tramped Siberia eastward and westward, from the Ural Mountains to the island of Saghalien, told me that for many years it was impossible to escape from Saghalien, because the Guilaks, the natives, used to kill every fugitive they saw. At last a party of runaways, thirty strong and well armed, banded together for their freedom and revenge. They ransacked several Guilak settlements and killed everybody in them, after that the Guilaks ceased to hunt runaways.

When my health was restored I started back to Russia in the most dignified manner. I went by the official post road, changing one troika after another. My pass was all right, except that it belonged to a retired officer recently dead. In May, 1881 I reached Geneva.

ALL SORTS.

The softer sex—The dude.

A "Nick" name—the devil's.

Oft as the youth has bent the twig's inclined.

Useful domestic cookery—Making both ends "meet."

Simpletons in councils never simplify matters.

By the will of nature, honey is the universal bee-quest.

The parson at the wedding is the right man in the right place.

A button is one of those events that are always coming off.

The first cyclone happened in Eden. It was a perfect hurry-Cain.

People who go to the mountains in the summer enjoy high living.

Although cremation relates to dead subjects, it is one of the live questions of the age.

It is a singular contradiction that when the mosquito visits you he stays to hum.

The easiest way to mark table linen—Leave the baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes

We are going to publish phrenologica charts of our subscribers' heads. Those who pay promptly will have spendid heads.

"Thou canst not give to me the old time sweetness."—*Lilia Cushman.* How much better this sounds than "you can't give me any taffy."

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then;" Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning?" and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

"Why is this butter like Samson?" asked the spruce young man who tends the ribbon counter, but the landlady looked sternly at him, remarking: "You'd butter settle last week's bill," and the cream of the joke was lost.

A magistrate at Syracuse, N. Y., has decided that the tanning of a human skin is a crime, and that the persons who engage in that business are liable to the same punishment as grave robbers. School boys should cut this out and show it to their teachers.

Two leading Canadian cities are discussing the question which is the more Sabbath observing. Hamilton now leads, with the claims that "even the Gore Park fountain is not permitted to play on Sunday."—*Detroit Free Press.* It could not play unless waterworks, and it won't do a tap.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your great patent medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

How refreshing it is to the city man to walk through the green fields of the country when they are adorned with thousands of wild but beautiful flowers, and how it arouses his sluggish energy and sends the blood coursing through his veins when he carelessly kicks over a wasp's nest and has to run for dear life.

Important.
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

If the faults of man were turned to virtues and his virtues to faults, he would be so nearly perfect that—well, he couldn't stay here, that's the truth of the matter.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said citizen "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents

An exchange in an account of an accident to a trapeze performer says: "The services of Dr. Lang were called in, but no serious results are likely to follow."

TO RENT IN CARLETON PLACE, ON THE line of the C.P.R.R., a store with dwelling; good business stand, suitable for Dry Goods, Clothing, etc., good opening. A. W. BELL, Carleton Place, Ont.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY mail in Isaac Pitman's system, by practical phonographer. Send for terms and plan to FRANK YEIGH, 262 Sherbourne St. Toronto

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER AND MOUSTACHE PRODUCER. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.
The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box

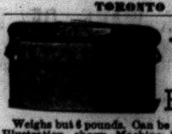
HOUSE CLEANING TIME.
If you want your houses to be attractive, use
Ramsay's Improved Calsemine Colors
for tinting Walls.—Can be used without the aid of a Painter and do not rub off. Made in fifteen different tints. Apply to your local dealers for them.
MANUFACTURED BY
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

AFTER USING.
Wonderful! Wonderful!
Thousands of young men are exclaiming the above every day, after using
DR. LAMARTINE'S MOUSTACHE GROWER.
Positively the only reliable preparation ever offered to the public. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Beware of bogus imitations. Sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price, $1.00 per box.
C. ALLENE, Box 13, London, Ont., Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada.

W. & F. P. CURRIE & Co.
100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.
Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel Sofa. Chair & Bed Springs

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

COX & CO.
STOCK BROKERS
(Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange) Buy and sell on commission for cash or on margin all securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal and New York
STOCK EXCHANGES,
Also execute orders on the Chicago Board of Trade
—IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.—
TORONTO STREET.


THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER
Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence." Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.
AGENTS WANTED.
C. W. DENNIS,
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.
213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DYE'S

(BEFORE.) (AFTER.)
ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

CANADA PLATE.
Price Low, For Future, Delivery.
Tin Plate.
Galvanised Sheet.
Stamped Goods
FOR SALE BY
COPLAND & McLAREN.
MONTREAL.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

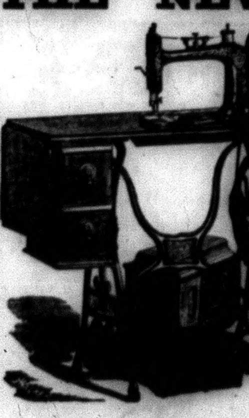
Dominion Line of Steamships.
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.
*Vancouver, July, 12. | Toronto, July, 19.
*Oregon, July, 26. | Montreal, Aug. 2.
*Sarnia, Aug. 9. | Brooklyn, Aug. 16.
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth Intermediate $36.75, Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS
is one of the best. Not that a carriage top is nice, but the great want of something more perfect than the heavy, expensive, inconvenient tops in use, suggested the invention of the Conboy adjustable top, which has been altered and improved until it now stands without a rival. The styles and grades now manufactured are the most popular, and are varied enough to suit all tastes. Mr. Conboy is the Pioneer in the business. It has been his aim since the commencement to merit the patronage and confidence of the trade and the public, by producing durable and convenient, and at the same time, elegant and stylish tops, that could be sold at exceedingly low prices. That this end has been attained is abundantly proved by the thousands sold, and the numerous letters received from the leading carriage builders through the country. Since moving to Toronto, Mr. Conboy is giving his whole aim to the improvement and manufacture of carriage tops, where his increased facilities, his practical knowledge as a carriage builder, and his numerous patented improvements, give him great advantage over all competitors.
401 KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.
Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.
GURNEYS & WARE,
HAMILTON, ONT.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
—:) MANUFACTURERS OF (:—
Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,
New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.
TRADE MERIDEN B. COMPANY MARK
Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRADE 1847 Rogers Bros. A1. MARK.

THE NEW WILLIAMS

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
Sewing Machine of the Period.
It is Light and Easy to run.
Silent and Rapid in movement.
Plain and Simple to Learn.
It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.
THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.
1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

Lacrosse Shoes,
LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gent's Cloth Guiters,
—AT—
T. ROBERT'S,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES,
ETC.

J. H. FORD,
PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been adrevised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28,1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

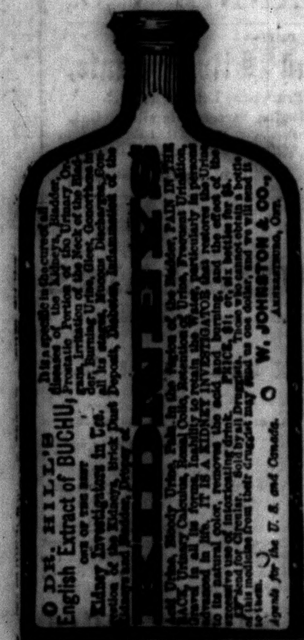
Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yonrs respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.



I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my
SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.
I ALWAYS BUY AT
S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.
White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

—o—

WRIGHT'S
GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.
CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR
JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!
THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.
(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,
where will be found a choice stock of fine
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &C.,
—ALSO—
FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.
Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.
Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS
—x—
NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!
Constantly arriving at
John Robertson's,
Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,
NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.
—DEALER IN—
STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,
| C | O | A | L — O | I | L |.
Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wonnds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,
78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Great Bargains
AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."
—o—
$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the
NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.
Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**
Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.
Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.
—o—
Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.
—:—
A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at
MAYBEE'S.
—o—
PICTURE FRAMING,
A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.
—o—
UNDERTAKING,
Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

J. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel and GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

J. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds, MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 377. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 24, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR:—Will you kindly inform your readers whether the Health Committee have yet returned from their trip to the seaside, and if they have please advise them that they can enjoy the delightful miasma arising from the pond, should they still be longing for the breezes from the deep blue sea. Yours,

HORATIO.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR.—I desire to call the attention of the different municipal authorities, through your columns, to a suggestion I made at the various voters' lists courts held by me last year. I recommended that allowance be made to the clerk of each municipality for attending and revising the proof sheets of the voters' lists while the same are in the printer's hands. My reasons for doing so are these:—A large number of appeals which come before the County Judge at a voters' list court, are for correction of names improperly spelled, wrong initials, wrong description of property, &c., &c. These are either typographical errors, or of such a nature as would be corrected by the clerk revising the proof. If this suggestion were carried out, it would lessen the number of appeals and, of course, lessen the expense for the municipality, and in many cases avoid the necessity for appeals altogether. Yours, &c.,

E. B. FRALECK.

Belleville, July 22, 1884.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

In the month of June we suffered severely from drought; the grain looked bad and the grass worse, but rain at last came in the beginning of this month and completely altered the aspect of things. It was too late to benefit clover, but the timothy has shot up wonderfully, and all kinds of grain and also potatoes now look well.

At Bancroft Mr. H. Cassell's new store has started with a large stock of goods, and Mr. W. Greenfield has opened a house for the accommodation of the traveling public, to be called the "York River House."

The Woollen Factory has been carding for some time, and this week they will commence spinning and weaving. Fifteen hands will be required when in full running order.

On the 12th of July a number of Orange Lodges met at Murphy's tavern, a few miles north of Bancroft. The gathering was a very large one, and there has been nothing to equal it for many years past.

A sad occurrence took place on the 8th of July, in Mayo. A settler residing in that township, named John Smith, went out hunting, and succeeded in shooting a deer, which jumped into a lake and immediately afterwards sank. Being late in the day Smith went home, but returned the following morning with an axe and augur, with which he commenced making a small raft for the purpose of fishing up the deer, which had sunk in shallow water. Unfortunately a man named George Adams had set a bear trap in the immediate neighborhood, and came to examine it armed with a gun. Seeing the head of Smith, who wore a dark colored fur cap, moving about behind some bushes which intervened, and mistaking him, as he asserts, for a bear, he immediately fired and shot poor Smith through the head, killing him instantly. The event has cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, July 18th, 1884.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial bottles of this sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER's visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

SALE OF LAND!

On TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th,

At the hour of 2, p.m., at the

Railway Station at BLAIRTON,

Will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

Unless previously disposed of by private sale, the following Valuable Properties, part of the Estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.:

1.—The East half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of the Township of Belmont, in the County of Peterborough.

2.—The West half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of said Township.

3.—The East half of Lot number 10, in the Second Concession of said Township.

4.—The West half of Lot number 10, in the First Concession of said Township.

5.—33½ acres, more or less, being that part of Lot No. 9, in the 1st Concession, west of Crow Lake, of the said Township, as shewn on a plan of survey by Frederick W. Wilkins, P. L. S., dated 18th December, 1877, reserving free access to the shore of Crow Lake for all vessels, boats and persons.

6.—Lot 5, Block 8, Village of Blairton.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down, and balance in one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of sale, and will be similar to the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executors.

Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SALE of LAND.

On Wednesday, Aug. 6,

—AT THE—

Windsor Hotel, Campbellford,

At 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold

By PUBLIC AUCTION,

if not previously disposed of, the following valuable properties belonging to the estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.,

1.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, containing by admeasurement one-fifth of an acre of land, be the same more or less, being composed of a part of Lot number nine, in the sixth Concession of the said Township of Seymour, which said piece or parcel of land may be better known and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing south of the south corner of Wilcox street joining Grand road, four chains and sixty-eight links, thence along the Grand Road one chain, thence at right angles to the Grand Road, two chains; thence parallel with the Grand Road, one chain; thence at right angles to the Grand Road to the place of beginning.

2.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, and being composed of a part of Lot number five, in the second Concession of the said Township of Seymour, being better described as all that part of said Lot number five in the said second Concession of said Township of Seymour, lying south-west of the River Trent, containing nine acres and one quarter of an acre, more or less, being the south-west corner of said Lot five.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down at time of purchase, and balance within one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of Sale, and will be similar to standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executors.

Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE,
No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings.
Contracts taken at reasonable rates.
OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

FOR SALE.

CORNER LOT, on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, on which are two good frame dwelling houses. Will be sold in one block or separately. Terms reasonable. Apply to

WM. MOORE.

Madoc, June 17, '84. 373

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st	concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1888

NORTH HASTINGS.
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furuiture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as never was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1873. 9

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

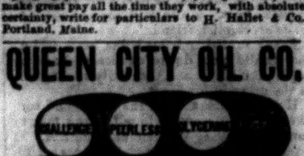
W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
30 Front St. East, Toronto.

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER IV.

It was long before Frank de Walden fell asleep that night, for his thoughts were all confused, and his nerves jarred with the shock they had received; but, much to his surprise, when he did doze off at last, his sleep was deep and dreamless, and when he awoke in the morning it was in a much calmer and more hopeful frame of mind.

The sun shone brightly into the pretty room, and the dewy sweetness of the summer dawn seemed to breathe fresh hope. His naturally elastic spirits rose, his disposition to make the best of everything served him in good stead now. He recalled the discussion of the previous night, Sir George's proposal to make him for the present a generous allowance, Sir George's practical suggestion that he himself should see Mr. Verner and lay before him the true state of affairs.

"What can it matter to him whether Essie is Lady de Walden or not? Nay, she shall be Lady de Walden too before she dies. They knight merely successful lawyers, and I will mount the woolsack for her sake, and put a coronet upon her pretty head if she cares to wear it. Oh, I will fear nothing, regret nothing! Mr. Verner must listen to reason, and Essie will be true."

Buoyed up with this conviction, and honestly sharing the poet's fancy that whatever is is best, Frank appeared at the breakfast table with quite a radiant face, and laughed and chatted so pleasantly that a heavy weight was lifted from Sir George de Walden's mind, and Anita's large liquid eyes turned to him more than once with a serenely grateful look.

She was even more beautiful in the full morning light, in her pretty cotton gown, with its delicate crisp puffs and frillings, than she had been in the silken sheen of her full dress and in the softened lustre of the lamps. Frank looked with half dazzled eyes at the bright hair, the pure perfect face, the warm white skin, and serious shining eyes, and, as he looked, he murmured beneath his breath the line in which Tennyson has summarized all female beauty—

"'A sight to make an old man young!'"

"What is that, Frank?" Sir George asked looking sharply up from his paper; and Frank laughed guiltily, remembering how little complimentary to one side of the house his involuntary quotation had been.

"Where is the son and heir? Does he not pay a morning and evening visit?" he asked, half at random, to cover his confusion, and half because he really wished to renew his acquaintance with the pretty child.

Lady de Walden smiled, and Sir George said drily—

"Don't be impatient, Frank: you will have rather too much of that young man before your visit is over. Anita rarely lets him out of her sight."

"I am so strange here," Anita explained, resting her large eyes on the young man's face. "When we are at home, and Georgie has his governess and his lessons, it will not be so; but now I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?" her husband asked, with a little amused contempt, though Frank thought the young stranger's nervous terrors very natural and pretty. "Of the servants, or the De Walden tenantry? There are no brigands in the Westshire hills, and nothing worse than smugglers along the Westshire coast; so you may make your mind easy, though I do mean to run away and leave you."

"To leave me!" the girl cried, with widening eyes.

"Yes, but for the day only. I shall be back by the last train, and I shall leave Frank in charge."

Frank saw that the girl made a strong effort not to show the dismay she felt at this proposal; and, anxious to spare her pain, he put in eagerly—

"There is really no reason why you should take this journey, sir. I can explain all to Mr. Verner, or, for that matter, you could write."

"I have already written, asking Mr. Verner to receive me between one and two o'clock; so the only thing that is to be said on the subject is that I must start by the next train," Sir George answered decisively. "Frank, you must act as cicerone in my absence, for Anita is still a stranger in her home."

"Perhaps Lady de Walden would rather I went with you," Frank persisted, thinking the girl might shrink with shy distaste from the task of entertaining or being entertained by a stranger; but Sir George, who had no wish that his nephew should assist at the coming interview with Mr. Verner, waved the proposal peremptorily aside, and Anita said, with evident sincerity—

"Oh, no; I would much rather have you stay!"

So he gave up the point as cheerfully as he could, saw his uncle off, and made up his mind for a long day's suspense.

"I shall be back before ten, Frank," Sir George cried as they parted at the little rustic station; "and I hope to bring news that will make amends for all. Who knows? Mr. Verner may let us have your Essie here upon a visit. Anita will be charmed to make an English friend."

Frank smiled and shook his head, feeling that it did not do to challenge Fate by hoping too much, and yet nearly as sanguine as the other in his heart.

He went back then to the Court, and conscientiously devoted himself to the task of amusing Lady de Walden and her son. It was a task that should not have been difficult, for the house was old, filled with curious legendary treasures, with historic tapestries, and ancestral portraits; and Frank, who was a thorough master of his subject, had very pretty natural gifts as a *raconteur*. But somehow he felt himself a failure to-day. Anita made a gallant effort to seem interested in all he told her; but her nerves had been overwrought, and she was suffering from a terrible depression now. She felt a stranger among strangers, as she wandered through the great gloomy galleries, listening abstractedly to an unfamiliar tongue. They were all friends and kin to her companion, these dead and gone De Waldens who lined the walls in ruff and farthingale, in armour and buff coat; but it seemed to her that, one and all alike, the large-eyed ladies, the solemn cavaliers, even her husband's mother, in a short-waisted, low-necked dress, with mittens on her plump arms and a straw hat tied down over her cherry cheeks and bright brown curls, seemed to frown darkly at her as an intruder and an alien in that sacred place.

"You are not well, Lady de Walden?" Frank cried at last, struck by her long and that the violet eyes were painfully dilated—they looked almost black in her white face.

"Yes, I am well," the girl answered, with a little shiver. "But I am not welcome here. How should I be? I think I will go from among these people who look so coldly at me."

Frank stared, a little surprised; but the surprise soon turned to sympathy. The girl's eyes were rather wild and the soft contralto voice had a tragic ring; but her emotion was perfectly genuine. There was nothing in the least theatrical or affected about her, and he was quite imaginative enough to understand the effect such a scene might have upon a sensitive nature.

"I was very wrong to tire you, and keep you in that dull old place so long," he said, with honest compunction; "but my tongue runs away with me when I get among these old fellows and begin to tell their stories. I forget that I am boring people to death."

"You did not bore me," Anita said seriously; "and I am not tired. I am frightened, that is all."

"Frightened of your husband's, of Georgie's, ancestors?"

"Of them and of something else!" The girl paused with a strong shiver, and turned her golden head away—then, as though changing her purpose, looked round again and up at the kind troubled face above her with pitifully shining eyes. "Mr. de Walden, do you believe in presentiments?" she asked below her breath. "Because I have one to-day—I have had it all the way home. There is a shadow, a terror all around me; it comes nearer and nearer. I know it means harm to those I love—or to me."

Frank was not superstitious; but, as has been said before, he was highly imaginative. There was a terrible reality of conviction in her tone, and the fixed, frightened eyes which seemed to gaze on something hidden from his view impressed the young man disagreeably. He made a vigorous effort to shake off the uncomfortable feeling and answer in a practical common-sense tone; but the effort was not attended with any marked success. Anita soon conquered her nervous fears, and thanked him with her gentle graceful smile; but it was evident still that the haunting spectre was not exorcised, though she resolutely thrust it out of sight.

"I was wrong in one thing, at least," she said, as she was leaving him. "Sir George told me that he had used you badly, and I thought you were to be our foe."

"I hope all your foes and troubles too may prove just such scarecrow phantoms," Frank said cordially. "Take a little rest, Lady de Walden, and, believe me, all your fears will vanish in thin air."

She left him then, whether to follow his advice or not he did not of course know; and, though he had so decidedly pooh-poohed her terrors, he found himself considering them with grave attention as soon as her back was turned.

"There is some oppressive influence in the atmosphere," he thought, as he twisted and stroked his blonde moustache, and stared thoughtfully down the long avenue in which little Georgie, with his fair hair floating on the soft breeze, was playing with a gentle colley puppy, while his nurse sat and worked sedately under a shadow of a big beech-tree. "Who knows? She may be warned by some strange instinct of calamity at hand."

A child's laugh, fresh, ringing, and silver sweet, elicited by some more than usually eccentric gambol upon the puppy's part, fell upon the young man's ear and cut his morbid musings short. His face brightened, and he drew himself up with a vigorous shake, as though ridding himself of some incumbrance.

"Pshaw—what an idiotic fancy!" he cried, as he stepped out into the sunshine. "If anyone should anticipate evil, it is I—I who may lose my love to-night; but I will not court sorrow; it will be hard enough to endure her crabbed presence when she comes."

The sunlight filtered through the green leaves and fell lovingly on the bright head and frank handsome face. The little lad ran to greet him, and clung to the strong brown hand of his new friend with childish trust, the puppy leaped up about his knees, claiming with large loose paws and an imbecilely open mouth some share of his notice too. The love and trust of the innocent young creatures pleased and touched Frank de Walden; he pulled the dog's ears and patted his little cousin's golden curls, as he turned to the nurse, and said in his pleasant cordial way—

"I will take Master Georgie for a walk, nurse; he must learn to trust me, you know."

The nurse made her prim little courtesy, thinking what a good-hearted and nice spoken young gentleman this was, though not long afterwards she recalled those innocent-sounding words with a horrified thrill; but she at least was troubled with no presentiments, and went back to the house to enjoy her unexpected holiday hour with whole-hearted content.

Meanwhile, with Georgie clinging to his hand and trotting on those sturdy little legs beside him, with the puppy jumping and frisking about his heels, Frank went off to visit the water-fowl in the big lake, to feed the peacocks on the terrace, and the chickens and the ducklins in the farm yard. Never had little Georgie in his brief innocent life known so happy a day or a friend so much to his mind. His delight with all he saw was irresistible and infectious. He chatted like a little magpie, and his shrill sweet little laugh rang out perpetually as some fresh miracle of fluffy beauty met his enraptured eyes.

"Come, Georgie must go back now," Frank said, consulting his watch at last, though the child showed no symtom of fatigue; he knew that for a mite like that enough of exercise and excitement had been crowded into one day; and, with a longing look back, the obedient little fellow came at once to Frank's side.

But, as he returned him to the nurse's care, Frank felt the fat little arms clasp themselves about his throat, saw the pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, uplift itself to his, and heard the soft voice whisper coaxingly—

"To-morrow, cousin Frank—again to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" Frank repeated the word a little dreamily, wondering what for him that morrow would bring forth. "Yes, surely, Georgie, to-morrow shall be as pleasant for you and me as to-day."

Little Georgie was fully content with this promise, and went in the highest spirits to his meal of bread-and-milk; but the rest of rapture that he hailed the approach of his uncle's train. He had driven over to the station to meet him; and when he saw the familiar figure step out upon the platform, he felt his heart stand still. In another moment he should know his fate—nay, he knew it already, for as the flickering light of the oil-lamp fell upon Sir George de Walden's face, he saw that it was full of angry disappointment and pain.

The conviction was an assured one from the first, and Sir George's stern silence strengthened it. It was not until they were bowling smoothly along the moonlit road, between the tall gorse clad hills, that Frank found strength or self-control to speak. Then he said, in an uncertain voice—

"You have seen Mr. Verner?"

"Yes; I have failed in my embassy. Mr. Verner says that he promised his daughter to my heir, that he utterly refuses to give her to a poor and struggling man."

He spoke with hard distinctness, and Frank listened in a stony calm. It seemed to him now that he had known from the very first how it would be, what message his uncle would bring.

"And Essie?" he began, but Sir George cut the question short.

"I did not see Miss Verner; but her father seemed assured of her obedience. Frank my dear, dear boy, I have never felt how much I wronged you until to-day."

"You had a right to consider yourself," Frank said, in the same dull tone; and Sir George finished the sentence with genuine self-reproach.

"To consider myself! Yes; but not to make a dupe of you. I am regretting the long concealment, not the marriage, Frank."

But Frank did not answer; he was absorbed in miserable thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

"Stand still, Master Georgie!" the nurse said, with a despairing sigh, as she vainly tried to settle the smart scarlet cap upon the silky curls that shone like pale gold in the morning sunshine, and keep the little dancing figure still. "You shall have your little stool, and sit on the terrace with Carlo presently; but you must not expect your cousin yet for a long, long time. He has not had breakfast yet."

"I have had brexfus," said the child, with an argumentative air; but the nurse shook her head.

"Grown up gentlefolks are not like little boys," she said peremptorily.

She was fond of her charge no doubt; but Georgie, in his impatience to renew the delights of yesterday, was exacting and irritable, and her patience had been sorely tried. So she gave gave the child a little shake and deposited him on his hassock in the verandah, with strict injunctions not to stir until his cousin came, and then went in to add a freshening touch or two to her own toilette for the day.

"That child will wear me into my grave!" she cried pettishly to a house maid she met in the hall. "I never saw any one worry for anything as he has done for his cousin since yesterday."

"Well, he will be happy now," the girl answered with a laugh, "for Mr. de Walden has just gone out, to get the walk over before breakfast, I suppose."

The nurse supposed so too, and, busy with her own affairs, thought no more about the matter. Her window overlooked the verandah in which the child sat, and, as she bustled about, she heard the little voice ring out with the welcoming cry of—"Cousin Fwank, cousin Fwank!" and the hurrying patter of the little feet as they ran round the side of the house.

"Thank goodness for an hour's peace!" she cried devoutly. "I do think Mr. Frank de Walden is the kindest gentleman and the greatest blessing that ever came into a house."

* * * * *

"It is strange that Frank does not make his appearance," said Sir George de Walden, coming back from the window out of which he had been gazing with absent eyes, and taking his place at the well-spread breakfast table. "I trust he is not taking this matter too much to heart—not resenting it to us."

He spoke almost querulously, and Anita shook her fair head.

"I do not think so. He is so generous, so kind; and he is not ill, for nurse tells me he has taken Georgie for a walk."

"Taken Georgie!" her husband echoed, opening his eyes widely, as though the information astonished him. "Well, that is good natured I must say!"

"Yes, they had a long walk together yesterday, and nurse says Georgie could talk of nothing but the chickens and swans and his cousin all last night. He exacted the promise of another stroll to-day, and roused her at daybreak to prepare for it."

"Little tyrant!" Sir George said with a proud laugh. "Frank might have kept his promise, and eaten his breakfast too, though." Then, turning to the servant, he added—"See that the cook keeps something hot for Mr. De Walden, Fletcher."

The man left the room, and, the moment he had gone, Sir George put down his paper and chuckled complacently.

"He cannot be so very broken-hearted if he can remember a baby's wish. Perhaps it is a mere flash-in-the-pan fancy, and he is not really in love with Miss Verner at all. I hope so with all my heart, for the father is a hard unyielding man, made harder still by the thought that he has been tricked into a promise."

"But surely he does not accuse Frank of any treachery?" Anita cried, with an emphasis that brought the colour to her husband's face.

"Well, he has been deceived of course," he said reluctantly, smoothing the broad sheet of the *Times* out with rather a trembling hand. "And though Heaven knows poor Frank was innocent in the matter, the man naturally thought him a much more eligible suitor than he is."

"Can you do nothing for him, George?"

"I can and I will," Sir George said emphatically. "I told Mr. Verner very plainly that I felt that I had been to blame, and had incurred a moral responsibility in the matter of my nephew's career; but he absolutely declined to discuss the matter, and hinted pretty plainly that he considered the lad an impostor."

"And the girl?" Anita asked anxiously.

Sir George shrugged his shoulders.

"I should say Mr. Verner's domestic discipline was pretty strict. The is an air of assured authority about him. But do not be distressed, my pet; Frank is made of sterling stuff, and a love affair will not crush him."

on a small tray.

"It was found in Mr. De Walden's room, sir," he said, with what almost looked like a faint flush of interest in his ordinarily impassive face. Anita pushed back her chair and came quickly over to her husband's side.

"From Frank! What can it be?" she cried, with nervous impatience of the slow fashion in which he turned the missive over. "Oh, open it, George, and see!"

Sir George obeyed, and read the few lines the letter contained in a very querulous tone.

"My dear Uncle,—Neither you nor Lady de Walden must think me ungracious or unkind, but the news you gave me last night was a terrible shock, and has upset me more than I quite like to show. I cannot rest till I have heard her father's verdict confirmed by Esther's own lips, and so I have gone to her. Do not trouble about me; all will end well one way or another. If she will wait for me, I will be the happiest of men; if not—well, 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love'—and my wound will cure like the rest. So I am off by the early train."

A shrill scream broke from Lady de Walden's lips, and, but for the desperate strength with which she clutched the tall chair-back, she must have fallen. Sir George looked up his face was merely cross and puzzled: but one glance at that drawn, blanched face, those eyes of utter agony, and he sprang quickly to his feet, flung one arm around his wife's waist, and tried to draw her to a chair; but, ghastly as she looked, she broke from him with desperate strength and hurried towards the door, all the anguish and terror of her heart finding vent in the hoarse cry—

"My boy—Georgie! Oh, let me go!"

But Sir George drew her forcibly back. He too had grown perceptibly paler, and had a very startled look; but he had still calmness enough to feel that her hysterical excitement was misplaced.

"Calm yourself for Heaven's sake, Anita, and I will ring for nurse," he said, more sternly than he had ever spoken to his wife yet. "Georgie is no doubt with her by now; your alarm is childish and absurd."

But, though he spoke so calmly, he was by no means easy in his mind; and, when the nurse at last appeared, with a pale face and tear-reddened frightened eyes, his fears were almost equal to those that tore poor Anita's heart in two.

"Master Georgie is not yet back?" he repeated sternly. "How came you to lose sight of him for so long?"

"Please, sir, it was Mr. De Walden!" the girl cried, with a curtsey and a stifling sob, for the news that Mr. De Walden had taken train to town had spread quickly through the house, and left the little lad's fate involved in mystery to the servants' mind. "He cried to go with his cousin; and how could I refuse the precious darling that?"

"And you left him in Mr. De Walden's care?"

The girl hesitated for the fraction of a second only, divided between the desire to tell the absolute truth and the necessity of shielding herself from blame; then there came comfortingly to her ears the echo of that gleeful baby cry, "Cousin Fwank, cousin Fwank!" and she answered promptly—

"Yes, sir; Mr. de Walden made the engagement over night, and came to fetch the darling in the morning."

Sir George drew a long, long breath, and brushed the gray hair back from his forehead.

"Then he is safe," he said decisively; "he must be safe in his cousin's care. Anita my darling"—taking the death-cold hands in his, and looking entreatingly at the drawn tragic face—"Frank has not gone; he has lost his train. He will bring back our darling!"

But Anita neither heard nor comprehended him. Staring straight before her, with the dull, fixed gaze of a somnambulist, she said, with dry stiff lips—

"Harm to me or those I love! I knew—I knew it. I told him that yesterday. Oh, my boy, my little Georgie! Oh that it had been me!"

"This is terrible!" Sir George cried below his breath; and the handsome stately gentleman seemed to grow old, decrepit, and helpless in the sudden stress of strong emotions. "Anita, for Georgie's sake, be calm and strong. If—it—there is any danger, remember there is work to do."

Lady de Walden raised her lovely eyes with a more comprehending look, as her lips closed, and her small hands were clasped convulsively, as Sir George went on hurriedly—

"I will drive over to the station. Do you have the grounds thoroughly searched. How we shall laugh at all this fuss and terror when Frank brings our darling back!"

"When!" Anita echoed with dreary bitterness; but she had in a measure regained her self-control, and promised to obey all directions so steadily that her husband left her with one fear the less in his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Simultaneous Firing of Shots.

According to George G. Andre, the system of exploding a number of shots simultaneously in rock blasting is making its way slowly into common use. It is surprising that a system offering so many advantages should need so much advocacy. Some portion of the prejudice against it is no doubt due to the past failures. But the obvious certainty obtained by using powerful currents, and the ease with which such currents may be applied when the works are lighted by electricity, should be sufficient to induce the disappointed to try again. A good example of the application of the lighting current to the ignition of blasts, and, I believe, the first of its kind, has just come under my notice in Germany. The mine is a colliery, and the surface works are lighted by air lamps. Underground, a stone drift is driven, and this drift is lighted by incandescent lamps. In the face, from twenty to twenty-four shots are placed, and an electric fuse in each is joined up in parallel circuit by means of bare iron wire and connected with lighting cables in such a way that the current can be shunted from the lamps into the fuses. The result is in the highest degree satisfactory. Misfires are unknown, and the effect is wonderfully good. It is estimated that from twenty-eight to thirty-two shots would be needed if fired in the usual manner in succession; so that the saving of labor is in this case considerable, exceeding 25 per cent., both for the labor of boring and the quantity of explosive required.

down the stone steps leading to the Western Union Telegraph office yesterday, and rushed at the receiving clerk with the inquiry:

"Can I express my feelings in a telegram?"

"Do you mean that you like profane language?"

"I do! I want to use some of the tallest kind of it!"

"We can't send anything of that sort. There are no letters in the Morse alphabet to stand for swear words."

"Well, then, I'll have to let it go, but I wanted to telegraph to my brother that I'd been robbed. I put my satchel down to fight with a hackman, and some one stole it."

He went away growling and muttering, but in about an hour he returned in still hotter haste, and exclaimed:

"Now I've been robbed of my coat and $20 in cash, and I've got to swear by telegraph or bust! Hung my coat on a telegraph pole while I was trying to outjump a fellow and some one gobbled it!"

"As I told you before, we don't transmit any profane language," replied the clerk. "You can notify your brother that you have had bad luck."

"And not express my feelings! Never! He wouldn't believe it was me. Make an exception for me, can't you?"

The clerk couldn't, and the man said he would do his swearing by letter, and make it heavy enough for double postage. It wasn't half an hour, however, before he reappeared, and this time he couldn't stand still till he shouted out:

"I've got to do it! Hadn't been out of here ten minutes when a chap in a shooting gallery mopped me all over the floor! Robbed—licked—mopped! Say, lemme swear by telegraph. I've got a dollar left, and I'll give it to you to send ten words to Bay City!"

"You might get around the rule by sending a cipher despatch," suggested the clerk.

"Bully! I tumble! I'll fix it in just a minute!"

And he wrote and handed in:

"Robbed! * * * Licked!!! —— it!—— it! Send me $20 * * * !!!!"

"There she is," he said as he paid for it. "There's robbery, meanness, arson, stealing, pounding, sentiment, profanity, and brotherly love all crowded into the one thing, and you bet your life Ben will catch on. I'll now go out and get in jail and wait for his answer."

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Those beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

Riches have wings, and all grandeur is a dream.

10c. will buy a package of the Triangle Dyes, containing sufficient dye of any color for 1 to 4 pounds of any goods, according to the shade wanted.

To commonplace people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed.

Parting with friends

Is one of the sad necessities of life, and often marks life's milestones as we travel the path from the beginning to the end. Strange to say, Dr. Scott Putnam has discovered a means by which old time friends are separated and that without a single qualm. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor promptly, painlessly, and with certainty separates the oldest and most strongly cemented corns, that can be found. It cannot fail, for Putnam's is sure, safe and painless. Beware of an article offered "just as good," and take only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false.

Young Man!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

When fear rise to a certain height it produces the same effect as temerity. Fear never applies to proper remedy.

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this Agency Polson's NERVILINE is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work, that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic. Neglect no longer to try Nerviline. Buy to-day a ten cent trial bottle and be relieved from all pain. J. Wilson, druggist, Goderich, writes: "Nerviline gives good satisfaction." Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW EXTRA.

Madoc, Thursday, July 24th, 1884.

The Flight of Fancy.

Out on the cooling breeze,
Under the shade
Of the old maple trees,
Down in the glade;

Watching the butterflies
Flitting around,
Hearing the music rise—
Song birds abound;

Gazing at clouds of fleece
Up 'gainst the sky—
Veils over realms of peace
Far off on high.

Fancy goes free of care,
Nothing to check—
Ouch! there's that bug again
Gone down my neck!

The Queen of England has been presented with an elephant by the King of Abyssinia.

The cholera plague is making terrible ravages in France, and is likely to spread all over Europe.

Philip Chethem, the oldest Freemason in England, is dead, aged 97. He was initiated in 1811.

LONDON, July 23rd.—The Canadian, won the Kolapore Cup at Wimbledons score 665, the English team 660, and the Indian team 576.

There were nineteen deaths from yellow fever in Havana last week. Canada can look on the reports of the ravages of yellow fever unconcerned. It never gets a hold on this country, but the cholera excites more fear. The people of Canada wrestled with cholera once, and they don't care to try it again.

General Gordon is turning the tables upon the Mahdi's lieutenants if we are to believe the latest despatches from Suakim. He has not only made Khartoum safe but he is making it so hot for the forces holding Berber that they are asking for reinforcements. This is the latest news, but it may be on par, as, to truth, with the Mudir of Dongola's despatches. It is difficult to account for General Gordon's long silence on any theory but that he is a prisoner.

Bread 10 cents a loaf at John Harper's.

B. A. S. WILSON,

Will pay the

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

For all kinds of

FUR,

Hides,

TALLOW AND GAME.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

Stray Horses!

FROM Lot No. 3, 7th concession of Elzevir, one Gray Horse, aged, and one Bay, 9 years old. Both horses had a spavin. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

SIDNEY MENIA,
376 Bridgewater.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD,
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

N. B.—Also a full stock of Ready-made Clothing.

Tweeds! Tweeds!

Tailoring done to order. A perfect fit guaranteed.

J. DALE & SON.

Cheap Sale!

We will for the next month clear out the following lines of goods at greatly reduced prices:—

DRESS GOODS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY,
PARASOLS, HATS AND BONNETS,
TOWELLINGS, ETC..

Also a quantity of WOOL BLANKETS, slightly soiled.

20 DOZEN SHIRTS,

French Cambric, English Regatta and Oxford. We shall offer these shirts for one month at prices that are bound to sell them.

REMNANTS AT 20 PER CENT BELOW COST.

CROSS & MOUNCEY.

PONY MILLS, MADOC.

A. L. SAGER

Having leased the above Mills for a term of years, is now prepared to do all kinds of

GRISTING!

Flour, Feed, &c., kept always on hand.

A call solicited.

Established - in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool, Wool.

The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by

J. & J. WHITE,

and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.

WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.

Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.

Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.

Fullcloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL, at White's Agricultural Works.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN.

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

SCENES IN CAIRO.

Novel Sights in the Thoroughfares of the Ancient City.

Yesterday morning I hailed one of the Cairo donkey-boys, and mounted his miniature steed, the ears of which protruded so high as almost to lie prone over my shoulders.

The start was made from the Place Esbekiyeh, the public square of Cairo. These grounds are octagonal in shape, and embrace some twenty and a half acres of land, beautifully laid out, and lighted by gas lamps which are surmounted with the gilt crescent. I moved leisurely along in front of the immense European cafes, noticing that the street signs were principally in Greek, French, Italian, and Arabic. English is, alas! a subordinate language in Cairo.

Here I saw a huge bulletin board completely covered with gaudy chromos, which, with the characteristic enterprise of his race, a young Italian was trying to palm off upon the wondering Egyptians. One represented Christ being taken down from the cross, with distorted features and that general sanguinary realism that satisfies a prurient curiosity, but hardly meets the requirements of idealized art. In the distance was a view of the pyramids. Another daub, a representation of the last supper, hardly reflected credit upon that sunny land where the old masters lived and painted. It showed Judas at one end of the table clutching at a handful of coins with miserly gesture and villainous countenance that would have proclaimed him a brigand to all the world.

At one place a funeral procession was encountered. In the tumult of the moment I could not find any English-speaking person to question regarding it, but from the crosses and other insignia I knew that it was a Greek cortege.

At the head of the procession was a man who carried the broad, flat, but remarkably light lid of the casket. Behind him came [illegible] Greeks, carrying out in their midst the black silk pall, ornamented with white embroidery. The chanting, black-robed priests followed, and after them the coffin itself, with the corpse entirely exposed to the burning sun, save that it was covered by a lace drapery and a profusion of floral offerings. A man walked at one side with a white feather fan, and kept the flies from settling down upon the precious contents of the casket. Last of all came the mourners.

Speaking of these Egyptian flies, they are audacious and pestiferous in the extreme. When I was galloping at full speed they would light upon my face and stick there like so many leeches. I believe they would fly for miles across the plains here if they saw a man on horseback, in order to overtake him.

Passing the Theater Français, the opera-house, and some British barracks, filled principally with Scottish troops, I left the Ismailiya quarter of the city, occupied mainly by Europeans, and plunged into the native city, the devious crooked streets of which beggar description. Overhead the balconies of the harems projected so that often you could only see a ribbon of sky between them. Think of having the second story of your neighbor's house approach within six inches of your own! But the lattices through which the inmates peep are so close together that a person on donkeyback can see nothing that is within. Soon I was in old Cairo, surrounded by gigantic ruins of great antiquity. The most conspicuous remains were those of the grand aqueduct running off the citadel, two and a quarter miles distant, where I could discern the two graceful minars and the huge dome of the famous alabaster mosque.

"Over there," said my guide, "is where they keep the English die."

At first I was puzzled to know what was meant; but looking over to the left where he pointed, I saw a Christian cemetery, and the light broke in upon me.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A Japanese Editor.

The most recent lion of Parisian literary salons is a Japanese editor, an entity which is as rare in Europe as a black swan or a white elephant. This interesting gentleman is named Jugoi (an honorary title) F. Yano, and he is editor and proprietor of the *Hotchishienboun*, the principal organ of the Liberal party in Japan. Mr. Yano, although only 35, is one of the chiefs of his party. He proposes to spend six months in Europe to familiarize himself with the manners and methods of the people, and he will probably come to London at once. Upon his return Mr. Yano will publish his impressions.

Japanese journalism, of which Mr. Yano is one of the most distinguished representatives, has developed with great rapidity during the last ten years. In 1875 the Japanese Empire counted only fifty-three periodical publications of all kinds. To-day there are published within its boundaries at least [illegible] periodicals of all kinds. The *Kwampo*, the official organ, is modelled exactly upon the French *Journal Officiel*. Mr. Yano's paper, the *Hotchishienboun* (*shienboun* means a journal) contains four pages, the same size as the *Debats*, and is sold for two pence. Most of the Japanese newspapers, however, are sold at three halfpence. They are mainly modelled upon the best European dailies. They contain leading articles, news paragraphs, money articles, market reports, and advertisements, all precisely as with us, save that one reads from the bottom of the column to the top. The *Hotchishienboun* has a daily circulation of 20,000.

"A helpful life is a holy life, and a holy life is a helpful life. In whatever you do, do it to help, and not to hinder."

England One Hundred Years Ago.

From an address delivered not long ago by Mr. Thomas Ashbury, C.E., before the Manchester Association, we extract the following as to what was the state of affairs in England a hundred years since:

"We need not further consider the engineering works of the past [illegible] but come at once to the period of about a hundred years ago, [illegible] the period when George III. began to reign (1760), and glance at the state of our own country at that time, the better to understand and appreciate the advantages and blessings of the present time.

"One hundred years ago England could hardly be called a manufacturing country, as we imported almost everything except corn, wool, and flax; iron from Spain, Germany, Sweden; pottery from Holland; hats from Flanders; silk from France; cloth and carpets from Belgium. One hundred years ago we had, as a country, fallen very low. Our cotton, woollen, flax, machine, etc., manufacturers were struggling into birth; we could not keep the water out of our coal pits; we could not build steam engines; we could not build a church fit to be seen; we had no harbors or docks; we had no ships fit to go to sea; we had no literature worthy of our nation; we had our roads swarming with highwaymen. We had our army and navy composed of prisoners or pressed men captured openly; we had gibbets at nearly every crossroad in the country; we had bribery and corruption of the grossest kind at Parliament elections; we had drunkenness, profligacy, and brutality, not only among the ignorant, totally neglected, common people, but also among the so-called upper classes; we had public abominations and obscenities that were not surpassed in the days of Nero; we had bull baiting, cock fighting, men fighting, dog fighting, badger drawing, and other coarse, ferocious, savage sports (pigeon shooting, unfortunately, still exists); we had the pillory, and men and women placed there for disgusting crimes, and crowds round as the criminals would pelt them with stones and rotten eggs, and barbarities were of common occurrence; women were publicly whipped as well as men, and all feelings of refinement and delicacy were smothered in the licentious tendencies of the people; we had women and girls working down our coal pits; we had blasphemy, brutality, scepticism, irreligion, atheism, prevailing among all classes and causing the ships, the barracks, the works, the clubs, and even very many of the English homes, to be turned into places of reveling and vice, disgracing the English name, and only worthy of the demon of darkness; we had, however, a few manly, plucky, brave fellows who amid the drunkenness and vice endeavored to educate, lift up, and arouse the people to a purer and more noble life; but these men fought against tremendous odds, for some of them were carried off by press gangs as sailors or soldiers, some were publicly whipped out of the town, and even in Salford the very first use made of the new town fire engine was to drench that noble, godly man, John Wesley, when he boldly and courageously 'bearded the lion in his den,' and publicly reproved and exposed the prevailing vices and iniquities of our sister borough.

"James Watt, while learning his trade in London, had to keep his house, and durst not walk abroad for fear of being seized and sent to labor as a sailor on our then 'floating hells,' or on our plantations in India or America. One hundred years ago there was in Scotland a veritable *slavery* class of colliers and salters, and it was only in 1799 that this was finally abolished. One hundred years ago the main roads in this country had ruts four feet deep in many places; in fact one writer says the ruts were navigable, another says they were like the roofs of houses put together, and they had only just superseded the pack horse and bridle paths. One hundred years ago hanging was common for nearly all offenses; human life was little thought of. One hundred years ago or thereabouts, the first eight bags of cotton arrived in Liverpool, and the Custom House officer seized them as not being a product of the United Kingdom; now we import £60,000,000 worth per annum. One hundred years ago our shipping did not reach two millions sterling; now the sailing of our own and foreign ships runs up to an average of forty-five millions sterling. In the year 1777 the borough of Liverpool bought up the revenue of its manorial rights for £2,350; one hundred years after, the annual revenue from the same source was £250,000! One hundred years ago there were no public docks in London or anywhere else. One hundred years ago the mail coaches had just begun to run; now our railways carry 700 millions of people in the United Kingdom every year. One hundred years ago ballooning was in vogue, and seemed destined to achieve great things; a voyage was made from England to France; no real progress in this direction can be recorded.

One hundred years ago, or thereabouts (1776), independence in America had been declared. One hundred years ago Arkwright had just invented his spinning machines, looms, etc. One hundred years ago or a little more, the country was astonished at the recent erection of the first *stone* lighthouse. (Smeaton, 1759.) One hundred years ago Watt had just invented the condensing steam engine. One hundred years ago Brindley had just finished his first great canal and Worsley tunnel. One hundred years ago England imported nearly all its iron, for Henry Cort only invented 'puddling' in 1738. One hundred years ago there was no gas or electric light, no high pressure steam engines, no steamboats, no telegraphs, no railways, etc. The working men of Lancashire one hundred years ago had precious little book learning, but an enormous amount of *brain* power. Many of the principal inventions were made by them and large fortunes was the result to some. They had great physical strength, could walk long journeys with heavy loads, and their fare was simple, generally milk, bacon, and some kind of oatmeal, one kind of which was thick and hard, and was called 'jannock,' since become in Lancashire synonymous with anything genuine and thorough. The goods were principally carried by packhorses. John Kay, of Walmsley, near Bury, the inventor of the 'fly shuttle,' made his escape from a riotous mob by being made up into a pack and carried away on the back of a horse. He died in Paris of a broken heart, guilty, like many other men of having invented something for the good of Lancashire people, who turned against him for it.

"Tennyson has hymned the praises of our wondrous 'mother age,' and bids us remember how much better 'fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.'

"Every one sees the great contrast between the material condition of to-day and that which existed centuries ago. Take the last century or thereabouts; the merely material physical, mechanical change in human life is greater than occured in the 1,000 years, nay, even 2,000 years or more, that preceded it. In England this material change has been more rapid than in any other country, and is beyond parallel in the world's history. Yet the question has been asked in our times, 'With a thousand times the resources of any that preceded it, does it use them to a thousand times better purpose?'"

Where to go in Sickness.

Some years ago the students of a certain college in the State of New York were in the habit of voting in the town, as they had a right to do, instead of at their homes. But one year the political party against which the students had usually voted secured the control and appointed two or three of their adherents guardians of the ballot-box. As one student after another presented his vote, one of these officials, a pompous strutting man, challenged him. Several students had yielded rather than enter into a contest with the "loud" man. But at last there came up a homely, awkward student gifted with a large stock of mother-wit.

"Stop!" cried the pompous man imperatively as the student was about to vote. "Are you a voter, sir?"

"Yes, sir," drawled the student.

"Where do you live?" demanded the pompous man, thinking to make short work of this green youth.

"Why, here, sir."

"I mean, where do you reside?"

"Why, at the college, sir."

"You are a student there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are merely a student, and yet claim to reside here?"

"Yes, sir, I reside here. Where else should I live and attend this collage?"

"You know what I mean well enough," said the pompous man, impatiently. "Don't you ever go away?"

"Of course I do, sometimes. The safety of the town doesn't require my constant presence," the student drawled out.

A laugh ran through the crowd, and the pompous man grew red in the face. But he gathered himself up for a final effort.

"Young man," said he solemnly, "these evasions are of no avail. Answer me this one question: If you were sick, where should you go?"

The student hesitated, as though he did not like to say "Home, sir," or "Where my parents live."

"I insist on an answer," persisted the official, with the triumphant air of a man who has driven his opponent into a corner. "Where would you go if you were sick?"

"Well," drawled out the student, "if I must tell, I should—I should—go to bed."

Amid the roars of laughter which rang through the town hall, the pompous man stepped aside, and the student handed in his ballot.

A Dog Which Does a Cute Trick.

Passengers on the afternoon "scoot" train from Springfield may daily witness in Westfield an instance of canine intelligence that is worthy to go on record. Soon after the train passes the trap-rock quarry, on the outside of the track, used by eastward-bound trains, a dog can be seen racing along with the cars until a paper is thrown off by the baggage-master. The dog instantly seizes it, and, after giving a bark of acknowledgement, trots down the embankment to the house of his owner not far away. The sagacious animal is apperently of Newfoundland and St. Bernard breed, and for three or four years has acted as news carrier in the way described. Every day, except Sunday, summer and winter he goes to his post on the track about the time the train is due and there he waits the throwing off of the paper. It is said that he not only knows the hour when the train should come along but that one day in seven there is no need of his services. Apparently the dog has also learned to know the whistle of his train from that of any other, for if in the road or yard when the whistle is sounded half a mile down the track he rushes to his station.—*Boston Journal.*

"Yes, they are excellent boots," said the shoe-dealer to the young lady purchaser: "they will wear like iron." "Do you think the buttons are sewed on securely?" she asked. "They are; the boots are supplied with the 'old miad's wedding' button, a new invention." "Why is it called the 'old maid's wedding' button?" "Because it never comes off."

JENNIE'S MISSION.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"Oh, this dull round of small duties, how tired I am of them all, how I wish some grand mission in life would come to me!"

Jennie Orson, the pretty little schoolmistress, leaned her chin upon her hand as she mused in the above manner, and gazed out over the gray fields, whose dreary plowed furrows were thrusting their ragged faces up through the rapidly-disappearing snow-drifts.

"Why, how the snow has gone to-day!" she added mentally, as the changed appearance of the fields struck her eye. It was the last day of March, and all winter long the snow had been heaped in miniature [illegible] ranges [illegible] and [illegible] and hollows. During the last week warm weather had set in, making rapid inroads upon snow and ice.

Then children came running under the window where Jennie stood, playing at "Round the House." Then they flocked off together toward the brook that rippled by the school-house a few rods distant, Jennie watched them absently. Her mind was not upon her duties that day. Her plodding round in a country school room seemed very dull and mean to her. She sighed for some great and lofty mission.

"If I could do some one great act, heroic and noble," she said to herself, "I would be willing to die then! What is life worth if we must plod on forever like this? I am no more than an ant, or a spider, or a squirrel with the life I live? How gladly would I give up the monotonous years of this routine for one hour of sacrifice, heroism, and then welcome death."

How she hated her homely life as she looked back over her nineteen uneventful years. She had always lived in this dull country place, ever since she was a wee child and her parents had emigrated to the West. She had received her education in this same little school-house, attended divine service there also—as the place boasted no church edifice—and her only knowledge of the world beyond was obtained by a yearly visit to the city, fifty miles distant, where the family supplies were purchased, and from a few books and newspapers. Now she was very tired of it all—tired of her dull past, her duller present, her doubtlessly dull future. Even the thought of her fond, true lover, Jack Kellogg, who was building the house where she was to reign mistress, annoyed her to-day. How poor and monotonous it all seemed to her. How much better to perform some one grand act and die, than to live on to old age in this dreamy fashion. It was a very romantic girl who stood there in the little school-room dreaming her discontented dreams, you see.

Suddenly she saw by the noon mark that it was time to call in her scholars. She had no bell—for this was in the early days of Wisconsin history, before the railroads had spread their great iron spider webs all over the State, and Jennie's school was conducted on a very primitive plan. She took the great ruler, with which she inflicted punishment on the palms of unruly boys, and rapped loudly on the window. Then she sat down and waited for the pupils to come trooping in —not with the regulation and order which governs school-rooms in these days, but helter skelter, hurrying, laughing, pushing each other and playing "tag" to their benches.

"Oh, teacher, the creek is getting awful high," said Tommy Smith, as he plunged into his seat. And Jennie did not correct him for the improper use of "awful," which proved to be more appropriate in this case than teacher or pupil supposed.

"I suppose the snows are all melting and running into it," she answered absently, as she took her place at her desk, and by another tap of her ruler indicated that the afternoon session of school was now in order.

Then she ran her eye over the room to see that no pupils were missing.

"Where is Tod Brown?" she asked. "I do not see him here."

Tod was the smallest child in the school, a little boy scarcely five years old, who was placed in her charge, not so much to learn his primer, as to keep him out of his mother's way. She was burdened with two smaller than he besides a babe in the cradle.

"I left Tod down by the creek," answered Tommy Smith, "playin' throw pebbles into the water. I told him school was called."

"You should have brought him along. Tod is only a child," Jennie said reprovingly. "But go and bring him now; and hurry, for your lesson in arithmetic comes on directly."

Tommy came back in a brief space of time, white and frightened.

"Tod is standin' on a stone and cryin', and the water's all round him," he said. "I couldn't get near him at all."

The whole school rose en masse, and Jennie at the head of the small army led on to the rescue of Tod.

Yes, there he stood on a stone which a little time before had been on the shore; but now, alas, was in the midst of the rapidly swelling stream, beyond the reach of any of that little group.

"Mamma! mamma," he called in piteous tones, "come and take Tod. Tod is 'fraid. Come, mamma, come!"

Jennie looked over her little flock of pupils who crowded about her. Not one of them was large enough to wade out and rescue Tod. The only boy in her school who might safely have attempted this had remained at home that day to assist his father.

The water was rising higher every moment. What was to be done was to be done quickly, or the angry waves would seize poor little Tod and sweep him away down the swelling stream.

"John!" cried Jennie, speaking to the largest boy in the flock, "you stand here on the bank, while I wade out to Tod. I shall want you to take him from my arms as soon as I have him safe. Some of the larger girls must hold fast to your coat, so that you do not fall into the stream."

Then Jennie drew her skirts close about her slight figure and plunged bravely into the cold waters, sinking almost to her waist at the first step.

Slowly, slowly, she made her way toward the crying child, the waves rushing up higher over his feet every moment.

The little flock on the shore huddled together like frightened lambs, watching their teacher with wide, distended eyes and sobbing out their fear and terror, as she slowly forced her way against the waves.

Another effort, another plunge and she had him in her arms. Then she tried to make her way back to shore, but the waters were growing more furious every moment, as if angered at the loss of their prey. They almost swept her from her feet—they dashed above her shoulder, and her little burden screamed and struggled with terror, making her task tenfold more difficult.

"Just another step, teacher, and I'll catch hold of him," cried John from the shore, reaching out almost his whole length over the waters, while two sobbing girls held fast to the skirts of his coat.

It was an exciting scene, a wild moment of suspense. Jennie's face was white as chiseled marble; her long black hair had fallen from its fastenings and floated back over the billows like a dark mantle; her eyes were large with fear, her mouth drawn with pain, and her slender form swayed as if her strength was well nigh exhausted.

With one last mighty effort she laid her burden in John's outstretched arms.

Tod was saved!

A wild shout of joy and triumph rose from the excited band on shore, and they flocked about the prostrate form of the almost inanimate child.

Just then a great wave swept down upon Jennie, lifted her from her feet, just as she was about to grasp the shore, and bore her down the stream like a light piece of driftwood.

As she whirled away the whole events of her past life arose before her; that life, which only an hour before seemed so poor and mean and dull to her. Ah, now how precious and bright and beautiful it became! She remembered her rash wish, that she might be given one heroic act to perform—and then die. The act had been granted her almost instantly, and she had performed it heroically. But now must she carry out the remainder of her thought and die! Oh, death was so dark—so cold; the unknown seemed so terrible; she was so young, and life was so sweet!

She thought of Jack, her lover, and the half-completed house. Life with him there, that an hour before had seemed a dreary, monotonous waste, shone upon her like the departing [illegible] adise. Oh, to see his dear eyes smiling fondly upon her, once more to hear his voice; life, youth, love, how dear they all were!

Then all grew blank. "Jack, Jack, I am so cold. Oh, God! save me—pity—forgive!" she cried, and then sank away into unconsciousness.

Two miles below the school-house they found her tossed on shore with a mass of driftwood. Quite dead they pronounced her at first, and the old village doctor confirmed the assertion.

But Jack Kellogg would not listen to any of them.

"She is not dead," he cried. "How dare you tell me such a thing! She is alive and will look up and smile in my face before the day passes."

They shook their heads, and thought the poor boy had gone mad, and he set to work over her. But they all lent a helping hand, and every restorative known to them was applied to the pallid figure of the young girl.

It was hours before they saw any signs of returning life. Then she drew a deep quivering sigh, opened her eyes and smiled, even as Jack had said she would, into his loving face bent anxiously above her.

"Is this heaven?" she asked in a whisper. "I thought I died!"

"You went out clear to the very threshold of death," Jack answered, as he clasped her in his arms, "but love was strong enough to bring you back."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The great ends of life are best gained by him who in all his conduct is animated by the love of Christ.

Christian charity is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing—for it has the courage to refuse.

The Gospel is not simply a philosophy of religion or law of life, but it is an apocalypse, showing the heavens to our thought, and so bringing its spiritual benedictions to every heart and life.

If Christ is at the helm, why should I be running about the deck in distress, lest the vessel sinks? If God lets you and me labor for Him in vain, it is His loss more than ours. Duty belongs to us, results belong to Him.

The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by-and-by you see a spark darting out; then a strong light; till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

When a man gets the knowledge of himself, then he sees all the threatenings of God to be right. When he obtains the knowledge of God in Christ, then he finds that all the promises of God are right—yea and amen.

FOR THE FARMER.

Bones on the Farm.

A solution of potash will reduce bone to a fine condition, and make it available for plant food. Most farmers still use wood for fuel, and the ashes from the fifteen or twenty cords used in a year, if saved, would reduce all the bones ordinarily within reach of the farmer. The old-fashioned leach that used to stand at almost every farmer's back door for soap making, was a good contrivance for reducing the bones. But any tight, strong cask or box, will answer quite as well for this purpose. Water poured upon the ashes makes a lye, or solution of potash, strong enough to decompose the bones. The casks should stand under the cover, so that the quantity of water applied to the bone and ashes, may be under control. The time it will take to reduce the bone to a powder, will depend upon the amount of potash in the ashes, and attention bestowed upon the process. It is essential that the ashes and bone should be closely packed in the mass, and that they be kept in a moist state, adding water as it evaporates from the surface. The finer the bone before it is packed in the ashes, the sooner it will be reduced. The process can be hastened by putting into the mass a few pounds of common potash. But this is only necessary to save time. Ashes from hickory, or any of the hard woods, contain sufficient potash to decompose the bones. When the mass is soft enough to break down with a spade or shovel, it can be mixed with land plaster, dried peat, or loam, to make it convenient for handling.

It is a concentrated fertilizer, to be used with discretion, in the hill, or applied as a top dressing to growing crops in the garden or field. We are quite sure that any one who uses this preparation of bone and wood ashes, and sees the vigorous push it gives to garden and other crops, will be likely to continue it. But many farmers near seaports and railroad stations, use coal mainly for fuel, and have to resort to hand or horse-mill to use up the waste bones. Small mills are extensively used by poultry men, for crushing oyster shells as well as bone, and the machinery can be adjusted to break the bones coarsely for hen feed. The oil and gelatine of the bones have an alimentary value, and, turned into eggs, pay much better than when used as a fertilizer for the soil.—*Wm. Clift, in American Agriculturist.*

Ashes and Other Sources of Potash

Wood ashes vary greatly in the amount of potash they contain, according to the variety of wood of which they are made. The most valuable are those made of oak, and the least valuable those made of the conifera, or resinous trees. According to Prof. S. W. Johnson's recent analyses, ashes from a few varieties of timber contained potash as follows: oak, 8 25; hickory, 6.10; chestnut, 3 56; conifera, 1 25 per cent. The average amount of potash in ashes from house stoves, under the most favorable conditions, was 8 50 per cent., and unleached Canada ashes (13 samples) average 5.75 per cent.

Rating ashes at 50 pounds per bushel, we have in household ashes, per bushel, 4 25 pounds of potash, and in Canada ashes 2.88 pounds. At 4½ cents per pound, the value of the ashes per bushel for potash alone would be: household ashes, 18 cents, and Canada ashes, 12½ cents. They also contain two per cent. of phosphoric acid, or one pound in each bushel, worth six cents, which, added to the value of the potash, would make the total value of domestic ashes 24 cents, and of Canada ashes, 18½ cents per bushel.

Leached ashes weigh about 60 pounds per bushel, and contain about 30 per cent. of water. They hold about 42 per cent. of carbonate of lime, about one per cent. of potash, about one per cent. of phosphoric acid and a bushel would be worth 2 97 cents for the potash; add to this the value of the phosphoric acid, and we have about nine cents. The current market price I believe to be from 13 to 20 cents, so that there would seem to be a loss on every bushel used; yet it is a fact that in many sections the use of leached ashes is attended with results that show that they are worth, at least, their cost, and that the apparent loss must be compensated for by the other ingredients. The carbonate of lime which they contain has, on many soils, undoubtedly contributed to these good results. Some samples of Canada unleached ashes have been found but little better than leached ashes.

Muriate of potash of 80 per cent. strength, contains 50 per cent. of its total weight of potash, which, at 2.12½ cents per pound for the muriate, would cost 4.25 cents per pound for the actual potash.

Sulphate of potash of 80 per cent. strengh contains 40 per cent. of actual potash; and in this form, with sulphate at 2 8 cents per pound, the potash would cost seven cents per pound. Potash in the form of sulphate is found to be superior as a manure, and to produce larger crops and healthier growth, especially of tobacco, fruits, potatoes and cotton. To obtain potash as cheaply from wood ashes, we should have to obtain Canada unleached ashes at 13 cents; and leached at three cents per bushel. But certain conditions must not be overlooked in comparing ashes with other sources of potash. In the first place, the potash in ashes is in such a combination that it can do no harm to any crop to which we apply it. In the case of muriate, it is different; this we must use with great caution, especially on tobacco, fruits or any other crop where starch and sugar formation is desirable. For corn, grass and grain this form is unobjectionable. Again, ashes contain considerable soda, magnesia and other ingredients, which must have more or less beneficial effects on some soils, as is shown by the results sometimes obtained.

A Variation of the Usual Frog Story

A waggon of the Talmage Lake Ice Company delivered a large cake of ice to Mr. John Lepping. A servant split the piece open, and just in the centre was a large frog. The animal was a long black one of the species known as the Michigan frog, and weighed two pounds or over. The man who delivered the ice said that it was a part of a lot that had been stored away by the Talmage Company in their ice house for over four years, so that the frog had been a prisoner in his cold dungeon for all that time. His frogship was quite lively when relieved from his prison, and hopped around as vigorously as any of his tribe. Ed Early of the hook and ladder company on Eighth street took charge of him, and will give him to the firemen of engine house No. 7, who will put him in their fountain.

CIVIL WAR ON AN ISLAND.

The Calamity that Threatens the Happiness of the Inhabitants of Sulu.

In Maimbun, the residence of the Sultans of Sulu, there lives not a single European. A small number of Chinese once settled there, but were driven away sooner or later by the natives. The whole town, which is very romantically situated, consists of huts, built on piles. Even the Sultan's palace does not deserve a grander name.

In the interior of the island, which is in its primitive state, there is not a civilized being, with the exception of a planter and his family. This planter is a German named Schuck, who has created a real paradise in the midst of the wilderness. He was once a Captain of a ship, and furnished the natives with German needle guns and ammunition during the invasion of the Spaniards. He took first a schooner and then a steamer, which, with their cargoes, were confiscated by the Spaniards. Schuck, strange to say, was not taken, and the then Sultan, Mohammed Imallo Alam, presented him with a considerable piece of land, which he carefully cultivated. Since that time Schuck has been on the most friendly terms with the royal family, educates the children, and is idolized by the natives. After residing for some years in Sulu he sent to Germany for his family, which at present consists of three daughters and a son, all under the age of twenty. This family paid us a visit on board the Leipsic, where they were most kindly received by the Captain and officers.

At present there is a difficulty about the Sultan of Sulu. Mahommed, mentioned above, died a few years ago, and shortly after his son and successor also died, so that only the old Sultana, with two sons in their minority, is left behind. But there is a grown up son of the Sultan by one of his slaves, whom part of the subjects wish to have as Sultan until the real heir comes of age, which is at sixteen, while the greater part of the people, and most of the chiefs, have already acknowledged the legitimate successor in spite of his minority. The dispute is to be settled by a civil war, which would be very welcome to the Spaniards. The Sultana is extremely anxious about the result, and therefore determined to address a letter to the German Emperor, and give it to Capt. Herbig to forward. On Sunday, the 6th of April, we had a visit from Prince Mahommed, who, in spite of his youth, made a good impression, and seemed very intelligent. As owing to the prevailing condition of affairs the captain could not receive him as the Sultan, his mother had begged that he might be treated with all the regard possible. The Prince wore a gold embroidered uniform set with a quantity of small gems and pearls, while his hands sparkled with brilliants. Capt. Schuck had come on board to act as interpreter, and received the Prince as if he were his son. The infantry were exercised and salvos fired and the great precision in firing seemed especially to interest the prince. He was immensely impressed by the machinery, which happened to be in motion. Among his companions, who spread all over the ship, were two Turks, but I could not discover what part they played.

The Prince had brought his mother's letter, which he delivered to the captain. Its contents, translated from the native language, ran thus: "This letter comes from the widow, thy daughter, to her father his Majesty the German Emperor, Wilhelm I., dictated by a pure and affectionate heart. I acquaint your Majesty with the fact that the German ship Leipsic has visited us. The captain visited us and showed us great honor for which we are thankful. Thy daughter has had a great misfortune. First I lost the Sultan, my husband, and then the Sultan, his successor, my son, and I am left alone with the minor children. The greater number of our subjects have acclaimed my son as successor, but there are many who have not acknowledged him, and this causes me great anxiety; but I hope the Almighty God will help us over this difficulty. We are much rejoiced that thou great Prince dost remember us, and we promise that any of thy subjects who wish to come to us or settle among us shall always find protection. Written on the 10th day of the month Dachemadal, at one and a half of the afternoon, in Maimbun, in the year 1301 (1884) of the Hegira. (Sealed).—*From the Vossische Zeitung.*

Siberian Hospitality.

Even hospitality, that true Slavonic virtue, has not become acclimatized in this inhospitable region. The peasants like to visit and treat each other, especially on high days and holidays; but this hospitality is the result of calculation. When a man is going to visit his neighbor, he never goes straight to the house, but walks along the road, and stops as if by chance at the window and begins a conversation; then, if the master or mistress wishes to see him, they invite him in. When the samovar is ready, they drink tea out of saucers, now and then taking a bite of a piece of sugar. In this way they consume about three cups, and then turn the cup upside down, placing on the bottom the remains of the sugar they have been nibbling at.

As soon as tea is over, the guest rises to go, and then the following dialogue invariably takes place: "Why are you in such a hurry?" says the hostess.

"Time to go home," answers the guest.

"Stay a little longer."

"Thank you; you have given us plenty to eat and drink."

"There was but little."

"No; there was quite enough; we had plenty."

This conversation, which always takes place, and is almost mechanically repeated, being ended, the guest approaches the host, and taking his hands, says, "I thank you for the vodka, the tea, the cakes, the sugar," etc.

It is indispensable, when thanking the host, to enumerate everything the guest has consumed during his visit. At the end of this catalogue the visitor humbly begs his host to come and see him, which, after a time, he does, and things go on in exactly the same way. Care must be taken that the viands provided are of equal quantity and quality. If at any time a man eats or drinks more than the host, when his guest, on a former occasion, did, quarrels, upbraidings, or sarcastic remarks are the result.

"I gave them tea and sugar, and they gave me nothing but tea;" or, "I gave them cake, and had nothing but bread in return."

When you play leap frog with adversity, the latter does the leaping.

Prince Bismarck's Morning Beer Party.

Prince Bismarck gave his Parliamentary "Fruhschoppen," or morning party, recently at the Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin. This year the affair was to some extent marred by unfavorable weather, and Prince Bismarck instead of entertaining his guests in the grounds attached to his palace, received them at the door of the celebrated Congress Chamber. The absence of the cheering sun was to some extent made up for by the strains of a military band, while the Prince's visitors regaled themselves from richly-supplied buffets, and with bumpers of the choicest beer, claret, Rhenish, and champagne. The "private conference," of course, turned out to be of a very light and chatty kind, its chief feature being the monologues of the lord of the mansion. The guests included, in addition to a larger number of ladies than usual, most of the Ministers, members of the Federal Council, and members of nearly all sections of the Opposition, as well as of the Ministerial parties. Among the Liberals present was Herr Rickert, whom Prince Bismarck greeted in a very friendly manner, in spite of their strong political antagonism.

One of the Prince's guests questioned him as to the brewing of the excellent beer he was drinking, and was told that it was Franciscan brew from Munich, and a gift to him from Count Holstein. A story which was told of certain important diplomatic services rendered by the latter nobleman at a critical moment during the Franco German war reminded Prince Bismarck of an interview he had with M. Thiers on the subject of the capitulation of Paris, and the money contribution to be imposed on the city.

The episode, which has never been related before, was thus described by Prince Bismarck:

"Of course I demanded as much as I knew beforehand would be refused me. I said to M. Thiers, 'A city so large and wealthy as Paris would feel insulted if I asked anything under a milliard.' On this M. Thiers made a very wry face and prepared to take his leave. I accompanied him out of politeness, and the negotiation was continued on our way down stairs, and on the last step but one we agreed to the sum of 200 millions. Hereupon I went to the Emperor, and put to him whether it would not be as well to assign these 200 millions to the South German States, which had to pay us war indemnities in 1866. The Emperor said: 'Prepare me, then, a resolution to this effect,' to which I replied that this I could not do, adding that as soon as I took up my pen as Chancellor the matter was done, 'for your Majesty must do it yourself as Commander-in-Chief of the German army.' I remained alone in my opinion, and the matter went no further."

The Bank of England.

The second function of the Bank is the management of the national debt, by which it relieves the government of all the clerical details attending the purchase and transfer of stock and the payment of dividends. No one would be willing to lend money to a government without an engagement for a repayment at a fixed time, nor without some arrangement enabling the lender to transfer his interest in the debt to any one willing to purchase it, and it is a condition of every loan made to the British government that it shall be transferable, and that the dividends shall always be paid half yearly at the bank of England. The certainty of the fulfilment of this condition has been one of the elements which have made the government stocks a favorite form of investment. The national funded debt of the United Kingdom is now upward of £700,000 000, divisible into any number of accounts, and any person whose name has once been entered as a holder of stock in the bank books may sell all or any part of his stock at almost any time, and without cost transfer it to as many different persons as he chooses to deal with through his broker. The broker is necessary to the transaction that the bank may be sure that the transferer is the person he represents himself to be, and the only essential qualification of this agent is membership of the Stock Exchange, and a personal introduction to the Bank officials. There are several hundred thousand of these accounts, which, if more persons desire to invest their money in government securities, might be multiplied tenfold, the only limit placed upon them being that none of them shall be for less than one penny. No matter how many separate accounts are opened, the Bank is bound to keep them; and on every account a separate order or "warrant" is made out every half-year for a payment of the dividend from which a deduction has to be made for the property tax and paid to the government. The dividends are paid to any one applying for them when they are due, and more than half of them are usually collected by the stockholders' private bankers, who transmit the amount to their customers, or advise them of it by the evening mail of dividend day; thus all holders in Great Britain may either receive their dividends or hear that they have been collected for them on the same day, and it is unusual for an error of even one penny to be made in this vast operation. If desired the dividend warrants are sent by the Bank to the stock holders by post. For this service the Bank receives from the government about £200,000 a year, or £300 for every million of the national debt below six hundred millions, and £150 for every million above six hundred millions.

A White Rainbow.

In the midst of a shower of mingled hail and rain, about 9½ o'clock yesterday morning, there was visible for a minute or two a segment of rainbow that lacked the usual prismatic colors. It was a belt of pure white circling across the misty curtain of falling pellets of snow and raindrops. In France some months ago the papers had much to say about a white rainbow seen in that country. It was spoken of as a thing unprecedented. Twice within the past twelve months the phenomenon has been visible from this city. In neither case, however, was the bow a complete semicircle. The white rainbow is by no means an uncommon thing in mountainous regions, or, rather, in such regions the opportunities for seeing the phenomenon are much better than in valley regions, the observers occupying elevations from which they may see storms and mists in deep valleys and gorges far below them, and also may see the effect of even a meridian sun upon such passing showers and rolling vapors, whereas in a level region the effect would be below the horizon and invisible to the inhabitants.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

Don't shake the hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't go near a draught. If a draught comes towards you, run away. A slight draught is most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bulldog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bulldog is ten points of law.

A Parisian Bird Charmer's Singular Powers.

Paris has found a new sensation in a bird charmer, who has been astonishing the boulevardiers with his powers. A bet was made between him and a M. Loizey, a gentleman who was rather skeptical in such matters. The conditions were that M. Loizey should furnish a dozen birds, which were to be at the disposal of the charmer for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time M. Picard was to open the cage which contained them and each bird was to alight upon a certain arbutus, brought upon the ground by him and placed at a distance of 100 metres from the point where they were liberated. For each bird that did not obey the charm within a quarter of an hour M. Picard was to pay M. Loizey fifty francs, and for each bird which did M. Loizey was to pay M. Picard the same sum.

When the time of the test arrived so large and so curious a crowd had gathered on the Champ de Mars that it was impossible to maintain the needful space of 100 metres around the spot where the cage was placed. Forty metres was all the distance that could be secured. The results, therefore, were not accepted as determining the bet, and another trial will be made. The birds, however—released under these conditions—flew, one by one, to the arbutus and perched on its branches, to the great astonishment of the spectators. M. Picard's charm consists, it is believed, in impregnating these branches with a colorless and mysterious liquid, the secret of which is as yet his own.

The Left Side the Better.

The left side of the face is the right; statistics prove the paradox. Artists always put the best touches, finest shading, and most delicate tints on the left side of the profile. Actors, actresses, and public singers always make a half turn to the right, when they wish to impress their audiences. Young ladies desirous of bewitching their gentlemen friends always walk on the right-hand side. Why? Because science has shown that the left side of the face is more beautiful or less ugly. The left hand is more magnetic than the right, the left breast has a more graceful contour than the opposite, and the glance of the left eye has a bewitching power of which the right is hopelessly innocent. The theme will bear infinite expansion, but we forbear to pursue it. The remarkable part of the now well-known fact is that the discovery was made by the Chinese. In the year 9381 Ah Bing Fy Foy had a family of seventeen daughters. They were all left-handed, and were greatly sought in marriage by members of the royal household. So irresistible were the charms of these moon-eyed maidens that every man who looked upon them became enslaved. To save the empire from internecine war for their possession, the Emperor made an edict that the daughters of Ah Hing Fy Foy should be allowed to have thirteen husbands each, but that in the future all left-handed girls should be strangled at their birth.

A Sad Case.

A case which lately came before a French court, illustrates how cruelly small are the official salaries in France, which, it must be remembered, is no longer a cheap country, now that it has the largest debt in the world. Mlle. R. is the orphan daughter of a Surgeon-Major. A very bright girl, she passed brilliant examinations for the position of a schoolmistress just at the time that she lost her father, when her necessities being urgent (her mother was then alone and totally unprovided for), some friends got her appointed Postmistress at a small town, with a salary of $160 a year, which salary did not begin until two months after she had entered on her duties. Meantime the person who had boarded her mother clamored for payment of $120 due, and went so far as to sell off all her poor little property, and Mlle. R., in ill health, had herself been obliged to contract some small debts. Reduced to the last extremity, she took official money to the extent of $240, and, knowing that the loss of her position was certain if the deficit should be discovered, opened a letter and took two of the four $200 bills it contained, with which she made up the deficiency in her cash account. But this was soon found out, and she was committed for trial. The court sentenced her to two years' imprisonment. Extenuating circumstances have often been discovered by French courts in less deserving cases.

Reading Aloud.

A very pleasant habit for home life is that of reading aloud some pleasant book in the evenings, and if the selection of the book is wise it certainly makes the home circle very attractive, and lightens the drudgery of the mother, who often sits after tea with her basket of stockings to be darned, and who has a dreary time if each member of the family, who does not go out, takes his or her paper or book, as I have often seen, and subsides into their own interesting reading leaving her to her own meditations. A book read aloud at home gets a charm apart from itself sometimes; its very name will conjure up in our memories scenes in the far past—the pleasant family circle, then, perhaps, unbroken, the cheerful fireside, and frequently, too, the comments upon what is being read which add to the interest and give a newer insight. The same association applies to a piece of work which is in operation while any book is being read.

"There's no calamity could befall a woman which I have not suffered," said an Indianapolis woman to her husband. "Oh, no, my dear; not so bad as that. For instance, you are not a widow," he answered sweetly. She held her breath two seconds, and then retorted: "I said calamity, sir."

The Irreverent Deer.

An English clergyman, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, had, among his other pets, a pair of stags, which he named Robin Hood and Maid Marian. One day, a brother clergyman, a Mr. Knight, while walking in the grounds where the deer were kept, approached too near Robin Hood. The stag ran at him and butted him to the ground. The man's shrieks brought Mr. Hawker to the rescue. Being a strong man, he caught the deer by the horns, drew his head back, and held him fast while the frightened man crawled away.

"The stag would have turned on me when I let go," said Mr. Hawker, in telling the story, "and I did not quite see my way to escape. But that wretched man did nothing but yell for his wig and hat, which were under the deer's feet. He seemed to think my life was of no account beside his old wig and battered beaver."

Dr. Philpots the famous bishop of Exeter, visited Mr. Hawker not long after this incident occurred, and he, too, must needs inspect Robin Hood. Suddenly the clergyman was startled by the bishop's cries of distress. Looking out he saw the prelate struggling with the stag. Robin had taken a fancy to the silk apron, which English bishops wear as a badge of office. Gently approaching, he had secured a corner of it in his mouth, and, when Hawker heard the cry, was drawing the silk badge further and farther down his throat. The Bishop was struggling and trying in vain to unfasten the apron as his host came up. Hawker caught the deer by the throat and forced him to disgorge. The bishop left Robin in disgust.

Why Men Fail.

Few men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity, or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fail through fear of venturing on ordinary duties. They lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care or sound judgment. They overestimate the future, build air castles, and venture beyond their depth, and fail and fail.

Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus they fritter life away, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money, and fail for want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits—tobacco, whisky, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education, and fitness for their calling. They lack a knowledge of human nature, and of the motives that actuate men. They have not qualified themselves for their occupation by a practical education.

One Egg for Ten People.

One ostrich egg for ten guests is the pattern at the California ostrich farm.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said Dwight Whiting, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he wended his way to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgiving as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had a bluish tinge seen in duck eggs, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes twenty-eight hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich egg was good.

Few Rich Men in California.

The majority of people in this State are not rich. There was a time when the glamour of wealth seemed to be over all the state. There are not so many rich people in California to day in proportion to the population as there are in each one of the older States of the Union. There is less warrant for costly living or for domestic expenditures on the scale of prospective fortunes. Looking to the future, one might inquire what are the prospective sources of wealth? There are no more great fortunes to be made in railway construction, few or no great fortunes to be made in mining ventures, the stock boards are no longer prominent. Only the slow processes of wealth are left—agriculture, manufactures, and industrial pursuits generally, which are most fitting for a people who are not wealthy but who have not yet quite forgotten the lives of their fathers and mothers—the domestic economy by means of which large families were well brought up, educated, and sent out into the world to make their own way successfully.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Bursting Force of a Boiler.

Few people conceive how powerful is the force imprisoned in the interior of a steam boiler when in active operation. The steam gauge shows a pressure of perhaps 100 pounds per square inch, and the uninitiated spectator who works or walks carelessly beside the apparatus, may imagine that 100 pounds represents the force with which its fragments would be propelled in case of an explosion. But the whole force of the live steam in a boiler is equivalent to the area of the entire internal surface of the boiler multiplied by the pressure per square inch.

Suppose, for example, the internal length of the boiler is 240 inches and its diameter sixty-six inches, and that the steam gauge shows a pressure of 100 pounds. A mathematical calculation shows that the total internal area of the boiler is 36,605 square inches, and hence the imprisoned agent is not 100 pounds, but 36 605x100 pounds, or 3 660,500 pounds. Think of that the next time you hear of the employment of an incompetent engineer to handle a boiler whose explosion is liable to send half a dozen men to eternity!

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 24, 1884.

"Reviews" Distributed Free!

For this week, July 17th, and three following issues, several hundred extra copies of the REVIEW will be mailed to residents of the townships of Cardiff, Burleigh, Chandos, Anstruther, and the northern townships of this County, who are not now regular subscribers. The papers are paid for and sent with the compliments of E. J. Cassell, Bancroft, whose advertisement appears therein, and any ratepayer whose name appears on the voters' lists who does not receive the paper regularly during the above term will confer a favor by notifying the editor of the REVIEW by post card.

C. O. Railway.

The following interesting letter, from the pen of G. D. Dickson, Esq., appeared in Tuesday's *Intelligencer* :

MR. EDITOR,—The Central Ontario is an enterprise of great importance to Belleville. A few days ago, in company with the Minister of Customs and Judge Fraleck, I viewed the docks and yards at Weller's Bay and Trenton, and went on the road to Coe Hill mine in Wollaston. Every part indicated business, capital expended with skill to be returned with profit.

The company have secured 120 acres at Weller's Bay and constructed a dock 1552 feet long and 32 feet wide, at which were laying two barges and a three-masted schooner, whilst anchored in the bay was a steam barge, all to be loaded with iron ore. Piles for the dock had been driven, many of them 40 feet. It is about 2½ miles across the bay from the dock to the open lake. We were informed the company intend and workmen were busy constructing 115 pockets to hold each 200 tons of iron ore, from which a vessel can be loaded in a few minutes. Along side of the dock the dredge had been at work and a line showed 14, 13½ and 13 feet of water. They expect to ship 10,000 tons of iron ore to Cleveland this month and 20,000 next on a contract for 100,000 tons to be delivered this season.

The road is constructed in a most substantial manner, well graded, steel rails, cuts filled in, no trestle work, and well ballasted for some 60 or 70 miles, and 5 ballast trains at work doing the remaining distance, a total of 104 miles. A telegraph line was erected to within a few miles from Coe Hill, and gangs of men were busy erecting poles and stringing the wire, which no doubt is ere this completed.

The Railway crosses the river Trent at Chisholm's Rapids, over a steel bridge on three abutments and piers (the bridge is from the Toronto Bridge Co.) The culverts are, with two or three temporary exceptions, all of stone masonry work, and it was suggestive to see so many of the telegraph poles with stones built around their base to support them, there not being earth enough to let them in. At Eldorado we were joined by A. F. Wood, M. P. P., and E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., who proceeded with us to Coe Hill, where a busy and pleasing sight was witnessed. A small village for the employees has sprung up, and Mr. Evans, the Company's Engineer, was there that day, laying out and arranging for more buildings for additional workmen. At present, we were informed, there were 75 men, which would be doubled so soon as accommodation could be had. The sound of the mill never ceases—from morning till night and night till morning, the click, click, of the hammer, and regular roar of the blast is heard. The hill is in an easterly and northerly direction, the track being on the southerly side, it being the intention to run a Y on the northerly side, thus enabling them to load trains on both sides of the hill. A large pile of ore, some 50,000 tons, I believe, is "on grass," and when the bed of the railroad is ballasted and put in shape, can be moved off rapidly.

We were told the Baker mine had been leased to an American Company which intended working it, and that the track to it, as also to the Emily mine, would be laid this fall. The Company have a diamond drill now at work at the Emily, which has been used at Coe Hill. We drank excellent water from an artesian well some 200 feet deep, drilled by it in the solid rock and ore. Returning, the party left the train at Eldorado and came on to Madoc village. We could not help but reflect upon what might have been for Madoc and Belleville had this enterprise found an outlet at Belleville over the Belleville and North Hastings Railway from Eldorado, as the promoters wished and tried. But that road does not monopolize all the iron ore or material for transport in North Hastings, nor even (comparatively) any considerable portion of it, and from Belleville to Eldorado, 34 miles, is a railway constructed just to the gate of the mineral belt, and passing some valuable iron deposits. Shall it go no further?

Your obedient servant,
GEO. D. DICKSON.

CARLOW CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTHLY REPORT S. S. NO. 1.

PART I.—First Division—Jas. Kennedy, Belle McLean, Bennie Stringer. Second Division—Willie Stewart, John Kennedy, Janet Alliston. Third Division—Jas. Stewart, John McFadgen, George Kennedy, John Stewart, John Wilson.

PART II., FIRST BOOK.—Lillian Godda and Charles Parkhurst, equal; Peter Stewart, John Wilson, Annie McLean, Jas. McLean. SECOND BOOK.—Agnes McLean, Wesley Andrews, Bella Kennedy, Melinda Kelly, Mary J. McWhirter, Wm. Graham, Sarah McDermit, Minnie Wilson, Kenneth Andrews.

THIRD CLASS.—Hannah Wilson, Jane Parkhurst, Grace Wilson, Robert Campbell.

REMARKS.—The children are easily taught and very attentive, but parents complain that they have not had the chance that children of other schools have had, because the school has been without a teacher half time for three years. In all the classes irregularity of attendance has placed some in a second place who should have been marked first. The names are arranged in order of merit.

CARLOW PICNIC.

A very successful picnic was held in Mr. Wilson's grove, Boulter, opposite the residence of Mr. Parkhurst. The table indeed did much credit to the people of Carlow. The event was saddened, however, by the funeral of Mr. Smith, who met with a fatal accident while hunting. Excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. McKinnon, student of Maynooth, Messrs. Lang and Black, and readings by Messrs. Brimer and Lang. Miss Manley brought tears to the eyes of the audience by reciting the "Relief of Lucknow." The Mayo Band and Carlow Band were admired with equal warmth by the audience, and certainly the Mayo Band deserved a vote of thanks from the Carlow folk for the sweet music which did so much to enliven the day.

[For want of space the above has been condensed considerably.]

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the deseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Council of the Township of Madoc will be held in the Town Hall in Madoc village, on Saturday, 26th July, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of passing a by-law for the issuing of Debentures to raise money for the erection of a new Schoolhouse in School Section No. 2, Madoc.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, July 19th, 1884.

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday, August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted to open up and legalize such opening, of a road running east from "Devine's Corners" across lot No 9 in the 8th concession, to a corner near the office of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, thence north until it intersects the old Malone road. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.

Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted for the purpose of closing up and giving to the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company in lieu of new road, that portion of the old Malone road commencing at its junction with the line between the 7th and 8th concessions, running easterly until it intersects the side line between lots 10 and 11, in the eighth concession. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.

Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377

TO RENT.

A STORE and dwelling, combined, on St. Lawrence street, adjoining Mr. Scott.

W. FERGUSON.

For particulars apply to D. C. Clarke, Madoc. 373-4w

NOTICE.

To School Trustees.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Trustees of the different School Sections in the Township of Madoc, requiring them to send in their applications for School monies, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of August next. If not in by that time they will be liable to be shut off this year.

By order of the Council,
J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, June 5th, 1884. 4

NOTICE.

THE Municipal Council of Bangor, et. al., will at its next meeting, to be held the 9th day of September next, pass a by-law establishing a road starting at 8th concession line, Wicklow, and running south between lots 27 and 28, one hundred and fifty yards, then bearing west of south two hundred yards, thence east of south to the school house, section 4. All parties concerned may govern themselves accordingly.

D. CARD, T'p Clerk.

Maynooth, June 23rd, 1884.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work,

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

FARM FOR SALE

In the matter of the

ESTATE OF STEPHEN FOX,

a Lunatic in the Asylum for the insane, at London.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO. is instructed by Dr. Wm. T. O'Reilly, Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, and Statutory Committee of Stephen Fox, above named, to

RECEIVE TENDERS

for the purchase of the east half of the west half of lot No. 21, in the Fifth concession, of the township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing by admeasurement, 50 acres, more or less, whereof 25 acres are cleared, and free from stumps. The buildings consist of a frame house, 36x24, and frame barn, 48x50. The soil is clay loam. Possession will be given on the 1st of October, 1884.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned at the office of the Toronto General Trusts Company, not later than the 25th July next, and to state Cash offers, or one-third cash and the balance in one or two years, to be secured by Mortgage, with interest at six per cent.

J. W. LANGMUIR,
375 Manager.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883. 2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883. 1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising :—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00

Boys' Suits at $5.00

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co,
MADOC, ONT

BANCROFT TO THE FRONT!

Stock New and Fresh.

The subscriber, late of Maynooth, begs to inform the public in general that the business is now open in the premises formerly occupied by J. B. Cleak, Esq., and would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

From my long experience in the trade, and buying for Cash in the cheapest markets, and in large quantities, I trust to be able to give entire satisfaction.

The stock of DRY GOODS is very large and well assorted, and requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. Excellent values in

Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Tweeds, Winceys, Dress Goods, Flannels, Ducks, &c.

In Groceries, Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Fruits, &c., of the finest qualities and choicest brands. Call for quotations. Prices by the original package very low.

The stock of Boots and Shoes is now in process of manufacture, and will arrive in a few days, and for assortment, quality and prices, second to none in the County.

GENTS HATS,—A LARGE VARIETY.

HARDWARE, Every description of Shelf, Heavy, and Builders' Hardware, including Nails, Glass, Paints, Oils, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Carpenters Tools, &c., &c., &c.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, --- a well assorted stock.

Also Tinware, Woodenware, School Books and Stationery, Ready-made Clothing, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Coal Oil, Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Horse Collars, Harness Straps, and many other goods which it is impossible here to enumerate.

To arrive, --- 1 car load IRON, 1 car load SALT.

Special care has been taken by Mr. Cassell during the past four weeks in selecting the stock in the various markets.

As heretofore the business wil be conducted on strictly Cash principles. From experience I find it to be the only advantageous method for both buyer and seller.

Trusting to see both old and new Customers.

I remain, yours very truly,

E. J. CASSELL.

BANCROFT, July 1884.

P. S.—I would also take this opportunity to thank the *personnel* of the Central Ontario Railway for their kind and courteous treatment.

Latest Local News.

—Raspberries are plentiful.

—Green apples have made their appearance.

—A Board of Health is wanted in this village.

—The rain this week came as a boon to farmers, but some are afraid their barley will be rusted on account of it.

—Last week Mr. T. Morgan, travelling agent for the Toronto Globe, was in the village soliciting subscriptions for that paper. He gave us a call.

—King, Burke & Co.'s circus will reach the village next Thursday. The show consists of the usual ring performance and a museum, both of which are said to be good.

—We regret to learn that Mr. Arnold Sine of Winnipeg, Man., is dangerously ill with rheumatism, contracted while trout fishing recently, by getting wet. We hope to hear soon of his complete recovery.

—M. Maybee will have an upholsterer here for some time, putting up couches, &c. Any person having couches or easy chairs they wish re-covered or upholstered anew by leaving word at his wareroom he will call for them.

—The Venerable Archdeacon Jones, of Napanee, has been in the village this week in reference to having a clergyman regularly appointed to this parish of the English church. We believe no appointment has yet been decided on.

—It appears we were in error last week in stating that Rev. Mr. Forneri would hold service in the English church in this village on Sabbath last. We can only say that the information was furnished us by a prominent member of that church, and was published by request, so that we can not be held responsible for the disappointment arising.

Special Meeting.

A notice from the clerk in another column announces that a special meeting of the Township Council will be held in the Town Hall, in this village, on Saturday next, July 26th, for the purpose of passing a by-law to issue debentures for a new school house in S. S. No. 2.

Runaway.

One day last week Rev. Mr. Stratton's horse, which was attached to a covered buggy, and had been tied near the post office door, evidently took fright at the circus posters which were on the storehouse in front of where it was tied, broke its halter, and dashed across the sidewalk in behind O'Flynn & O'Hara's store. The buggy was considerably damaged, but the horse was uninjured.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

Examination for Admission to High Schools, North Hastings.

The following are the names, arranged in order of merit, of those who have been successful at this Examination, and also of their respective teachers and schools:

Kincaid, Victoria, 4 Madoc, Miss Tuller.
Phillips, Maggie, 8 Madoc, Miss McKinnell.
Gunter, Fanny, 7 Cashel, Daniel Cornel.
Ketcheson, Anna, 5 Huntingdon, W. Moore.
Grier, Gussie, Madoc village, Wm. Clark.
{ Mitts, Jos. G., 12 Huntingdon, T. Williams
{ Mack, Sarena, 8 Rawdon, Miss Horkins.
Minchin, Daniel, 20 Rawdon, Wm. Minchin.
Salisbury, Frank, 5 Huntingdon, W. Moore.
Martin, W. 11 Huntingdon, Miss Stiles.
McConnel, Herman, 20 Rawdon, W. Minchin.
Parker, Mabel, Stirling, J. Wallis.
McConnel, Edison, 3 Rawdon, Miss Mosher.
Vancamp, Silas, 5 Huntingdon, Wm. Moore.
Gunning, Mary, 12 Huntingdon, T. Williams.
Moore. Ellen L., 7 Madoc, Chas. Lapp.
Lafferty, Thos., 6 Rawdon, H. J. Meiklejohn.
Gillen, Dennis, Madoc village, Wm. Clark.
Crosby, Minnie, Stirling, J. Wallis.
Gunter, Matilda, 7 Cashel, D. Cornel.

Not Promoted.

Some time since we published a report of the results of the Promotion Examination in S. S. No. 6, Marmora. In this report five were said to have been promoted to the Sen. Third Class, and nine to the Junior Third Class. This report was, we are now informed, incorrect. One pupil has been promoted to the Senior Third Class, and none to the Junior Third Class.

Lacrosse.

An interesting and well contested game of lacrosse was played on the ground in this village on Monday afternoon, between players of the first twelve and a team composed of all others who could be got together to oppose them. There were nine of the first twelve, and about eighteen of the others. The juniors took the first game in about 12 minutes, but the next four or five fell to the seniors in about one hour's play. The majority of the juniors were little lads, but they exhibited some excellent play, their superior catching and quickness to some of the bigger players being especially noticeable. They gave the seniors some hard work to defeat them. We understand they will play a similar match again soon.

☞ Just received full stock Crompton's Corsets, at John Dale & Son's.

☞ Paris Green, pure and genuine, done up in ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. parcels for sale, wholesale and retail, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

The Orange demonstration throughout England and Ireland, generally, was orderly.

Personal.

Herbert H. Wood, B. A., son of A. F. Wood, M. P. P., will occupy the seat of Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Toronto University this year.

Mr. Wm. Mackintosh, Inspector of Public Schools for this Riding, is now and will be in Toronto for the next couple of weeks, having again had the honor of being chosen as one of the Provincial Board of Examiners for this year.

Last week Miss Rawe, neice of Major Rawe of this village, returned to her uncle's for a visit after a long stay in the city of Boston. She has been attending the Conservatory of Music in that place, and, we understand, purposes returning again in a short time.

Choosing Their Seats.

It is very pleasing to note how amicably the former Methodist Churches of our village are blending into one. The last feature was allocating of the seats in the brick church, on Tuesday last. The united body was largely represented, and the utmost harmony prevailed, each vieing with the other to make things pleasant. The Superintendent, Rev. F. B. Stratton, after reading the Scriptures and prayer, briefly explained the object of the gathering—not to rent the seats, nor to give absolute control to any; simply to agree to sit together as families in the seat that might be selected, but in no case to exclude others. And further, that where families were small, two or more could occupy the same sitting. Nearly sixty families located themselves in a far less number of seats, thus leaving a large number still vacant. The Secretary, Mr. C. G. Wilson, has the plan, and will be glad to accommodate any on application. All not holding seats will be equally welcome at any and all the public services.

Married.

LITTLE—KNOX.—By Rev. F. B. Stratton, at the parsonage, Madoc, on Thursday, July 10th, 1884, Thomas Henry Little to Isabella Knox, both of Marmora.

LACEY—GOULD.—On the 8th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. E. Scammell, Mr. Frederick Beaumont Lacey, of Faraday, to Miss Eliza Jane Gould, of Dungannon.

BEST—LE BEAU.—On the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. E. Scammell, Mr. William Best to Miss Sarah Jane Le Beau, both of Monteagle.

☞ Call and see our Remnant Tables.
4w376 JOHN DALE & SON.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 40 cents to 42 cents
Rye, 56 " to 00 "
Barley, 45 cents to 00 cents
Peas, 70 cents to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 00 cents to 100 cents
Butter per pound, 17 cents
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 40 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 40 cents
Wool, 17 cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $10 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 8c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

HARVEST—TOOLS!

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.
Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.
363 **B. A. S. WILSON.**

WANTED---AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S **New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.**

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

REMOVED.

W. HUDGINS

HAS removed his BAKERY to the

VICTORIA BLOCK,

where he has opened in connection therewith a first class

Restaurant and Ice Cream Parlor.

Confectionery and Fruits in Season. Give me a call.

W. HUDGINS.

King, Burke & Co's
GREAT AMERICAN
ALLIED SHOWS
MUSEUM
And Trained Animal Exposition,

Embodying the Greatest Variety of Attractive Recreation of any American Combination on the road, will exhibit at

MADOC, on JULY 31st.

An Extraordinary Convocation of

Skilled Arenic Talent,

Associated with an Attractive Display of LIVING and NATURAL WONDERS, and an Exhibition of the Most Wonderfully Educated Animals in existence. Acceptably presenting a CANVASS ENTERTAINMENT of FRESH FEATURES in a New and Pleasing Form.

Amphitheatrical Entertainment will include among its Host of Attractions, the

ALBION BROTHERS,

Three in Number. The World-Famed ACROBATIC WONDERS. Conceded by all candid contestants to have no peers in the profession.

LAVELY,

"The Iron-Jawed Woman." Celebrated throughout the Old World and New as being the Strongest Woman Living. Lifting with Her Teeth alone Huge Weights that would baffle the stoutest man, and successfully Pulling against Teams of Two and even Four Horses.

AHNETTA,

The Mysterious Hindoo Snake Charmer. Playing with and coiling about her person Hundreds of Pounds of Monstrous Living Serpents.

ANDY SHOWERS' SCHOOL OF **EDUCATED DOGS and MONKEYS,** The Children's Delight.

SIGNOR JEAN ALVERERS, in his Inexplicable and Inimitable Act of Contortion.

THE GLENN SISTERS, Mid-air Phenomenons, in their beautiful High Rope Specialties.

4 FUNNY CLOWNS.

CHAS. CAROL'S wonderful Troupe of Trained Andalusion Stallions and Pigmy Ponies.

OUR MUSEUM Department will be found replete with the Strangest Living Marvels.

ADMISSION 25 and 35 CENTS.

Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m.

THE VANISHING MAORIS.

Recollections of a Brave, Intelligent Race of People.

When I was in Australasia, twenty years ago, three of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land were in existence; but as they were pretty old and unacquainted with the laws of hygiene, I have no doubt they have passed away long since. There is also another and a nobler race in the southern hemisphere disappearing slowly but surely before the march of civilization. The Maoris of New Zealand numbered more than 100,000 in 1861. There are not more than 30,000 to-day. Fifty years hence they will have followed the unhappy natives of Tasmania, and some poet whose father stole their lands or sold them rum will no doubt bewail their melancholy fate with the proper degree of regret and pathos.

And more is the pity, for the Maoris are a noble race. They are unlike any other people in Oceanica, or perhaps in the world, and how their ancestors settled in New Zealand, or whence they came is a problem not yet solved. A canoe is the largest vessel they knew anything of till the British came, and it is unlikely this frailest of boats could cover the 1,000 miles separating the island from New Holland. Besides, they are altogether a superior race, physically and mentally, to the wretched aborigines of the Australian continent, and hence cannot be descended from them. The Maoris themselves have a theory which, if accepted, offers a simple solution of the problem. Typo, a combination of god and demon, seated himself astride of a cloud one rainy day and fished. It was long before he got a bite, but it was heavy when it came, as it did after four hours of patience and perseverance. He pulled away at his line for four hours more, and when the object in tow came close enough for him to see it he was disgusted and angry to find that his hook had caught in the earth and it was a tall, straight mountain he had drawn up. This mountain is called Rangariri. In a great rage Typo flew along the clouds for a hundred miles and fished once more, but the same luck attended his efforts, and he pulled up another straight, tall mountain which he called Tuaranga, known to Europeans as Egmont. These two mountains can now be seen from all parts of the island, and are covered with snow the year around. Typo lives on one by day and the other at night. It is from fissures on the side of Rangariri that the male Maoris originally emerged, and the ancestor of King Tamihana, now in London begging justice for the people, was the first. The females came from Tuaranga. This theory has the merit of simplicity, at all events.

When I was at New Zealand, in 1860, the natives were in a flourishing condition. They cultivated the lands, they raised stock, dressed well, were generally educated, and the great chiefs were beginning to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. Intermarriages between the English and Maoris were common, and the latter did not consider themselves honored by any means with the alliances. The Maoris are a brown race, above the middle size, active, enduring and brave to rashness. Some of their women are very beautiful, and all make devoted wives when they learn what wives should be. When the Maoris have become extinct as a race the dash of blood they will have left among their conquerors, or rather exterminators, will be of use to them in their attempts at supremacy.

They were too flourishing. The eye of the land-grabber was turned upon them. Was it not too bad that white men, half pay army and navy officers, and other superior beings, should be cooped up here and there in towns and villages while the niggers were living on the fat of the land? Then began encroachments. The Maoris held their lands on the tribal system, as of old did the Scotch and Irish. This was the mode used to rob them: A settler would get hold of a poor, shiftless tribesman, and for a keg of rum and a few pounds of tobacco induce him to sign over a block of fifty or a hundred thousand acres of fine land, which, of course, the tribesman had no right to do. The next move of the land shark was to take a posse of men with him and begin surveying the property. The chief would scornfully expel those men, and as he owed no allegiance to England's Queen, would clip the ears of the shark. That was enough. The shark appealed for justice to the Government at Auckland or Wellington, and as the members of the Government were land hungry themselves, they would send a company of soldiers to build a blockhouse and occupy the territory in dispute. In this manner block after block of land of land was wrested from the Maoris; who never united against the common foe until the lands of King Potatu, father of King Tamihana, was seized. These lands of the King locked in the Bay of Kawia, one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world.

It was then, however, too late. The British had obtained too firm a hold. The struggle lasted seven years, during which time the Maoris suffered, but often inflicted disastrous defeats. They had never more than 4,000 men in the field at any one time, while opposed to them were Gen. Cameron and his 10,000 regular soldiers, a native Maori contingent, 5,000 European volunteers, and several gunboats which steamed up the river and shelled the native forts. Badly armed and equipped as were the Maoris, they never met the British in equal numbers that they didn't whip them badly. Rewi and Wiremu were the leaders in the patriotic war, his Majesty Potatu being nothing but a drunken sot whose throne was a barrel of rum. Rewi was a poet, and is so still for aught I know. It was he who composed the song beginning:

> How happy were we ere the Pakeha came,
> Ere his rum and his Bibles we knew,
> A piece of flax green formed a robe for my queen
> And her beauty was made of tattoo.

Wiremu, or William Thompson, had travelled, and was acquainted with the might of the British empire. He had been educated in Oxford, and rumor said he was the son of Sir George Grey by a Maori mother. Be that as it may, he threw off his fine clothes and gold watch when the war broke out, and took up the flaxen mat, the war dress of his race, and the rifle and tomahawk. The Maoris were ultimately vanquished, as much by rum and religion as by force of arms. The missionaries got in among them and preached peace, while the countrymen of the missionaries were killing and robbing them in all directions. The Maoris fought for the most part in paths or forts, but came out in the open when goaded to madness by the fanatic priests who arose among them toward the close of the war, and told them that they were invincible. They are natural engineers. They selected their position on a mountain top, dug rows of trenches around it, and surrounded the whole with a palisading of felled trees. The space outside this they cleared, so that an enemy could not find cover while attacking them. I was among a party of 1,000 which attacked one of their positions at a place called Ottapawa at 4 o'clock one morning in January, 1866. To gain a point within musket shot of the position we had to march five miles through brush. At last we deployed upon a plateau in front of a well fortified pah. The plateau was as level as a billiard board. We could see the Maoris in the trenches, with finger on trigger and muzzle pointed upward. We could see the whites of their eyes as we advanced, and we could hear the twitter of the birds in the trees overhead. They never spoke and never fired till we got so close that every shot told. Indeed, so close were we that the powder from the Maoris' muskets flew into our eyes. We broke and fled. I think we ran seven miles, but the Maoris did not follow, and that is where they always lost the benefit of their victory. It is a fine thing to have a General who can write eloquent despatches, for we found out afterwards that we did not run away at all; we merely took ground to our right.

The British are now so completely in possession that the Society for the Protection of Aborigines think the time has arrived to protect the poor Maoris. Blessings on the philanthropists of Exeter and Shaftesbury Halls, they always do open their venerable eyes when the business is done.

The Maoris are a hospitable people. When they invite you to their pah, they invite you to all it contains, barring nothing—fish, potatoes, wives, daughters, and everything. Their cooking is simple. They dig a large hole in the ground, line it with stones, build a fire, and afterwards throw in the fish and potatoes. After a few hours they have a feast fit for the gods. These hot stones answer another purpose in war. Each tribe or village has a supply of them always on hand, and when danger approaches water is thrown upon the hot stones, and steam thus obtained, which, ascending above the trees is repeated from village to village, and warns the people that an enemy is approaching.

At festivals, after triumphs, before engaging in battle, or when a distinguished stranger honors their pah with a visit, the Maoris indulge in a war dance. They range themselves in a circle, and taking the cue from the chief in the centre, slap their left thighs with the left hands, press the right thigh with the elbow, lift their tomahawks on high, and then spring into the air with a terrific yell. They do this until their eyes flame and flash and their hair stands on end. It is very grotesque very exciting, and to some, very fascinating.

All the Maoris travel on horseback, and it is not uncommon to see their women riding sidesaddle coming into the European towns in the height of fashion, though it must be confessed the effect is somewhat impaired by the habit they have of smoking short dhudeens under their veils. When going home in the evening they sway somewhat in the saddle, probably owing to the quantity of rum they have imbibed. Women are free in New Zealand, and it is not considered extraordinary when a buxom Maori girl makes love in the open to an Auckland swell with blonde moustache. They are Christians, too, in their own way, and certainly they should be when the hundreds of tons of Scripture literature sent to them every year from England is considered. When their villages were taken the houses were found to be half full of Bibles printed in the Maori language. They used them for wadding and lighting their fires. The Maoris have a simple language of their own, composed of about a thousand words, which can be learned in a month by the European of application and intelligence. Everything in the shape of liquor is called "wai," in the way of eatables "kai." A sow pig is called "wyanna." The Queen of England being a female is styled the "Great Wyanna," not thereby meaning the great pig but the great woman.

This interesting people is passing away, and in half a century hence the world will know them no more. The traveller from New Zealand who is to sketch St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge, will not be a Maori. He may not, however, be of as good a race. Rum, war, and diseases introduced by their Christain conquerors are decimating them annually. There is some excuse for exterminating the Indians who are nomads and require a continent for a hunting ground. There is none for exterminating the Maori, who are an agricultural people, able and willing to partake of the higher blessings of civilization. But then their lands are very fine and fair to see.

Whipping a Criminal.

An English correspondent writes: We entered a long, low, room, ignorant of furniture except a sort of press against one wall and a long deal table by the other. What I likened to a press was the whipping apparatus with stocks for the prisoner's feet and holdfasts for his hands. He stepped into this apparatus, and his feet were forthwith imprisoned. Extending his arms, he placed them in the crescent hollow of a plank before him another plank was let down, and both his wrists were pinioned in rings. These rings were lined with india rubber to prevent his hurting himself in the constriction of his agony. I walked behind the table and a stool beside an elderly man. A short-handled whip, not unlike a hunting crop, with nine lashes of closely-plaited thongs and nine knots on each, lay on it.

"Is this the cat-o'-nine tails of which we hear so much?" I asked.

"That's it," said the elderly man, in a wheezy voice.

"It does not seem to me so formidable a weapon as I expected."

"Heh! It tickles 'em all the same, as you'll presently see."

The first prisoner was brought in—a sullen, burly, thick-skinned brute with an evil forehead. His shirt was pulled over his head, and he was fastened into the whipping apparatus. The elderly man deliberately took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, lifted the cat and stepped over to a position behind the naked back of the prisoner. The elderly man was the late Mr. Calcraft. Mr. Jones, Dr. Gibson and the sheriff stood behind the hangman. Mr. Jones gave the words, "One, two, three," for the hangman to strike: Dr. Gibson watched that nature should not be subjected to too severe a strain; the sheriff superintending the function.

I am not going to give a graphic description of the flogging here. The ruffian bore it well. He closed his teeth at first, but he had to groan and draw deep respirations eventually, and to evade the descending blow he curved in his back like a patient in an epileptic fit.

"There ain't no use a doing o' that. You'll only ketch it worse," said Calcraft.

"Silence, and proceed with the sentence," gruffly exclaimed Mr. Jones.

At a flogging match, as an affair of honor, it appears no talking is permitted on the ground. Soon there was a bend sister on the skin. By gradation it was furrowed with ridges fiery scarlet then blue, then a verdigris tint, inclining in oozy pimples here and there in an angry purple, but still no blood was drawn in sports, and no jagged shreds of flesh sent up to the roof. Who said that lied. The legal butcher did his work adroitly. He did not stun the criminal by consecutive lashes on one spot, but he plied the scourge airily, as a fly-catcher would his line, distributing his favors discriminatingly over the entire hide.

There were other miscreants flagellated, and then we came into the cold air of the morning, and I had leisure to look at Calcraft—a low sized man with a shuffling gait, a sallow complexion, a sordid expression, a face with no more emotion in it than an unpainted wall, a stumpy nose under dull, glassy eyes, and over a broken colonnade of yellow, rotten teeth—a man with the decrepitude of age, but none of its sweet benevolent characteristics.

"Do you recollect a friend of mine with whom you had an interview one Monday morning?" the pleasant sheriff asked. "He was in my employ and a decidedly good workman Tom O'Styles."

"He a friend of yourn, sir?" said the indignant hangman. "I don't believe it. Why, he was no good; he was a wilful murderer." And the auditors in that jail-yard laughed.

"Gentlemen, I persume you're peckish," said the cheery sheriff. "I've ordered them to prepare our breakfast in one of the rooms over the central criminal court, and I shall be most happy if you will all join me."

Before we left, the late Mr. Calcart eagerly and somewhat querulously clutched at the sheriff, complaining that it was customary for those who came to his performance for the first time to give him a tip. The sheriff gave him a crown piece. Nobody followed the example.

Feathers and Flies in India.

I have had rare opportunities of collecting feathers, and I have many times begun a collection—only to abandon it, however, owing to the plague of insects and other causes. In the Straits of Malacca I collected the feathers of the Argus pheasants, of several birds of paradise, (sold by Malays from Celebes and other islands,) of the imperial pigeon, the toucans and many other strange birds, such as would rejoice the heart of a fisherman on a wet day with a heavy spate in the river, and nothing to do but overhaul his fly-book. But a plague on white ants, carpenters wasps, and such like creatures!—my beautiful feathers of all the colors in the rainbow went into their omnivorous stomachs, and in many cases not even the bare quills remained to me. That some of them ought to have proved killing in a Scotch or Irish stream is indicated by the fact of a mere bunch of these gaudy feathers tied with a bit of twine to a hook, having caught a big yellow nondescript fish in one of the many rivers in the Malay Peninsula. An Indian collection shared the same fate, for there is nothing that Indian *pooches*—hateful word—seem so fond of as feathers. It is next to impossible to keep tied flies in India. To say nothing of the climatic influences separating the gut from the hook, *pooches,—Anglices* insects—revel on the wings and bodies; nothing coming amiss to them—pig's wool or resin. I was once fool enough to purchase a dazzling collection of so called "mahseer flies." They were as big as the argus moth, and much resembled a collection of tropical butterflies in a glass-case. What they cost I am ashamed to say. Suffice it to say that, if I could sell at the prices I bought at I would instantly take to feather collecting as one of the most profitable occupations in the world. But what was my dismay to find that all the mahseer I ever saw would not look at, much less take a fly. There may be eccentrics among that fish—indeed in some places they will take the Indian fig and bits of plaintain—but as the rule, they disdain the fly-maker's art, preferring spoons and phantoms. Well all that dazzling assortment of lures for the unsophisticated "mahseer" went to the *pooches*, and along with it went bundles of the glorious golden and black feathers of the florikan, the blues of the roller and the king-fisher, the yellow of the oriole, the rich grays of demoiselle crane, the narl of the peacock, the dapple of the jungle cock and the blue-winged teal, the crest of the hoopoe, the pink of the flamingo, the green of the parrot, the scarlet tail feathers of the little Andaman "polly," and many others proved in fly-trying, or only fanciful. The finer the feather the greater the destruction. But it would be possible, I dare say, with the help of friendly sportsmen on the Himalayas and in Burmah, to make such a collection of Indian feathers as would astonish the trade at home. The feathers would have to be soldered down in tin cases, and should be carefully cleaned and dusted with camphor before being placed in the cases.—*The London Field.*

Weaving Nettles.

The common stinging nettle was formerly used largely in Germany as a material for the making of woven fabrics, as is proved by the name of *nesseltuch*, or nettle cloth, still applied to muslin. Prof. Reuleaux, the representative of the German manufacturers at the Philadelphia Exhibition, advised experiments with the nettle with a view to the production of native yarn. The matter was taken up by a lady, who planted nettles for the purpose upon a barren part of her estate, and in 1877 was able to exhibit nettle fibres in all stages of preparation. Thereupon hundreds of people in Germany, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland, and Austria commenced the cultivation of the nettle, and two years later the first German manufactory devoted to this industry was opened at Dresden. A yarn has now been produced which fulfils all requirements; but the Chinese nettle gives the best results, yielding a fine, glossy yarn of greater strength than that made from the common nettle. The fibre is therefore known as China grass.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

In the *Zeitschrift fur Analytsche Chemis* Dr. H Schwarz draws attention to the curious fact that a pale phosphorescent glow often occurs in the drying of gunpowder.

A tube containing a mixture of triethylamine and water exhibits turbidity at a temperature of 26° C. Noting this fact, Prof. J. H. Poynting considers that such tubes may prove useful in indicating the temperature of fever patients.

The Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth, England, has been corresponding with Lloyds and the Trinity House regarding the feasibility of forming a telegraphic connection between the Eddystone Lighthouse and the main and by means of a cable.

New South Wales has made rapid progress in electric telegraphy. In 1873 there were but 6,521 miles of wire, 103 telegraph stations, and 365,360 messages sent. In 1882 the mileage had increased to 15,901, the stations to 345, and the number of messages sent to 1,965,931.

Manganese in appreciable quantity has been found by M. E. J. Mamnene in thirty-four samples of wine. Tests also revealed its presence in various cereals. As it can be detected also in nearly every description of rock the above facts go to prove the wide diffusion of this metal throughout nature.

The Compagnie Belge and Hollandise de l'Electricite have been trying street cars provided with 108 Faure accumulators, weighing less than two tons, the total weight of the car being under five tons. Although the grades were very sharp the expectations of the company were fully answered.

Sawdust when used as a substitute for sand in house plastering is alleged to impart very desirable properties to the plaster. It makes the covering for walls light, warm, and porous. By its non-conducting qualities it causes the inner surface to retain the heat, which sand plaster allows to escape.

Mr. Crisp showed at a recent meeting of the Microscopical Society, London, a very curious microscope bearing the date 1772. Besides possessing other peculiarities, it had three objectives attached to a sliding plate at the end of a nosepiece in a manner similar to that adopted in the construction of the modern Harbey and other microscopes.

Dry pocket-glue is made of 12 parts of good glue and 5 parts of sugar. The glue is boiled until it is entirely dissolved. the sugar is then put into the glue and the mass is evaporated until it hardens on cooling. Lukewarm water melts it very readily, and it is excellent in use in causing paper to adhere firmly, cleanly, and without producing any disagreeable odor.

A simple way to ascertain whether a sample of petroleum is dangerous or not has been recommended by a chemist of considerable standing. An ordinary tumbler is filled two-thirds full with the oil. While filling up the remaining one-third with boiling water a flame is held over the vessel. If the vapor which rises takes fire the test indicates that the petroleum is not safe to be exposed to the atmosphere.

At a meeting of the Berlin Medical Society lately photographs were shown by Prof. Virchow of the gigantic plane trees in the Island of Cos, under the shade of which Hippocrates is said by tradition to have held medical examinations. The tree stands in the market-place of the town of Cos, on the east side of the island, and the branches, which spread over nearly the whole area of the market-place, are supported by marble pillars.

German experimenters report that Caucasian petroleum is not a good lubricant for machinery. Its properties as an illuminant however, are of a high order, and with a suitable burner excellent results should be obtained. The point of ignition is high, and this oil is therefore much less liable to give rise to explosions than most kinds of petroleum. During combustion the Caucasian variety only slightly carbonizes the wick of a lamp.

Prof. Scheibler, of Berlin, has invented a process for the production of phosphoric acid from the slag made in the Thomas Gilchrist method. The slag, having been roasted in an oxidizing flame, is pulverized and sifted. The powder is dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and the solution saturated with lime-water. The resulting product contains from 35 to 37 per cent. of phosphoric acid in the form of tribasic phosphate of lime, and a second roasting yields a substance in which the content of phophoric acid is as high as 45 per cent.

A description is given in the *English Mechanic* of what appears to be novel electric bell. The battery is contained in a cylinder of brass, inside which the line wire can be coiled by turning a little winch handle, and the gong is carried at one end of the brass case, serving as a cover for the magnet, &c. The case is provided with legs, so that the arrangement can be placed in a horizontal position, and there is also a ring, which enables it to be suspended wherever it may be desired. The outside dimensions of the whole apparatus are 6 inches by 4 inches.

MM. de Meuron and Cuenod, of Genoa, have fitted up the appliances for transmitting 30 horse-power by electrical agency to a distance of nearly 4,000 feet through a copper wire .276 inch in diameter. (No. 2 new gauge,) at the works of MM. Bloech Neuhaus, Biel, Switzerland. The Thury dynamo-electric machines are used, and run at 590 revolutions per minute. These machines are multipolar in the form of a hexagonal prism, the armatures resembling those of the Siemens machines, but differing in the method of coupling the wires.

One of the best electric light systems was recently introduced into the Court Theatre at Stuttgart. Quite unexpectedly the orchestra immediately showed signs that they disapproved of the new means of illumination, and they have petitioned the management to restore the old oil lamps. The orchestra state that the brilliancy of the electric lights has an unpleasant effect upon the nerves, and that it has become difficult to follow the baton of the conductor. To ascertain whether there may not be something substantial in these alleged grievances a committee of oculists and disinterested musicians has been officially appointed.

The small shop men, says the *Scientific American*, are valuable in any shop, where mechanics rather than operatives are required, because they are generally "men at a pinch," "expediency men," and for the most part excellent workmen. The proprietor of a large manufacturing establishment building fine tools of a particular character claims that his best men come from small shops, where makeshifts and contrivances are the rule. "Such men," he says, "can make the shop" by their methods. It is very convenient to have a shop full of adapted tools, but is also convenient to have at the shop graduates from "the little shop", who can can contrive as well as tend a machine.

The Money Value of a Kiss.

At the Lambeth County court on Tuesday a curious action was tried before Mr. J. R. Taylor, the Judge, in which a porter named Henry William Pitt sued Dr. Gledhill, a surgeon, for the sum of £5 0s. 6d., £5 being for an I O U and 6d. for one month's interest. Mr. Grooms, the counsel for the plaintiff, stated that the defendant, on the 29th of April kissed the plaintiff's wife, and on the 1st of May he signed a document as follows: "I O U £5 for having kissed Jane Pitt. James Gledhill, May 1, 1884." and on the reverse side his signature appeared to the following statement: "I hereby acknowledge I have entered into a fair agreement between Henry Pitt, Jane Pitt, and myself. James Gledhill." An I O U simply was given for this document.

The defendant said he repudiated his liability to pay this money, on the ground that the I O U was given as the result of the intimidation of the plaintiff, who had threatened him with a criminal prosecution if he did not compensate him for the assault. His Honor—and you gave him £5 for a kiss! [Laughter.] The defendant—I gave the I O U on the second of May. His Honor said he doubted if there had been any consideration for the I O U. Mr. Grooms said the consideration was the solatium for Mr. Pitt's wounded feelings, for which the plaintiff could have brought an action. His Honor, however, said there was no consideration, and gave a verdict for defendant. The defendant hurriedly left the court, evidently gratified with the result of the proceedings. Mr. Grooms asked for the documents put in evidence. His Honor—No; they will be kept in court, and can be produced, if required, in any proper way. Mr. Groome said other proceedings would be taken.

How Globes are Built.

This heading has no astronomical meaning; it refers to mechanical manipulation. Our library and school educational globes have perhaps been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind—they being so light, so easily turned on their axis, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radical pieces, from center to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemisperical mould and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sand paper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coating of paint or enamel that will take a clean smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly as though the peel of an orange was cut through from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland generally, although there are two or three establishments otherwhere which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe making, and yet it appears to be easy because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fullnesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians, and stands—are finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.

Vertical Flight of Bullets.

Experiments have been made in Hartford, Conn., with the vertical firing Gatling gun, in the presence of a number of mechanics, military men and others interested in gunnery. The inclination of the piece was determined by a combined spirit level and quadrant. At an inclination of fifteen degrees, the time between the discharge and the return of the bullets into the river on the banks of which the experiments were made, was fifty-nine seconds. On an exact vertical fire, the time of return was fifty-four seconds. The force of the return of the bullets—44 calibre rifle—was sufficient to drive them through four inches of pine boards, enough to render any defenses not bombproof untenable against such a shower.

They Were in Doubt.

A long striped snake crawled into a basement saloon yesterday, and was in the middle of the room before anybody saw it. The inmates stood aghast and speechless for several seconds, when one of them, pointing his finger at the object, managed to articulate: "Do any of the rest of you see that?" They responded in a chorus: "Yes, we all do." "It's a great relief to me to know it," said the first, "for I thought I was going to have another attack of malaria." "Me too," responded the chorus, and then they fell on the snake with billiard cues and killed it.

Utilizing the Wom[illegible] the Generous, and Setting [illegible] Trap for Car Fares.

It was a cheerful morning. The boss crook leaned languidly against the door post of a saloon on West street, and eyed with the look of a connoisseur the crowd emerging from the gates of the Pennsylvania ferry house. The assistant crook leaned, not quite so languidly, against the door post of a saloon a little further down the street. His expression was also that of a connoisseur, but it lacked the implicit self-confidence of the boss crook's. There was a little anxiety in his look, as though he were afraid something of importance might escape his view. Vigilance was not such a matter of course with him as with the boss crook. His eyes covered the exits of the New Jersey Central ferry. It is not hazarding much to say that between the boss crook and his assistant not one of the countrymen with fat wallets who might at any time, while the crooks stood sentinel, enter New York from these termini of two great railroads, could escape the vigilance of these apparently unconcerned individuals. They operated with good judgment and on a system. There is no better stand for the business in the city, and joining forces insures accuracy.

As the reporter, who had been to New Jersey, crossed the street, he caught the boss crook's eye, and the boss crook recognizing him, became hilarious.

"I've got a new racket, and I guess you'll think it's a funny one," exclaimed the crook.

"If it's new, hadn't you better keep it awhile?" exclaimed the reporter in an unguarded moment of simple generosity.

"Well," was the reply, "it's been going about a fortnight. It is one of those, though, that pays handsomely while it's going on, but busts in about two weeks. This one's been running just long enough. I'm going to call it in, can it, and keep it in stock for future use. You see a racket that's old enough to be forgotten is about as good a commercial article as a brand new racket. But even if I weren't going to call it in I wouldn't mind telling you. It's a most wonderful thing, but publication don't seem to hurt our business. Our game's about the only thing I know of that don't suffer from exposure. You newspaper men might publish something every day about the antique racket of calling a man by a wrong name, finding out his real name, and having your pal come up to him later and address him correctly. Just as many would walk into the trap. Folks would read about it, call the victims fools, and feel confident they'd never be caught. But the most confident are the first caught. You see, it's confidence against confidence. We play on a man's biggest bump—his greed for money. But, as I was saying, this racket's just about up now, and it's never been given away, 'cause it's never been worked before. I'm the inventor and sole patentee. I'm especially proud of it, because it helps solve the problem of what to do with our superfluous femininity. It enlarges the sphere of woman's work."

"And how did this noble and philanthropic idea originate?"

"In a very simple manner, my dear fellow. One day I was strolling down Broadway. Near Wall street two Sisters of Charity passed me. I've always admired Sisters of Charity. I'm serious now. I think that they're about the plumbest women there are. I've seen them out in the pouring rain or in a freezing winter's storm when strong men kept at home, either visiting some abode of the poor, to bring good cheer, or some rich man's home to get something to give to the poor. So they generally draw my attention. Well, one of these did specially. She was quite young, with an oval face and brown eyes. I tell you, a painter who'd put her on canvas would turn out the prettiest picture of the year. I thought to myself that the stoniest heart would melt before her. It was an easy matter to follow her into a law office—ask for some one else in the building, you know, and have the managing clerk give you directions that sounded like the descriptions of property in a mortgage. Well, sir, I saw one of the hardest looking skinflints I ever laid eyes on shell out a fiver. And then the idea came to me.

"My girl's not only pretty; she's ambitious. She'd been bothering me all along to take a hand in the game. But somehow the idea didn't strike the other fellows. You see co-operation's the life of our trade, and I couldn't well kick against them. But when I saw that fiver coming out I thought to myself, why couldn't my moll draw out a fiver, too? Well, sir, I told her about it, and she was just wild over it. It was all I could do to get her to wait till I could get an outfit for her and her sister, who was to work with her—co-operation again, you see. You should have seen her when she was fixed up. She looked as if her lips never moved to anything but paternosters. One morning they started off, and when I came home they were counting over as much money as I'd bring home in a week. Well, things went on that way till about three days ago—nearly a fortnight. They came home and said they hadn't found folk so willing, and they'd been pretty hard pressed by some. I knew then it was time to shut down on the racket, and it's off. You see, the different charity organizations try not to interfere with one another, and go different routes. They are sure to find out, sooner or later, any one trespassing over their respective routes. I knew it wouldn't be pleasant for my girl to be found out, so I shut right down."

"By the way," he said, as the reporter was going, "things are getting dull here, and I'm starting to-morrow for a trip up the river."

"Going to play any game from there?"

"Only an old racket. I'll put a personal in a morning paper, sign a female name, and there'll be plenty of bald-headed fools who'll send me the car fare from wherever I am to New York."

Marine Disaster.

"Yes," he said, "we were out sailing, and noticed a yacht some distance off flying signals of distress, and when we came up with her we found affairs in a fearful state."

"What was the trouble?" asked his friend; "was she sinking?"

"Worse than that—all their liquor had given out."

"Indeed! Well, that was terrible."

For several months Southern papers have been describing the wonderful performances of a young girl known as Lulu Hurst. These reports have stated that she possessed a unique and extraordinary "force."

We were pleased, therefore, to receive recently a very careful and conscientiously written account of this phenomenon from Dr. Seth N. Jordan, of Columbus, Ga. Dr. Jordan states that, in company with Drs. George Grimes and Carlisle Terry, he examined Miss Hurst, and that they all agreed that she is not a fraud, but possesses some extraordinary and occult power. He writes that she is fifteen years of age, five feet four inches high, weighs one hundred and twenty five pounds, is of moderate muscular development, in good general health, has menstruated regularly, is of an intelligent and amiable disposition. She first became aware of the possession of her "force" last September, and it has continued ever since, with the exception of a brief interval when she had a "cold."

Drs. Jordan, Terry, and Grimes, having purchased a new umbrella, experimented with her for four hours in the room of a hotel. The phenomenon developed was somewhat as follows: Two or three scientific persons take hold of the handle of an open umbrella, and hold it fast; Miss Lulu then touches it with her open palm, when, presto! the umbrella is turned inside out, or snatched away despite every effort. Meanwhile other persons find that no muscular contractions have taken place in Lulu's arms.

Three strong and scientific men lift up a chair, and hold it in the air. Lulu places her hand upon it, and it sinks to the floor despite every effort. Dr. Jordan and others took hold of a long stick, the phenomenon touched the other end and it rapidly revolved, or pulled the three experimentalists roughly about the room. Miss Hurst's "force" seems to have a peculiar "penchant" for umbrellas and canes, so that she cannot carry the former article at all, the mystical something snatching it away and leaving her out in the wet.

With the exception of the production of knocks and raps, the above are the chief phenomena exhibited and described.

We fully believe that Dr. Jordan has described them correctly, and that Miss Hurst is a remarkable girl. But there is one feature in her performance which no one, not even Dr. Jordan, seems to have noticed, or at all events carefully studied. This is, that all the exhibitions of her wonderful force are exhibited in opposing voluntary muscular effort in others. This force has no power over dead matter, but only over living, conscious, muscular exertions. This fact explains, we believe, the mysterious energy which the Georgian phenomenon appears to develope. It is the experimenters, not the subject, who knock themselves and umbrellas about. At any rate, the matter ought to be investigated from this standpoint. It will probably be found that Miss Hurst's exhibitions are only another phase of the hypnotic phenomena.—*Medical Record.*

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Famous Popular Pieces that Sell by the Hundred Thousand.

Stephen C. Foster, the author of 'Old Dog Tray' and 'Old Folks at Home,' was a genuine American, a farmer's boy, who had but limited opportunity for musical instruction; still of his 'Old Folks' fully 1,000,000 copies have been sold, and of his 'Old Dog Tray' 600,000. Besides these his 'Uncle Ned' and 'Susanna' are favorites. The reason of the popularity of Foster's songs lies in their easy flowing melody, the adherence to plain chords in the accompaniments, and the avoidance of intricacy in the harmony or embarrassing accidentals in the melody. I was present when they buried this sweet singer in Pittsburg in 1846, to the strains of his own song, 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' It is the simplicity and sweetness of the tune that makes the popular singer, and the same conditions hold good to-day. Henry C. Work, a newspaper man, lately deceased, is the author of 'Come Home Father,' and 'Grandfather's Clock'; of each over 200,000 copies have been sold. The famous 'Silver Threads among the Gold,' with as large a sale as the two former together, is by H. P. Danks, an organist. Will S. Hays, another newspaper man, wrote the Songs 'Evangeline,' 'Nora O'Neill,' and 'Shamus O'Brien,' each having a sale of over 100,000 copies. 'Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder me,' 'Put Me In My Little Bed,' and 'Come, Birdie, Come,' are composed by C. A. White, and have been published by the author. Of each of them fully 150,000 copies have been sold. 'Don't be Sorrowful Darling,' and 'Lorena,' are by J. P. Webster, a simple country music teacher, and 'Gathering Shells by the Sea Shore' is by W. S. Thompson, each song having a sale of over 300,000. 'Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall,' and 'Pretty as a Picture' are by T. B. Bishop, a musical broker, who has the satisfaction of knowing that over 100,000 copies of his songs have already been sold, and an equal number will be sold before they die out.

"Of John Howard's Payne's wonderful air over two million copies must have been sold and the publishers will grow rich from the work of the singer who died away from the home he so passionately loved. To this same class of popular songs belongs Thomas Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer,' of which 1,500,000 copies sold in this country, and it has, therefore, a place among American songs. 'O Kathleen Mavourneen,' by F. N. Crouch, 500,000 copies have been sold, and is is still in much demand. Crouch is an Englishman, who has been in this country since 1848. 'Sweet By and By' is by J. P. Webster, and its sale will soon reach 500,000 copies. Then come Joe Emmet's 'Sweet Violets,' W. J. Scanlan's 'Peek-a-Boo,' Frank Howard's 'When the Robins Nest Again,' and Ben William's 'A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother.' I could give no figures as to the sale of these songs, but they will all reach the half-million stage."

A writer in England says that the number of country houses where lawn tennis is played on Sunday afternoons is large and is growing larger. He tells of a house that could not be let last season because the owner wished to make it a condition of the lease that the tennis courts should not be used on Sundays. Even billiards are played on Sundays, he says, and almost everything except card games. But notwithstanding this relaxation of the rules of Sunday observance, it would be regarded as something unpardonable not to appear in a black coat on Sunday morning.

A pound of the best rice in the New York market costs eight cents. It has a pearly, transparent glint, a beautiful polish and lustre; yet very few who use this very attractive article of food are aware of the labor and expense required to place it before them in this perfect state. As an article of food it is second alone to wheat, and is the grand natural cereal upon which at least four hundred millions, or nearly one-third of mankind, mainly subsist.

Almost incalculable areas of it are raised in India and China, the various varieties seeming endless. On the island of Ceylon alone no less than 161 varieties are known; but the finest is raised in the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, where those vast expanses of low-lying swampy lands and heavy vegetable soils render its cultivation comparatively easy and profitable.

The great fields lying low along the river banks are divided into sections, and trunks and canals carry the water to each one separately by smaller ditches, by which they are flooded whenever desired. The rice is frequently sown on the water, covered with soil, where it quickly germinates, covering the fields with a beautifully delicate green grassy carpet, which turns a lighter and yellower tinge as it ripens.

As most of the fields have been reclaimed from the river near which they lie, they are continually subject to sudden overflows, the utmost vigilance being required to guard against this enemy, which often in one night ruins the fruits of months of labor. Some of the larger plantations cover two and three hundred acres, and employ several hundred men, women, and children.

From 1720 to 1740 the export of rice from the Carolinas was 143,986 tons. For 1740 alone 90,000 barrels were shipped. At the outbreak of the war 1,000,000 acres were under cultivation in South Carolina alone. In 1860 the production was 187,162,032 pounds, but the war almost ruined this immense industry, and in 1870 the combined productions of the two Carolinas, Louisiana, and Georgia was reduced to 59,000,000 pounds. A steady improvement, however, toward the old-time prosperity is now seen by comparing the productions of latter years with that of 1866, when it had dwindled to the comparatively insignificant amount of 12,002,080 pounds.

Very few besides Chinese and negroes can be kept on the plantations as workers, and owing to the intensely trying nature of the climate in summer, with its accompanying marsh fevers, the question of labor supply is a very serious one to the planters; but while the old-fashioned method of cutting, sowing, and transporting still prevails on most plantations, numerous labor-saving machines and improvements have been introduced with marked success in the various milling processes.

Many large mills are to be seen on the low shores of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of New Orleans, but those at Charleston and Savannah are perhaps the largest and most complete in their appointments. Many are lofty buildings of brick or iron, their many storeys crowded with the latest improved machinery for hulling, dusting, cleaning, burnishing, and packing the grain ready for shipment. Situated at the water's edge, their tall chimneys pouring forth heavy columns of smoke, their derricks lifting the rough grain from the decks of the river craft, while the elevators, with long-armed spouts, dip deep into and fill the great holds of sea-going steamers with milled grain, the clouds of drifting chaff dust, the whir of machinery, and hurrying of boats and tugs, all present a most charming picture, and unmistakably indicate the rapid revival of one of the most valuable of the Southern industries.

Will Power.

The secret of success in life lies, as all history proves, in the power of the human will. No man ever became a great leader of men whose will was not the controlling force by which he dominated over others. Men, indeed, have been distinguished in the world of letters, law, science, the pulpit, and in legislative halls, by varied gifts and attainments; but in no case has man forced a following except by the magnetic power of his will. In illustration of this fact we have only to note the names of Mahomet, Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Cromwell, William III., and on this side of the Atlantic, Washington, Jackson, Henry Clay, Stonewall Jackson, and President Lincoln. All of these were men of strong will, bending to their purpose all who came within their reach. It is no answer to this statement that these men met with strong opposition, and they did not even in the end overcome all opposing forces. The point is that their wills held to their purpose their followers.

Lawyers' Wit.

"I am not only witty in myself," said Falstaff, "but the cause that wit is in other men." Not a few lawyers may properly apply the Fat Knight's remark to themselves. But usually lawyers' witticisms, like that traditional flower, "blush unseen," save to the habitues of the court house. One of the sharpest raps which meandreing prolixity ever received is forgotten by the writer who tells the anecdote:

Once upon a time, a Providence lawyer whose prolixity was prodigious, while airing his astronomical knowledge before a jury, said, in a drawling tone,—

"We are informed—gentlemen of the jury—that there are—planets so far distant from the earth—that though their light has been travelling—ever since the creation—it has not yet reached us?"

"Probably will, Brother C——," interrupted the unknown wit, "before you get through."

Reinhardt's Hair Restorer and Moustache Producer.

A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address fo[r] W. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.

100 Grey Nun St., Montreal.

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay

Manufacturers of

Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair Bed & Springs

...baggage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

A.P. 186.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N, Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates: For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.60 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Burton's All Healing

TAR AND GLYCERINE

SOAP!

The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast. Sold by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'S

TRANSPARENT

CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE

Is the best in the market.

COX & CO.

STOCK BROKERS

(Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange). Buy and sell on commission for cash or on margin all securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal and New York

STOCK EXCHANGES,

Also execute orders on the Chicago Board of Trade

—IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.—

26 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

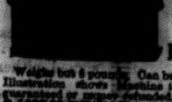
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Toronto, July, 19. *Sarnia, Aug. 9.
*Oregon, July, 26. Brooklyn, Aug. 16.
Montreal, Aug. 2. *Vancouver, Aug. 23.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $36.75, Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.



THE MODEL

Washer

AND

BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.

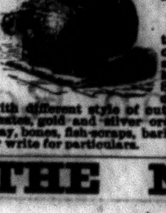
AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder



Award of Gold and Silver Medals.

NEWELL & CHAPIN Proprietors,

83 St. James st. west Montreal

These Mills time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Larger Size Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scraps, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

[illegible] Import Orders.

BAR IRON.
SHEET METALS.
FIRE CLAY GOODS.
CHEMICALS AND OILS.

Orders to import solicited.

Copland & McLaren,

Wellington Street, Montreal. Wellington Chambers, Glasgow. 28 Paternoster Row, London.

1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

AFTER USING.

Wonderful! Wonderful!

Thousands of young men are exclaiming the above every day, after using DR. LAMARTINE'S MOUSTACHE GROWER. Positively the only reliable preparation ever offered to the public. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Beware of bogus imitations. Sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price, $1.00 per box.

C. ALLENE, Box 12, London, Ont. Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada.

F. E. DIXON & CO.

Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

The Ready Mixed Paints

MANUFACTURED BY

A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,

are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Silicate of Soda, and are dear at any price. Ask for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!

THE MONTSERRAT

Lime Fruit Juice.

Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO, Toronto.

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS

is one of the hits. Not that a carriage top is anything new, but the great want of something more perfect than the heavy, expensive, inconvenient tops in use, suggested the invention of the Conboy Adjustable Top, which has been altered and improved until it now stands without a rival. The styles and grades now manufactured are the most popular, and are varied enough to suit all tastes. Mr. Conboy is the Pioneer in this business. It has been his aim since the commencement to merit the patronage and confidence of the trade and the public, by producing durable and convenient, and at the same time, elegant and stylish tops, that could be sold at exceedingly low prices. That this end has been attained is abundantly proved by the thousands sold, and the numerous letters of approval received from the leading carriage builders throughout the country. Since moving to Toronto, Mr. Conboy is giving his whole attention to the improvement and manufacture of carriage tops, where his increased facilities, his practical knowledge, and his numerous patented improvements, give him great advantage over all competitors.

491 KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

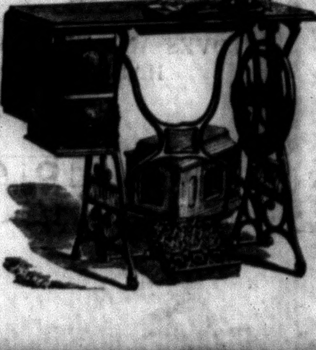
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE.

THE NEW WILLIAMS



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement.

Plain and Simple to learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

Lacrosse Shoes,

LADIES'

Long Rubber Boots,

—AND—

Gent's Cloth Guiters,

—AT—

T. ROBERT'S,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

also a large assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES,

ETC.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been adrevised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28,1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

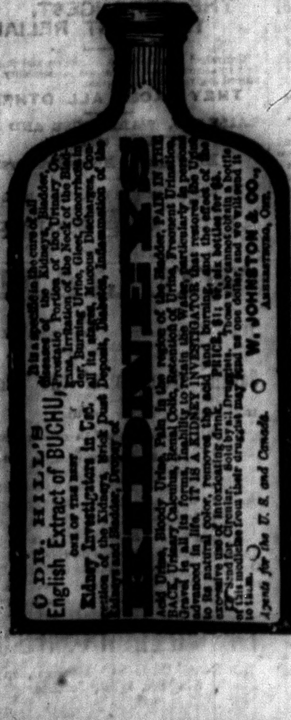
Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.



I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. ——ESTABLISHED—— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

| C | O | A | L | O | I | L |.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,00 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes ***MUST BE RUN OFF*** inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

J. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Glass AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

J. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, furnishers of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 378. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, July 31, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Ed'tor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—You will confer a favor upon the writer of this letter by finding for it a suitable corner in your valuable paper. I find, Mr. Editor, in your issue of 17th inst. an article signed "Citizen," and in this article your correspondent has made a reply to a letter that appeared in your issue of 26th June, signed "Settler." Now I beg to state that I am a resident in the first concession of the township of Faraday, and am well acquainted with your correspondent "Settler." In politics I am a reformer, always voted that ticket, and voted for Mr. Coe when he opposed the Minister of Customs in 1882. I speak conscientiously, and say that the motives which "Citizen" attributes to "Settler's" productions are very wide from the mark. I know the feelings, and the reason of the feelings, which exist against Mr. Coe, and I know that they have not grown out of political causes, but purely from Mr. Coe's attempt to deprive the settlers of the lands that were required for settlement. And the settlers have a good and sufficient reason to believe that these lands are suitable for the purpose of settlement. I have said that I supported Mr. Coe. Yes, and others who are not Reformers, but Conservatives, supported him. But they little thought at that time that Mr. Coe had a foul design at the bottom of his seemingly good wishes for the welfare of the settlers. As "Settler" very pertinently puts it: "Had concealed beneath a garb of many colors the dagger that was intended to stab the best interests of the settlers to the heart." "Citizen" declares that facts are stubborn things. I admit it. But what are the facts he refers to? They are not contained in his letter. It is not a fact that Mr. Coe has done more for the people of North Hastings than any other man that ever represented it. I deny this declaration emphatically. I say that what Mr. Coe has given with one hand, he has stolen or rather taken back with the other. Ay, and a great deal more than he has given. Mr. Coe has been the principal instrument in bringing a railway into North Hastings. This, as a matter of course, will be a benefit to the settlers, whether he intend it or not, and strange to say, settlers have shown gratitude in anticipation of the benefits, by voting for him. In order to counterbalance the good which the railway will do Mr. Coe has laid schemes to make himself supreme master of this part of North Hastings, by attempting to rob settlers of all the unoccupied lands; and this is not all, for I hear complaints even about the lands already occupied. Perhaps he will want these next. The leaders of the "Copperhead Party" need not fear Mr. Coe's popularity; such a thing is totally extinct back here. The assertion of "Citizen,' respecting the supporting of schools by Mr. Coe in this very township, is a wild fabrication, and has no foundation in fact. I have heard that Mr. Coe's first assessment in Wollaston was made last June, excepting two lots in the Batchelor mine. No assessment, as yet, in Faraday. So that schools in this township have had none of Mr. Coe's money up to this time. Mr. Editor, as I have said I have always voted the Reform ticket, and am willing to do so still, but in future I shall be a little more careful in casting my vote for a candidate who says he will support a Reform government. I would like to know what constitutes reform. I cannot call our present Ontario Government a reform government, seeing that they have attempted to establish a monopoly in North Hastings in respect to our lands. If the Government reconsider this matter and retain the lands fit for settlement, and have once again the whole thing put in such a way that parties wishing to locate can go the Agent's office in L'Amable, and locate without any difficulty, then I shall be willing to support a candidate of their color. Otherwise I shall never support Gritism in its worst form. Apologizing for monopolizing so much space, yours, &c.,

REFORMER.

THE Imperial Parliament will be prorogned on August 9, and will re-assemble October 23.

Two shipments of cattle arriving at the Chicago stock yards from Kansas, on Monday night and yesterday morning, were found to be afflicted with a disease which on examination proved to be bloody murrain, and was evidently contracted before being shipped. Over a hundred died during the journey, and the remainder, about five hundred, were killed by the authorities.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial bottles of this sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER's visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

SALE OF LAND!

On TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th,

At the hour of 2, p.m., at the

Railway Station at BLAIRTON,

Will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

Unless previously disposed of by private sale, the following Valuable Properties, part of the Estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.:

1.—The East half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of the Township of Belmont, in the County of Peterborough.

2.—The West half of Lot number 9, in the Second Concession of said Township.

3.—The East half of Lot number 10, in the Second Concession of said Township.

4.—The West half of Lot number 10, in the First Concession of said Township.

5.—33½ acres, more or less, being that part of Lot No. 9, in the 1st Concession, west of Crow Lake, of the said Township, as shewn on a plan of survey by Frederick W. Wilkins, P. L. S., dated 18th December, 1877, reserving free access to the shore of Crow Lake for all vessels, boats and persons.

6.—Lot 5, Block 8, Village of Blairton.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down, and balance in one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of sale, and will be similar to the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executors.
Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SALE of LAND.

On Wednesday, Aug. 6,

—AT THE—

Windsor Hotel, Campbellford,

At 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold

By PUBLIC AUCTION,

if not previously disposed of, the following valuable properties belonging to the estate of

The Late RODGER BATES, Esq.,

1.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, containing by admeasurement one-fifth of an acre of land, be the same more or less, being composed of a part of Lot number nine, in the sixth Concession of the said Township of Seymour, which said piece or parcel of land may be better known and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing south of the south corner of Wilcox street joining Grand road, four chains and sixty-eight links, thence along the Grand Road one chain, thence at right angles to the Grand Road, two chains; thence parallel with the Grand Road, one chain; thence at right angles to the Grand Road to the place of beginning.

2.—All and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Seymour, in the County of Northumberland, and being composed of a part of Lot number five, in the second Concession of the said Township of Seymour, being better described as all that part of said Lot number five in the said second Concession of said Township of Seymour, lying south-west of the River Trent, containing nine acres and one quarter of an acre, more or less, being the south-west corner of said Lot five.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-tenth of purchase money down at time of purchase, and balance within one month thereafter, without interest. Other conditions will be read at the time of Sale, and will be similar to standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

W. R. RIDDELL,
Solicitor for Executors.
Cobourg, 25th June, 1884. 374-4

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.
MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.
PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.
OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-6m

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!
All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.
FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.
R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.
Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.
We are showing
EXTRA VALUE
in all lines.
JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.
HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as never was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.
Auction Sale on Saturdays.
M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.
THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st	concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST
—AND—
DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. MCDONALD.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 18

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,
BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.
Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.
FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE--FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.
I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.
369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.
For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.
30 Front St. East, Toronto.

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

But, though thus partially relieved, Sir George had quite enough of sharp dread and growing anxiety to make the short drive through the brilliant freshness of the summer morning a never-to-be-forgotten and almost unendurable age.

"Oh, Heaven spare my child!" the fierce cry of his heart rose unchecked to his lips, as he jumped out at the station door, and put the question on which his very life seemed to hang to the sunburnt station-master, who came forward at once to greet him, all eager attention to the great man of the place.

Yes, certainly. Mr. De Walden had walked over from the Court and gone up by the 8:50 express. Oh, yes, he was quite sure!—had seen and spoken to Mr. De Walden, and thought he looked very pale and ill——

The station-master paused in his fluent explanation, struck by the though that, if Mr. De Walden had been pale, Sir George had grown absolutely ghastly. His eyes were dim and glazed, his hands hung nervously down, and his handsome upright old figure shook as with sudden palsy.

"You are ill, sir. Sit down; let me get you something. Simmons, fetch some brandy," the man cried anxiously; and for the moment Sir George had to yield to the strong compulsion of his physical weakness, and suffer himself to be supported like a child. But when he had gulped down the fiery spirit the porter brought from the refreshment-room, he pushed his supporter roughly aside, and, with only a muttered word of thanks, made his way to the dog-cart.

With a dull overhanging sense of calamity, with a hot aching in his heart and a dazed agony in his brain, Sir George drove on and on until he reached his own lodge-gate—the pretty honeysuckle-grown cottage that had struck him yesterday as the very abode of picturesque tranquility—until the lodgekeeper's buxom, cherry-checked wife came out, not, as it seemed, to accord him her usual respectful curtsey, but to stay his progress.

"Don't go on, sir," she cried eagerly, and earnestly pressing her curly-headed baby, with a sort of passion, to her breast—"at least not yet—not until you know. Oh, poor dear old gentleman, how shall I tell you all?"

She paused, with a little sob; and Sir George noted her pale cheeks and sad brimming eyes with a sort of intolerant anger. The change in the ruddy smiling face did not surprise him, but it filled him with a savage resentment. He did not question the woman, and so make her hard task easier, as she half hoped he would; he tried to push blindly on, but she detained him still.

"Oh, not like that, my poor master!" she cried, forgetting all fear in her intense pity for the man on whose head calamity was about to fall in such a crushing fashion. "We all love our children alike, great gentlemen and poor folks like me, and there's news to break your heart up at the house. The little master——"

"What of him?" Sir George broke in hoarsely. "Woman do not madden me! What of my boy? Is he—found?"

The woman looked at him pitifully for a second, then cried, with a sudden rain of tears—

"Found? Yes, the little angel! My lady found him in the shrubbery, quite dead, sir—murdered they say!"

CHAPTER VI.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," quoted May Verner cheerfully, as she patted her sister's dusky and dishevelled locks, and did her best to make light of an unpleasant situation. "Come. Essie, crying one's eyes out don't do a bit of good, so dry your and help me to think what is to be done."

Essie raised her pretty head from her sister's lap, and looked into her sister's face with a miserable attempt at a grateful smile; but the effort was a failure. The small under lip quivered piteously, the blue eyes brimmed over, and the girl hid her face again with a little choking cry.

"Oh, it is cruel—cruel. And what has Frank done?"

"Nothing, child," said the elder sister serenely—"nothing, at least, but sent a most blundering ambassador on a most delicate embassy. Any one with the slightest knowledge of papa's character might have known that in such circumstances he wou'd do precisely what he has done."

"But Sir George De Walden could know nothing of papa's character."

"And therefore Sir George De Walden should never have been allowed to interfere. No; if Frank had had one grain of common sense, he would have come straight back, told the whole deplorable story to you and me, and left us to break it gradually to papa; instead of which he sends the stiff-necked old uncle to make all manner of haughtily offensive concessions and awkward attempts at bribery."

"May!"

"Well, he did, my dear: there is no mistake about that! And I am quite sure papa made himself equally disagreeable; so they parted with a mutually bad impression. You know the temper papa came home in, and I have no doubt Sir George was quite as unpleasant when he arrived at De Walden Court—not that that matters, for I am sure any punishment he gets will serve Mr. Frank quite right."

"May!" Essie cried indignantly; and her eyes sparkled angrily through the tears, her cheeks flushed with her passionate protest. "You are as bad as—as all the rest. I thought you liked poor Frank; but you too speak against him; and just now—when——"

"When you mean to give him up," May finished, with a mischievous smile; but, though she smiled, her eyes were full of tenderest sympathy, and the slender jewelled fingers touched the dark ruffled locks as gently as a mother's could have done. "Is that it, Essie? Do you mean to give Frank up?"

She lifted the pretty face, and awaited the answer with some little anxiety; but she was quite satisfied with it when it came.

"Never!" Essie said, in a low steadfast tone; and her look was as her voice. "Papa gave me to Frank, and he cannot take me back. We cannot defy him: we may have to wait a long time, or Frank may grow tired and give me up; but I shall never care for any one else. I will be Frank's wife or —or an old maid!"

If the words were childish, the spirit was womanly and true. May stooped to kiss her little sister, laughing that she might not cry, for she detested any display of sentiment.

"Bravo! Essie, I see you in my mind's eye, with two cats, a plethoric poodle, and a couple of parrots. A charming old scandalmonger you will make in a couple of decades, my dear."

Essie turned away and walked to the window, impatient of a levity that jarred on her own strained pain. The poor child had been cruelly roused from her dream of bliss, driven out from her fool's paradise relentlessly, and the world held for her to-day no possibility of happiness and hope. As she stood blankly staring out into the sunshine, she could still see her father's face, blanched with such anger as he had never before shown in her presence—could still hear the harsh strident tones in which he peremptorily forbade her to think of Frank De Walden again.

"He has deceived us both, whether wilfully or not, and must abide the consequences of such deceit," he said sternly. "I will smooth no sucking barrister's path with my money, and my daughter shall be no stepping stone to success; and so I told the pompous old ass who seemed to think even an offshoot of the De Waldens a ... to which we had hardly the right to aspire, and spoke of the paltry hundreds he proposed to settle on his nephew as though they were the revenues of a Rothschild or a Coutts."

Heartstruck and dazed with pain, shivering under her father's anger, and shocked at the coarseness of his speech, Essie would still have made some feeble loyal attempt to plead the cause of her love and champion her absent lover; but May checked her with an imploring look. The wiser and cooler girl saw how much ruffled vanity and wounded pride had to do with his unjust explosion, and knew that further argument would only exasperate her father beyond all bounds. So she interposed, directing his attention with delicate tact to Essie's snow-white face and dark dilating eyes.

"You are frightening her to death," she said, in a reproachful whisper; and Mr. Verner, who really idolised his younger daughter, followed the direction of her eyes with quick alarm, though he said with little perceptible softening of his gruff tones:—

"Girls always faint over such matters. I don't fancy it does them much harm. But take her away, May, and, when she has cried her eyes out, make the poor little fool understand that I will have my way in this."

And May had obeyed him, so far at least as the taking of her sister was was concerned—anything else was an after-consideration; just then she had to soothe the girl's hysterical fears and prevent the speaking of imprudent words on either side.

Long after Essie had sobbed herself to sleep and regained her lost happiness in dreamland, Miss Verner sat alone in the great drawing-room, for her father had angrily betaken himself to his club, and would not return until late, pondering a thousand plans for setting the crooked things straight.

"They must be patient—that is all," she decided hopefully. "Papa can never resist Essie long, and he is very fond of Frank. Moreover, I must enlist Croxford on their side."

A little dimpling smile that was not due to maiden consciousness played round May's red lips as the last thought flashed through her busy brain. She was an affectionate and dutiful daughter; but she was too clever a girl not to have taken her father's mental and moral gauge pretty well by this time; and she knew that her own aristocratic suitor would be her sister's best ally.

So she dispatched an imperative little note to Lord Croxford, bidding him come to her early on the following day, and then, with a pleasant sense of duty fulfilled and every precaution taken, had retired to rest in a tolerably hopeful frame of mind.

She awoke in the morning with this hope unchecked, and it rose higher still when, at the breakfast table, her father not only asked with anxious solicitude after Essie, who did not appear, but spoke with something like toleration of the absent Frank, though his indignation against Sir George blazed as fiercely as ever.

"As though the arrogant old ruffian should no the ashamed to show his face after the dirty trick he played his nephew!" he said, chipping as fiercely at his egg as though it represented the head of the offending Baronet; and May bent her head over the tall coffee-pot to hide a little triumphant smile, as she answers demurely—

"It was certainly hard on poor Frank."

"Hard!" Mr. Verner echoed the word with a derisive sniff. "It was the most outrageous—the most disgraceful! And then to ask him down to the Court and coolly spring the mine upon him! If the lad had an ounce of spirit, he would never have broken bread under the old traitor's roof. He would have come straight back to me, and——"

"And you would have given him a different answer from that you gave his uncle?" May suggested audaciously.

Her father frowned, and pushed his cup away.

"I did not say that," he growled; "but at least he should have tried me. But I suppose it's the old story—pride and poverty always go together."

"'It is never too late to mend,'" May suggested, with nervous cheerfulness as she came forward to pin the flower in her father's coat, and looked coaxingly into her father's face. Things had gone almost too well with her as yet; the stern man had been almost too easily managed. She began to be afraid.

And simultaneously with the fear the first repulse came. Her father almost pushed her away, and his frown grew very terrible as he said between his teeth—

"It is too late, I tell you. Do not nurse, or let Essie nurse, any delusion of that kind. No daughter of mine shall marry into Sir George De Walden's family, as I think he understands."

He went out then with a very determined look; and May's eyes followed him rather blankly for a second or so. But she was not easily depressed; and, when she had recalled the concessions he had made in even so short a time, she could not believe that on this one vital point her father would be obdurate still.

"Wait till Croxford talks to him, till Essie grows a little pale and thin!" she cried, with a laugh; and the idea so amused her that she had been able to play with her sister's fears.

But when Essie turned away, with that blank look of misery on her white pathetic face, the elder girl's warm heart was touched; she threw one arm around the slim shoulders, and said in hearty comforting fashion—

"You foolish child! Do you think I would laugh at you, or say one word against dear old Frank, if I were not sure that all would soon be well? Of course I would be crying my eyes out for company's sake. But just for one day's misery I cannot spoil my looks. Besides, Croxford is coming this afternoon. Come, Essie; you cannot really think that papa will refuse you anything your heart is set upon!"

Essie looked up wistfully, shaking her dark head, but smiling through her tears. She had an intense admiration for her elder sister's courage and bright wit, an unquestioning reliance on her word; but here she had so much at stake that she hardly dared to hope.

"But Frank," she whispered sadly—"Frank must know all now. May, why does he not write?"

May Verner laughed, a sweet little silvery peal that was like a cordial draught to the pale and frightened Essie, and shook her sister in the immensity of her amused contempt.

"Write!" she echoed, lifting her fine hazel eyes in emphatic appeal to the ceiling. "A pretty sort of lover he would be to plead his cause on paper! He will come."

"Come!" Essie repeated vaguely; and the shy sweet pink tints stole back into the soft cheeks; the blue eyes lost their strained pathetic look.

"Of course he will, as fast as an express-train and a hansom cab can bring him! Oh, Essie, what a baby you are! You ought to have a nurse still—not a lover!"

Essie answered her sister only with a grateful kiss. A great burden had been lifted from her heart, but it was still too full for words. She was so young; it was so natural to hope, to believe in her strong clever sister, to trust the father whose pet and plaything she had always been.

"Now, run out and play, child, for there is Croxford in the hall, and I must talk business with him," May said, in her good-natured peremptory tones.

And Essie was only too glad to obey her, only too thankful to escape into the grounds, where she might wander at peace through the winding shrubberies, under the shadow of the elms and chestnut-trees, or nown the little path beside the sparkling river, and dream of all the happy hours that she and Frank had spent amid these familiar scenes.

An hour ago it would have been torture to look upon places so associated with the lover she had thought forever lost, and it was painful still, though May's words echoed cheeringly in her ears, and her heart throbbed high with hope. All might—nay, all must be well with them again; but the contrast between the solitary stroll and the last ramble she had taken with Frank, when, without a doubt or fear to hamper their imagination, they had boldly sketched out a future full of bliss, was inevitably present in her mind. Hope would have seemed an impertinent intruder when felicity seemed sure—and she clung to that hope with a tremulous passion now.

She seated herself upon the mossy bank, leaning her dark head against the stem of a tall tree, and giving herself up to memory and thought. She shed a *few* gentle tears from time to time; but, on the whole, she was not unhappy. She trusted her sister so implicitly, and May had been so sure that Frank would come.

And somehow the minutes and hours flitted by; she did not know how long the lovers had been *tete a tete*, how long she herself had been dreaming in the sunlight, when she was roused by the sound of a step on the crisp sun-dried moss, and the hurried utterance of her name. A shadow came between her and the sunshine; and, looking up, she saw—Frank De Walden.

"Essie!" It was all he said; but the one word was eloquent enough; the shining eager eyes said all the rest.

Essie did not even attempt to answer him—only rose to her feet with a little glad and grateful cry, ran straight into her lover's outstretched arms, and hid her happy face upon her lover's breast. And for a little space, while the birds twittered gayly in the thick-leaved trees above them, and the river rippled musically at their feet, the young people clung together and were utterly content.

Then Essie drew shyly back; but Frank still held her fast.

"So you did not give me up?" he asked, eyeing the sweet flushed face with jealous fondness.

Essie looked up with a sweet reproachful glance; but the reproach changed to anxiety, for Frank looked pale and haggard, and almost old, she thought; and her heart smote her as she gazed at him.

"You are not well, dear," she said, slipping her little hand within his arm and pressing it gently in her alarm; but he answered at once—

"Quite well, my darling. You and May have cured me, for May sent me to you."

"You were ill then?" she persisted.

"Ill of suspense and misery," he answered gaily. "Nay, I will confess to such prosaic ills as fatigue and hunger, for I did not sleep all night and came without my breakfast this morning."

"Then come in to luncheon now," cried May's bright voice behin them, "for Lord Croxford and I are tired of each other's company and are most decidedly hungry by now."

CHHPTER VII.

Despite the uncertainty of their position and the cruel disappointment one of them had sustained, the four young people enjoyed a merry meal in a thoroughly unconventional fashion. Lord Croxford did not perhaps contribute very largely to the success of the entertainment, being a young man of few words; but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and by no means a fool, and suited May much better than a more masterful nature would have done. Moreover, he admired his bright betrothed in such a whole-hearted fashion that he almost seemed to shine with a reflected lustre when seated by her side.

"Does he not look absurdly happy?" Essie whispered, glancing at the tall young fellow whose fair Saxon face was radiant with delight, and whose short-sighted blue eyes beamed through their gold-rimmed glasses with such proprietorial pride.

Frank followed the direction of her eyes and smiled; but the smile was soon followed by a sigh.

"He is so sure of May," he said, not bitterly, but with a painful thrill in the low tone—so low that it reached only Essie's sympathetic ear. As the best answer she could think of at the moment, she thrust her little warm, soft hand into his, and whispered shyly—

"Not more sure than you are of me."

How could Frank be miserable after that assurance—how continue to doubt and fear when Essie so evidently thought that all their trials were past? Common sense had but a poor chance in that atmosphere of youth and happiness, even though Lord Croxford, who for a young politician was considered particularly sound on all questions of political economy, and May, who prided herself on being practical above all things, presided on the occasion.

Presently, however, Frank vigorously shook off the enervating sense of contented well being that had replaced his late harassed pain, and roused himself for the work that lay before him.

"With Essie and May both on my side, I ought to win the battle," he said, his gray eyes brightening with the old hopeful look; "but the first thing now is to see Mr. Verner."

Essie grew a little pale, remembering her father's over-night declarations of what he would do and say. should young De Walden venture to intrude into his presence. She bit her lip nervously and shot one piteous glance at May; but her sister returned it with a confident smile.

"The sooner the better, Frank, and fortunately it can be very soon, for I see papa just entering the avenue."

Frank was anything but a coward; nevertheless his heart beat a little faster, and he twisted his moustache nervously, while Essie looking like a guilty little ghost, pressed closely to his side.

"Courage, my children," May cried gaily, her spirits seeming to rise with the occasion, though in truth she was as nervous as any one there. "Papa's bark is terrible, that I admit; but I do not think he ever really bites. Besides, we are four to one, all resolute and strong—ours should be an easy victory. Hark, he is at the door!"

"Tell him Frank is here, May—tell him, please; meet him in the hall, dear, and prepare him!" poor little Essie cried, with whitening lips, as her eager self-torturing fancy conjured up cruelly vivid scenes of dissension, in which her lover and her father played the principal parts.

May hesitated—not from any selfish fear—she would have undertaken the most difficult and unpleasant task possible to save her timid little sister an added pang; but she was by no means sure sure that it would be wise or politic for her to interfere just now.

"Shall I," she cried, with a rapid appeal to the waiting trio—"or shall Lord Croxford, or——"

"Or shall I myself?" Frank interrupted, with a rapidly rising color and proudly brightening eyes. "May, you are the kindest of girls; but I think, if I am ashamed to face Mr. Verner, I have no right in his house."

An emphatic and apparently involuntary "Hear, hear!" from Lord Croxford gave point and emphasis to the speech; and, with a frankly-spoken "I think you are quite right," May Verner drew back to let the young man pass, and crossed quickly over to Essie's side.

"Come, Essie." She threw her arm round the little trembling figure and smiled into the white frightened face. "It is just one wrench, like having a tooth out, you know, and then everything will be right. It is not Frank papa quarrels with—only Sir George; and you do not want to marry him."

But Essie did not smile; she was staring with an agonized intensity of gaze across the room at the door which opened just as her lover reached it, and showed he father on the other side.

For one second the two men stood face to face, so close that they could have touched one another; then Mr. Verner drew back a step or two, with a harsh and dreadful cry—

"You—and here? Heaven help us all!"

All eyes had naturally been turned upon the newcomer's face, all ears had been strained to catch the first words he should utter, and none doubted that these would be angry, even insulting perhaps; but there was no anger in the cry that rang out with such painful incongruity—rather a great horror and dread, that were emphasized by the haggard sharpened face and dazed-looking eyes.

"Mr. Verner," Frank cried. drawing up his tall figure, and speaking rapidly in an impulse of bewildered indignation, "I have no right here perhaps; but once you made me welcome; you gave me Essie, and—and she and I——"

The poor young fellow broke down with flushed face and eyes that sparkled uneasily for even he could no longer mistake the strained terror of that unwavering gaze for mere anger at his intrusion.

"Papa, what is it?" May cried quickly; and the tones of his daughter's clear vibrating voice seemed to rouse Mr. Verner. He came quickly into the room, closing the door carefully behind him; and, as he stood in the fuller light, they saw more clearly the deadly pallor of his ordinarily ruddy face. He had grown, May thought, older by ten years since the morning. It was to her and not to Frank, that his first words were spoken.

"Take Esther away," he said peremptorily; and, though his words were stern, it seemed to the girl that his voice thrilled with an intense pity.

Perhaps Essie thought so too, or perhaps love gave the timid girl courage, for she took her place by her lover's side, and, though her face grew red and white with painful rapidity, her pretty voice hardly faltered as she said—

"Please do not send me away, papa, because I could not go. Whatever you say to Frank you must say to me. I am just as bad as he, for I love him and I cannot give him up!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Following the Doctor's Advice.

"Doctor, I want you to do something for me. My nerves are shattered completely. I am not able to eat anything and I sleep very little at night What would you advise me to do?"

"What has brought about this condition?"

"Drinking too much, I'm afraid."

"Well, I would advise you to give up drinking."

"H'm, that idea never occurred to me. What's your charge for the advice?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I am much obliged to you, doctor. Let's go and take something."

Salt Lake Dwellings.

The houses built by the first settlers were mainly log cabins Some few of these are yet to be found hidden away [illegible]. The Spanish adobe house of dried [illegible] was also a favorite, and has continued so to the present, though instead of almost shapeless chunks of mud, plastered in Mexican fashion, regular unburned bricks are made by machinery. These adobes are twice the size of ordinary bricks, and the wall into which they are formed is made twice as thick as one of burned bricks would be. Of course this material lends itself readily to any style of architecture, and many of the elaborate buildings as well as cheap cottages are made of it, the soft gray tint of the adobe reminding one of the cream-colored walls of Milwaukee. Generally, however, the adobe is overlaid by a stucco, which is tinted. Low houses with abundant piazzas are the most common type in the older part of the town and over these so many vines will be trained and so much foliage cluster that one can hardly say of what material the structure itself is formed. The residences more recently built have a more Eastern and conventional aspect, and some are very imposing; but big or little, old or new, it is rare to find a home not ensconced—almost buried —in trees and shrubs and climing plants, while smooth, rich lawns greet the eye everywhere in town, in brilliant contrast to the bleak, bare hills towering overhead just without the city. As for flowers, no town East or West cultivates them more universally and assiduously.

Salt Lake City, then, is beautiful—a paradise in comparison with the buffalo plains or the stony gulches in which the great majority of Rocky Mountain towns must needs be set.

The suburbs, except toward the rocky uplands northward, grade off into farms quite imperceptibly, the streets continuing straight out into country roads between dense jungles of sunflowers—glorious walls of gold edged with green and touched with innumerable dots of maroon. And in these suburbs you may find some of the quaintest, most idyllic homes. One such, for example, stands down in the third ward. The house is hardly bigger than a good sized room, and is entered through a queer narrow cowled doorway. The second story is hardly half as large as the lower one. leaving a slanting roof between, and a picturesque hedge and fence inclose the whole. This would be striking enough alone for its shape; but every two weeks the whole adobe and stucco affair is whitewashed from roof-tree to foundation, until it gleams like a fresh snow-bank against the grape-vines that creep around its angles, and the poplats and maples that photograph their boughs in shadow upon its spotless sides. But to set it off the better, the owner paints his small window-sashes bright yellow, his casings the reddest of red, and his sills and shutters and door panels vivid green. If the whole affair had just been headed out of a Dutch toy shop, it could not be more fantastic and childishly pretty.—ERNEST INGERSOLL, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

The Disappearance of "The Scold."

Nothing was more common in the sixteenth century that a "scolding woman," and the scolding woman had not disappeared in this country till after Declaration of Independence—some even survived that. The evidence of this does not rest upon tradition. The literature and the laws are full of it. Laws had to be framed with severe penalties to protect men from the "common scold"; and these penalties were often inflicted, one of the most effective of them being the "ducking chair," which in many cases was the only one that could check the wagging of the virulent tongue. Nothing is commoner in the ballad literature of the sixteenth century than the complaints of the railing of the scold and the shrew, and the devices for taming them was as ingenious as they were brutal. Either the literature of the time is an awful libel, or scolding women were so numerous as to be a great feature of the age; scolding was as prominent as begging, and the scolding wife as common as the tipsy husband. The philosopher wants to know whether it is the temper of women which has changed, since it is a fact that the "common scold" has practically disappeared from modern life (there used to be women whom even the sheriff was afraid of), is no more a *piece de resistance* of literature, and has not to be legislated against, or whether the apparent difference is only a change in man's attitude toward the sex. Some students of sociology think that the man's submission has wrought the transformation, and that women appear to be more sweet and amiable now they have their way unruffled. It is a very delicate question, and one that would not be raised here except in the interest of science. For the disappearance of traits in human nature is as useful a study as the elimination of useful members or the development of new organs in our evolution. Nobody except the sociologist can say what the disappearance of the "common scold," has to do with man's position in the modern recreations of society; the business of this department is to collect facts, not to co-ordinate them.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine for August,*

Throwing the Boomerang.

The boomerang used by the natives of Australia is a piece of thin wood about an inch and a half wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and perhaps twenty inches long; its shape varies, sometimes being like the segment of a circle, at others like a man's arm bent at the elbow, but the way of using both th se forms is exactly the same.

The weapon is grasped at one end in the right hand, with the concave side uppermost, and the black man takes a run, such as the ordinary cricketer does when he is throwing a ball. On a sudden he stops, and away flies the boomerang, not straight, as one might suppose, but revolving on its own axis so quickly that in the air it looks like a circular piece of board; this motion gives it the wonderful power of flight, which must really be seen to be believed. At at the course is in a direct line from the thrower, and at such a height as he may require, but as it draws toward the limit of its distance it swerves slightly to the right, and making a semicircle, turns toward its owner, coming back on an exactly opposite course to that which it took on the outward journey, generally falling within a few feet of the thrower. During the flight the revolving of the boomerang causes a peculiar purring sound, not unlike the hum of a top.

Kindness as an Investment.

There is nothing worse for domestic animals than to scare them half to death. Fright uses up the vital forces more than work, more than the growth of flesh or fat, more than anything else, unless it is persistent starvation.

We have had two men working for us, with teams, on the same farm at the same time. One would take his horses from the stable when they had been refreshed by a few days' rest, and were feeling well and because they were pretty frisky while they were being harnessed, and the off horse did not keep the furrow well at the first send-off would get out of patience and yell at his team till finally they would break into a trot, when he would throw the plow to the full depth into the first hummock he could find, bring the team to a full stop, and by this time they would be well in a "lather" and quivering with excitement. After he had yelled for a few minutes, and the horses had become fully frightened, they had used up enough strength to move the plough for an hour.

The other man knew better. When he observed while "hitching up," that the horses' heads were carried high, and that they were feeling first rate, he would say to himself: "There is a good head of steam on to-day, and I shall be able to get a good day's work out of these fellows if I save it all to be used to the best advantage." Therefore he would speak in as quiet a tone as possible, would move gently about, and aim to get his team afield without the risk of any rumpus or excitement, and would bear with a few irregularities, such as getting out of the furrow and pulling by fits and starts a few times. The consequence would be that when they were warmed up to their work, they would move on smoothly and at the same time quickly, and at the end of an hour there would be a row of nice fresh furrows to show as an equivalent for the "steam" the other man had used up in mere fret and fume and worry and passion.

As it is with larger animals, so it is true of fowl; if you at all times exercise kindness toward them, they will doubtly repay you for all your care and kind attention.

Budding Forest Trees.

The propagation of woody plants by the process known as budding, consists in taking from one tree or shrub, a bud, and transfering it to another. The plant upon which the bud is placed is called the stock. The limits of this operation are not very well defined, but for all practical purposes I may say that it is limited to the members of the same genus, or closely allied plants; that is, oaks may be budded on oaks, chestnut on chestnut, and generally the nearer related the species, the more successful the operation. But, like all other rules pertaining to the propagation of plants, there are exceptions, and occasionally we may find that the wood of two species, belonging to the same genus, cannot be made to unite and form what is termed a union.

There is always a preference in stocks belonging to the same genus, and the propagator seeks the best for his purpose. I may say, however, that, as a rule, the weak and feeble growing should always be placed upon the strong growing, if rapid growth and long life is the object in view.

Budding is usually performed in summer, soon after the buds, or a portion of them, are fully developed on the young wood of the present season's growth. The stock into which the buds are to be inserted, must be in a similar condition, although the stem or branch at the point of junction may be more than one year old, but in no case must the bark be so thick and rigid, that it cannot be readily separated from the wood beneath, because the bud is to be inserted under the bark of the stock, and unless this can be done, the operation will fail.

We have to depend upon the assimilated or true sap, to form a union between the bud and the stock, the same as we do on layers and cuttings to produce roots, for all the operations are analogous, only in budding, the alburnous matter forms a union with the same material in the stock, while in the layer and cutting, it is emitted in the form of roots.

The proper time for budding trees, must, of course, vary with the latitude, season, and kind of trees to be propagated, as some come forward earlier than others, but as a rule, it may be performed as early in the season as good plump buds can be found at the axils of the leaves in shoots of the present season's growth. The upper and immature ones, can of course, be discarded, if it is necessary to commence budding before all are in fit condition to use.

Killing Weeds.

The *New England Farmer* says:—If farmers could be only made to realize the economy of a thorough pulverization of the soil before planting or sowing their seeds, we should soon find a very marked improvement in the appearance of the cultivated fields in the country, for wherever we go we find a great deal of very poor, and very coarse farm work. Many farmers seem to make as hard work of taking care of a field of corn, potatoes, or other annual crop, and do their work as "back handed" as a carpenter would who should undertake to build a house, or make a nice piece of furniture out of undressed lumber, and the attempt to smooth it up and polish it off after the parts are all put together.

The best market gardeners have learned that the highest success in the cultivation of their crops can only be attained upon land that has been most thoroughly prepared, not only by high manuring, but by repeated ploughing and harrowing, and with implements suited to the work. Coarse turfs, stones, or hard lumps of loam or clay are not allowable in any good market garden, and they should not be in ordinary farm fields. Nor is there half the necessity for rough, course, farm work that one might infer from the too common practices of the average American farmer. It is not necessary to grow a half crop instead of a full crop. Neither is there any need of having one half the product of our lands returned to us in the shape of worthless weeds. It costs no more to grow a pound of wheat or corn than to grow a pound of weed seeds, and it costs no more to keep a field clear of weeds than to keep it half clear, provided one takes hold of the work at the right end, and at the right time. Indeed, good work on the farm saves labor rather than wastes it, just as good work in any other industry proves economical in the long run.

that were so rough and coarsely worked during the early part of the season, as to require a great deal of patience, as well as hard work, in their cultivation during the growing period of the crop. All the work of the present seems to have been done poorly, and far too much left for the future. The ploughing having been but half done, the harrow failed to do its part of the work of pulverisation. The surface being left rough and uneven, the rows could not be planted straight, nor could the seeds be covered at an even depth, nor upon a uniformly level surface. The rows being crooked, and the hills coming at various heights, the work of the harrow or cultivator must be far from complete.

We have seen, in one instance, a farmer going four times through each row in his corn field with his cultivator, before he could get the soil in any kind of condition for the hand hoe. In other instances, a less amount of team work has left the field so thoroughly tilled that little or no hand labor was required. Good farmers are learning that more than half the effort usually expended in tending a hoed crop might be saved by a proper previous preparation of the soil. To do this, we should first plough thoroughly. If the field is sod land, the sod should be turned completely over, and in furrows of uniform width and depth, and the depth should be sufficient to allow of making a mellow seed bed upon the inverted furrows without turning back any of the sod. If the plough runs eight inches deep in some places, and only two or three inches deep in other places, or if the furrows are partly turned and left upon their edges, this mellow seed bed without turf or sods, will be impossible to obtain, and the subsequent work of tending a crop will be expensive and annoying.

The time has come when the cultivation of the soil here in New England, and in all the older States, must be done by the most economical methods possible, that our labor may be fairly remunerative. We can no longer afford to spend our time killing weeds chiefly by hand labor, or by the use of crude, ineffective instruments. We must get our grounds in such condition by good ploughing and good harrowing before the crops are put in, that the later work will be comparatively easy and inexpensive.

Out-Door Amusements.

Julian Ralph, writing of out-door sports for young ladies and the influences exerted by these sports, expresses her belief that the new taste is on the whole beneficial to the sex. Of Brooklyn and its amusements she says: The older girls, young ladies of marriageable age, were playing lawn tennis, and playing it with young men, and with a vigor that required the agility of gymnasts. When they leaped they sprang clear off the ground and landed as lightly as birds; when they ran it was with a free and graceful movement. When they struck at a ball it was with a blow that gave assurance of quick judgment, strong muscles, and trained sight. Near by, I saw three girls of fifteen or sixteen practising a running jump. Further on were some other tennis players, who in an intermission had started a game of tag. Do you remember how the average girl used to play tag a few years ago? She would run screaming at the top of her voice with a mincing step from under absurd entangling skirts; until her short breath gave way, and then on being touched by her equally hysterical companion, would sink breathless on a seat or upon the grass. That is not how these young women did it. Their dresses somehow produced the effect of swiftness, and they bounded lightly over the turf with palms closed and held at the breast, with lips shut, and with eyes aflame with fun. They doubled, danced tantalizingly before the one who was "it," dodged like wrestlers, and shot away like deer, and never did one of them utter a scream.

In a fashionable ladies' gymnasium in a Canadian city I saw some girls on a trapeze, on horizontal bars, with fling rings, and with rowing and lifting machines, and when I suggested that the introduction of a punching bag such as pugilists use to develop their muscles and chests, limber their backs, and promote quickness of motion would be a good thing to add to the paraphernalia there, the proposition was favorably received. The new movement is a grand one. Women can no longer lounge at home and read novels or confine their accomplishments to the three R's, the piano, and the waltz step. It is not in keeping with the spirit of their age. The true women's rights movement is under way, and is leaving the foolish platform reformers far behind. Women are devoting their lives to the arts and sciences, to trade and the professions. They must get strength and robust health in order to enjoy confidence in themselves and fertility in resources. Exercise has no unsexing influence. The athletic girls of my acquaintance are all the more girlish or womanly, as the case may be, in consequence of their better development. It will be well when we can say "farewell" to the last of the dolls and "all hail" to the new race of active and confident women.

Burial on the Bank of the Congo.

The body of the dead man has been previously smoked and dried over a slow fire, so that the flesh, except upon the hands, shrunk and reduced to a leathery covering round the gaunt bones. The face had been gaudily painted with scarlet, yellow and white pigments, and the whole body was encrusted with the red dye of the camwood tree. Round the nose and mouth was wrapped a band of cloth and gay patterned cottons swathed the body. For some reason the hands were quite plump and well covered with flesh, as if in life. The dead man had been placed in his grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him up on the top were piles of cotton stuffs received in trade from the far off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague, half-determined notions which the people here have conceived as to a future existence, everything in the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this reason they put cloth, vessels of pottery and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the grave, in order that the deceased, on arriving in the land of shades, may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The grave in which this man had been buried had been dug in a hut, and the head of the corpse was not more than two feet below the surface.

The Tragedy of the Hearth and the Broken Hearts Around It.

I stood for a long time before a picture recently, the life-size portrait of a lovely, laughing child. The face was that of a boy of four years, fair and dimpled, with a little rosy mouth, just made for kissing, large, clear brown eyes, through which a happy little soul shone brightly, and soft, flaxen curls shading a broad, white brow, and falling about a round, white neck.

"That is Charley, my little Charley," said the master of the house sadly, and looking from his careworn, nervous face to the cherub vision on the wall, for the first time an understanding of the tragedy of Charley Ross dawned upon me, and for the benefit of the new generation and those to whom the tiny hero of a mournful tale has been but a newspaper myth, I am going to take up the freshest threads of a well-worn story, as related to me by Mr. Ross in view of the green lane where his little son was stolen from him.

The house itself is situated at the end of a broad and beautiful thoroughfare in Germantown, called East Washington lane. On both sides of it are handsome, substantial mansions of grey granite, such as Pennsylvanians love, and built far back from the road in the midst of spreading lawns, shaded by fine trees and sprinkled with beds of gay flowers. More peaceful and beautiful surroundings one could hardly find, and a miniature farm of a few acres now dotted with sweet-smelling haycocks next to Mr. Ross's place even suggested the country.

The house of Mr. Ross is a spacious double one, built of stone, and surmounted by a cupola. It stands on the summit of a great slope, and, with its broad piazzas covered with climbing honeysuckles and roses, its huge baskets of plants and ferns, and its friendly elms and oaks, looks a secure and pleasant retreat from the noise and turmoil, the dust and confusion of the world.

Sitting on the front verandah, I remarked how thoroughly the great hedge of fir trees at the foot of the lawn out off the view of the street.

"Yes," said Mr. Ross, "too thoroughly, for it helped the wretches who stole my children to escape with them. Ten years ago the first of July," he continued, "my little Charley, just four years old, and still in petticoats, was playing in the road with his brother Walter, two years older than himself. While they were frolicking about two men came along in a waggon drawn by one horse. It seems they had

SEEN THE CHILDREN BEFORE

and given them candy. That day they invited the boys to get in for a little ride, promising them firecrackers and candy. They, fearing nothing, complied, and were seen as we found later, by some of the neighbors.

"When I got home at six o'clock to tea, Mrs. Ross and my eldest daughter being at Atlantic City for their health, the children had not returned. The neighborhood was scoured in vain, and at 8 o'clock, on my way to the Central Office to telegraph the police stations, we met Walter returning home with Mr. Peacock, a friend of the family, who had found him crying bitterly on a street corner in the northern part of Philadelphia, just seven miles from home.

"The boy was nearly paralyzed with fright, but managed to relate how these men promised to take them to 'Aunt Susie's' to buy sweets and firecrackers; that they had lifted him out of the waggon and sent him into a shop to get them, and when he came out they had disappeared with Charlie. The police thought that the men were on a drunken frolic, and when sobered would be alarmed at what they had done, and turn Charley adrift.

"The theory proved false. On the 3d of July we advertised for him with a reward, and the next day we received an anonymous letter in disguised writing, the first of a series of twenty-three, which said the child was safe, but that no living power could discover him, and his father would have to pay 'a big cent' to get him back. The next letter demanded a ransom of $20,000, from which sum the kidnappers never abated a jot, with the alternative of putting the child to death."

It is impossible in a letter to describe the methods used for the recovery of the child and the capture of his jailers, who demanded that the money should be paid in advance of the return of the boy. While negotiations were pending 70,000 photographs of little Charley were distributed throughout the land, and tons of posters, handbills and lithographs sown broadcast. The citizens of Philadelphia offered

A REWARD OF $20,000.

for the kidnappers, of which reward the police volunteered to claim no part, and other large sums were offered from public and private sources, while the pressure put on Mr. Ross not to jeopardize the safety of every child in the land by paying the ransom was tremendous.

The police force and detective bureaus of the whole country engaged in the search, and in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey every river boat and sloop, every outhouse, stable, and place of ill-repute, every hotel and lodging house, tramp quarter, burglar's haunt, barn, mill, ferry, and deserted hut, was searched, and every building, private and public, in Philadelphia, gone through. The Post Office and all the letter boxes were watched; detectives watched every train that left or entered the city. Human ingenuity wore itself threadbare in attempts to recover the stolen boy.

Fraud, too found a festival in this new form of domestic calamity, and Mr. Ross received thousands of letters from spiritualists, clairvoyants, and mediums, and even from blackmailers of all sorts, including convicts in jail, and murderers awaiting their doom, professing knowledge of the abductors.

Then came a host of these vile creations called anonymous letters, always the work, as Superintendent Walling says, "of creatures who have all the willingness but not the courage to commit murder." These letters were to the police, suggesting that Mr. Ross stole his own child; that if his fine garden were dug up its bones would be discovered; that the child was not Mrs. Ross's, etc. One newspaper boldly printed an article embodying these suggestions, was sued for libel, severely reprimanded by the Court and obliged to pay heavy damages.

The uproar the country was in over this case, and the way man, woman, and child turned detective, thoroughly alarmed the kidnappers, and they deserted plan after plan proposed to Mr. Ross for exchange, so afraid were they of being entrapped. In the history of civilization there has never

oughly baffled detectives.

One plan proposed by the abductors, and which involved almost fatal consequences to Mr. Ross, was that he should put the money in a valise, start from Philadelphia at night, go on to New York and thence to Albany, riding the entire distance on the platform of the rear car, and the instant he

SAW A TORCH HELD BY A MAN

waving a handkerchief he was to throw the valise on the track, with the warning that if the train was stopped the child's throat would be cut.

Mr Ross went through this trying ordeal standing on his feet the entire distance, every nerve on the intense strain with the fear of missing the signal, which was looked for in vain. His own description of this heart-rending journey is thrilling, but coming after months of mental agony and overfatigue, it terminated in a severe illness which decided his wife and family to run the risk of paying the ransom in advance on the faint hope that the boy would be returned; but though all their directions were followed, the child-thieves, on whose track the police now were, failed to appear and a lull ensued for several weeks.

Then the public were electrified at hearing that two burglars had been killed while robbing a house on Bay Ridge; that one, Mosher, died instantly, and that his comrade, Douglass, lived only long enough to confess the stealing of Charley Ross, and to solemnly swear that no one but the dead man knew his whereabouts, and so it is today that the fate of that little sunny-faced, golden haired boy is still wrapped in a deep mystery.

The safety of millions of children has been purchased, it seems too sadly true, by the life of one, though the parents of that one still fondly cling to the hope that their son will some day appear among them.

"The hue and cry that rang through this great republic," said Mr. Ross, "strangled this species of crime in its birth. No one dreamed before what a hold a child of four years had on the heart of a nation, and though at the time my child was stolen there was no law by which his kidnappers could be punished, this and a number of other states have since then made the crime of child stealing for the purpose of extortion, punishable by twenty-five years of solitary imprisonment, with hard labor, and a fine of $15,000.

"I have," continued Mr. Ross, "examined personally into over seven hundred cases of boys supposed to be my son since his disappearance, have travelled thousands of miles in pursuit of him, and spent over $60,000 in trying to trace him in vain. In the first two years alone over three hundred children, scattered from Maine to San Francisco, and even in England Scotland, Cuba, Nova Scotia, and Canada, were supposed to be my child from the resemblance to his pictures or the mystery surrounding them. I have often thought of the extraordinary number, if girls are included, of children about whose existence and surroundings there is something suspicious."

"Has this hunt for Charlie ever resulted in the return of any lost children to their parents?"

"Yes, of a number; for though mine was the first case on which a ransom had been put, other children have been

STOLEN BY TRAMPS

to beg for them, and even in some cases taken for personal revenge. The most pitiful case I know of was that of little Henry Lachmuller of St. Louis, who was stolen from his father's garden by two tramps, who had a woman with them, and wanted a child to beg. Mr. Lachmuller offered large rewards, and employed every means to recover his child, travelling all over Europe, and several times in this country, advertising his loss, but in vain.

"Well, one day I received a letter from Chester, Ill., describing the tramps who had been brutal in their treatment of a child supposed to be Charley, and to disguise him had thrown acids in his face, dyed his hair, and scarred his poor little body. My brother James went on at once, and saw that it was not our lost lamb; but the publicity given the case by the papers reached Mr. Lachmuller, and on the bare supposition of its being his son, he came on and found, indeed, that it was his child.

"Strangely enough, though the villainous treatment he had been subjected to had made the boy forget even his name and the place where he came from, he recognized his father with a scream of joy. There has also been another class of cases in which, though the proper parents could not be found, the children have been taken away from the wretches who had them in charge and been properly taken care of by the authorities."

"How do you account for this large number of stray children?"

"A great many of them never can be accounted for. Some have left asylums or homes; many are illegitimate, and quite a number belong to families in which

DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS

has prompted either the father or mother to take them away and keep them in concealment. There are also instances where the children have been purposely put on trains and deserted, or where they have run away from guardians glad to get rid of them. Children are not unfrequently found among Italian or gipsy bands who cannot be accounted for.

"Yes," continued Mr. Ross, in reply to a question, "dozens of children have looked me in the face and said their name was Charley Ross. In fact, that name has become the synonyme of a lost child, and it is frequently given to children in poorhouses and asylums. Hardly a week passes without a letter or a clue of some sort being sent to me now, and, of course the claimants are frequent. Why, a fortnight ago, a little tramp calling himself Charley Ross, looked me right in the eye and said he remembered my singing him to sleep with Moody and Sankey's hymns. I never sang a tune in my life."

"Do you believe your son is living now?"

"I do not know what to believe any more than you do; but until I know he is dead his mother and I shall watch for his coming," concluded Mr. Ross with emotion.

Six other lovely children played about the Ross homestead one of them a fairy girl bearing a striking likeness to her lost brother, but as I walked back through the shady lanes to the station I was struck by the fact that though ten summers had fled since the cruel robbery, not a child could be seen frolicking on the highways.

Geraniums and calceolarias, used in "window gardening," are said to exert a powerful influence in keeping a room free of flies.

Woman.

Mlle. Lix is now 45 years old. She is the daughter of an officer in the French Army, and was born at Colmar. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father raised her as a boy, and made her wear boy's clothes until she was 8 years old. At 12 she could ride and fence admirably. At 17 she was well educated and spoke English and German. She went to Poland as governess to the daughter of a Polish countess. In 1863, when the rebellion broke out in Poland, she put on male attire, and joined the rebels. For bravery on the field she was made a Lieutenant. She returned to France in 1866, and when the cholera broke out in the north she distinguished herself as a fearless nurse and helper of the sick poor. In recognition of this service the French Government appointed her Postmistress of Lamarche, in the Vogas.

When the Franco German war broke out Mlle. Lix again put on her soldier clothes, enlisted in a free corps and soon afterward again became a Lieutenant and took part in the fight at Bourzonce Nompatelise. She was called Lieute. Tony, the name given to her by the Polish patriots. She proved herself a brave fighter as well as a kind-hearted woman, and her labors for the relief of the wounded were indefatigable. When her company became part of the army of Garibaldi she devoted herself exclusively to the ambulances. At the close of the war she resumed her duties as Postmistress, but soon began to suffer with rheumatism, which she had contracted during the campaign, the hardships of which proved too much for her. She resigned; and the Government then gave her charge of a tobacco bureau at Bordeaux. She moves about on crutches. Her soldiery conduct won for her many honors. In '72 the Government conferred upon her a gold medal of the first class, as well as the bronze cross of the ambulances. Gen. Charrette in '78 sent her the medal of the Pontifical Zouaves, while the ladies of Alsace presented her with a splendid sword of honor; and this year the Chief Secretary of the National Society for the Encouragement of Good Conduct, M. Honore Arnoul, also sent her a medal of honor. Gen. Faidherbe, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, is about to present her with the cross of the Legion.

Two other French women, Mlle. Dodu and Mme. Jarretout, have also been decorated for bravery during the war of 1870 71.

Picking up the Cable.

The laying of the telegraph cables is now so common that the description of the machinery for picking up a broken one will be read with interest. It consists of a rope about an inch and a quarter in diameter, made from the strongest hemp, with interwoven wires of fine steel. The grapnel at the end is merely a solid shaft of iron some two feet long, and weighing about one hundred pounds, and prolonged into six blunt hooks, which much resemble the partly closed fingers of the human hand. In picking up the cable in deep water, the *Minia*, after reaching the waters near the break, lets out her rope and grapnel, then takes a course at right angles to the cable, and at some distance from the fracture, so that the broken ends may not slip through the grapnel. The grapnel rope is attached to a dynamometer, which exactly measures the strain of the rope, and shows unerringly when the cable has been caught. If the grapnel fouls a rock the strain rises very suddenly to a high point; but the exact weight of the cable being known, the dynamometer signals by the steady rate of increase its hold on the cable far below. The ease and certainty with which cables are picked up in these days is amazing. A while ago one of the lines of the Anglo-American Company was caught without trouble at a depth of two and a quarter miles in the middle of the Atlantic. Capt. Tott, of the *Minia* who has won great fame for his skill and ingenuity in cable matters, but recently picked up the French cable 180 miles off St. Pierre, and in four hours from the time the grapnel was let go had the cable spliced and in working condition. The splicing is a work of great delicacy and skill, and when accomplished by trained fingers the spliced part can scarcely be distinguished from the main cord. So rapid has been the improvement in perfecting the modern cable that the resistance to the electric current has been reduced to one-quarter what it was twenty years ago, while the duplex system of sending and receiving messages doubles the capacity of every new cable laid.

Fortunes in Dogs.

Among the $350,000 worth of dogs exhibited at the New York show, were some worthy of note. Two were $10,000 dogs. One is a deer-hound and the other pointer. Of course no one would pay $10,000 for either, but that's the value placed on each by their respective owners. There are several dogs supposed to be worth from $2,000 to $5,000. The $10,000 pointer (Meteor) took the prize for dogs of that breed. His competitor was an English dog (Beaufort), and the international rivalry over the two was almost as strong as at the walking match. The large English contingent present maintained that the English dog should get the prize, and the Americans held that the American dog was entitled to it. Many bets were made as to which would get it, and when the judge decided in favor of the American dog, about $5,000 changed hands.

Home.

You are to be pitied if you cannot find your first and greatest happiness at home. There is where you should find it. The independence that comes to a man when his day's work is over and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make so much difference whether you own the house or whether you have one little room in that house; you can make that room a true home to you. You can people it with such sweet fancies that it will be fairly luminous with your presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none should ever transgress. It should be the place to find true love and courtesy.

The future of our country depends upon the youth of the land. While education, then, in the usual sense of the word, should be highly valued, at the same time our people should not forget the most important education of home influence, and home discipline.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 31, 1884.

"Reviews" Distributed Free!

For this week, July 17th, and three following issues, several hundred extra copies of the REVIEW will be mailed to residents of the townships of Cardiff, Burleigh, Chandos, Anstruther, and the northern townships of this County, who are not now regular subscribers. The papers are paid for and sent with the compliments of E. J. Cassell, Bancroft, whose advertisement appears therein, and any ratepayer whose name appears on the voters' lists who does not receive the paper regularly during the above term will confer a favor by notifying the editor of the REVIEW by post card.

"CROWDED OUT."

We have to apologize to our readers this week for the small amount of local news in this issue. We have been so busy with voters' lists (nearly all the municipalities sending them in together, and expecting them all printed at the same time) that we have been unable even to get out a supplement. We have now, however, secured increased help in the office, and in another week or so will be able to give more attention to the paper.

Another attempt is to be made to start up the Napanee glass works.

Several disastrous incendiary fires have occurred at Belleville during the past few weeks.

The Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec railroad will be open for passenger traffic on August 1.

Midnight burglars are roaming around Cobourg district. The post office at Grafton was recently burglarized. The thieves only managed to secure about $10, besides partaking of refreshments.

During the past year Messrs. Gilmour & Co., of Trenton, have made many improvements and additions to their mills, thereby increasing their cutting capacity to about 500,000 feet of lumber per day. They employ in all about 600 men.

Horse thieves are at work at Port Hope. Mr. Gilmour of that place had a beautiful black mare, silver mounted harness, and covered buggy stolen from his premises last Monday night. Two well dressed men who called at Mr. Gilmour's that evening and asked for a drink of water are supposed to be the thieves.

They have a lively way of "relieving the monotony" in the backwoods north of us, as shown by a row at Calabogie lately. The lumber drivers on the Madawaska river and the Italians engaged on the K. & P. R. R., were the participants. The Italians, 23 strong, armed with bowie knives and revolvers, dispersed some 30 raftsmen. The foreman of the latter gang had a bullet put through his hat.

The *Intelligencer* says:—The tallying of the drive of logs which have been coming down the river for the past two months shows a decrease of 140,000, in round numbers, from the number of last year. The tallying occupied 58 days, and the logs were distributed among 10 different parties. Gilmour received 153,000; Rathbun & Co., 125,000, and Flint & Holton, 30,000—these being the three largest lots. The total number of pieces coming down this year was 331,618.

NEARLY three hundred arrests have been made in connection with the Warsaw plot to murder the Czar.

THE Queen has given £100 prize to the artillery competition at Quebec, and the English team will sail on September 21st.

GEN. GORDON says that his soldiers are in good spirits, and he is only waiting for the rising of the Nile to destroy the rebels.

THERE are 17,000 rebels around Suakim, and they make nightly attacks on the town, coming within short range of the garrison.

THE Irish members of Parliament have decided to send Messrs. Sexton and Redmond to the United States to revive interest in the National cause.

IT is reported that Osman Digma was killed on the 18th inst, by a member of the Bishareen tribe, whose nephew Osman stabbed because he would not join the rebels.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

A CRAZY VENTURE.

LONDON, July 29.—Captain Johnsosen, a Norwegian, is preparing to make a trip across the Atlantic in a three masted boat, twenty-two feet long by five feet wide, with eighteen inches draught. He will take a cat as a companion. Johnsosen is fifty years of age and was formerly a gold miner in California. He is at present testing his craft in a coasting cruise, at the conclusion of which he will provision his boat and tempt the ocean.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the deseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

ONE first-class Cooking Stove, large size, with copper reservoir.
D. C. CLARKE.

FOR ADOPTION.

A FINE healthy boy, 7 months old. Apply for further information at the Review office, Madoc.

WANTED.

A TEACHER, holding a Third or Special Certificate, for Union S. S. No. 3, Limerick. Apply to ROBT. CAMPBELL, Trustee, Thanet P. O., Hastings Road, Ont. 2

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishes to sell all his property east of the old C. M. Church, on St. Lawrence street, consisting of one residence, barn included, and two tenant houses.
W. BRISTOL.
Madoc, July 30th, 1884. 378-4

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

THE Mnnicipal Council of Bangor, et. al., will at its next meeting, to be held the 9th day of September next, pass a by-law establishing a road starting at 8th concession line, Wicklow, and running south between lots 27 and 28, one hundred and fifty yards, then bearing west of south two hundred yards, thence east of south to the school house, section 4. All parties concerned may govern themselves accordingly.
D. CARD, T'p Clerk.
Maynooth, June 23rd, 1884.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday, August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted to open up and legalize such ogening, of a road running east from "Devine's Corners" across lot No 9 in the 8th concession, to a corner near the office of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, thence north until it intersects the old Malone road. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.
Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted for the purpose of closing up and giving to the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company in lieu of new road, that portion of the old Malone road commencing at its junction with the line between the 7th and 8th concessions, running easterly until it strikes the side line between lots 10 and 11, in the eighth concession. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.
Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,
(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.
Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to
A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

NOTICE.

To School Trustees.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Trustees of the different School Sections in the Township of Madoc, requiring them to send in their applications for School monies, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of August next. If not in by that time they will be liable to be shut out this year.
By order of the Council,
J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.
Madoc, June 5th, 1834. 4

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Established in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers
TO BUY
1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool, Wool.

The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by

J. & J. WHITE,

and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.

WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.

Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.
Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.
Fullcloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.
THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL,
at White's Agricultural Works.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

A of any

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co.
MADOC, ONT.

BANCROFT TO THE FRONT!

Stock New and Fresh.

The subscriber, late of Maynooth, begs to inform the public in general that the business is now open in the premises formerly occupied by J.B.Cleak, Esq., and would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

From my long experience in the trade, and buying for Cash in the cheapest markets, and in large quantities, I trust to be able to give entire satisfaction.

The stock of DRY GOODS is very large and well assorted, and requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. Excellent values in

Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Tweeds, Winceys, Dress Goods, Flannels, Ducks, &c.

In Groceries, Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Fruits, &c., of the finest qualities and choicest brands. Call for quotations. Prices by the original package very low. The stock of Boots and Shoes is now in process of manufacture, and will arrive in a few days, and for assortment, quality and prices, second to none in the County.

GENTS HATS,—A LARGE VARIETY.

HARDWARE, Every description of Shelf, Heavy, and Builders' Hardware, including Nails, Glass, Paints, Oils, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Carpenters Tools, &c., &c., &c.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, --- a well assorted stock.

Also Tinware, Woodenware, School Books and Stationery, Ready-made Clothing, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Coal Oil, Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Horse Collars, Harness Straps, and many other goods which it is impossible here to enumerate.

To arrive, --- 1 car load IRON, 1 car load SALT.

Special care has been taken by Mr. Cassell during the past four weeks in selecting the stock in the various markets.

As heretofore the business wil be conducted on strictly Cash principles. From experience I find it to be the only advantageous method for both buyer and seller.

Trusting to see both old and new Customers.

I remain, yours very truly,

E. J. CASSELL.

BANCROFT, July 1884.

P. S.—I would also take this opportunity to thank the *personnel* of the Central Ontario Railway for their kind and courteous treatment.

Latest Local News.

—Circus to-day.

—And the small boy is happy.

—When will Madoc have her civic holiday?

—Females are robbing the flower gardens in Belleville.

—J. J. B. Flint is Belleville's new Police Magistrate.

—Belleville's civic holiday will be on the 18th August.

—The village council meets on Monday evening next.

—Vacant houses and female help are scarce in this village.

—Mr. T. P. Pearce is erecting a large woollen factory at Marmora.

—Green apples made their appearance in the village last week.

—The voters' list for the township of Madoc has been issued.

—The watering cart has been absent from the streets for the last few days.

—The firemen will turn out in uniform next Wednesday evening, for practice.

—Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara will make some improvements in their store soon.

—The south part of Durham street is receiving a good coat of gravel this week.

—Henry M. Jones, M. D., has lately been appointed Clerk of Marmora and Lake.

—Mr. J. O. Miller was successful in passing his examination at Toronto University this month.

—Parties having upholstering work to be done should leave their orders at once with M. Maybee.

—"Who pays the duty?" is a question still agitating several leading Canadian papers. We thought this was settled long ago.

—The Oddfellows expect to occupy their new hall in Wilson's block sometime next month. The new furniture, carpets, etc., have been ordered.

—Harvesting operations throughout the country are now in full blast. It is expected an average crop will be reaped. The hay crop is said to have been light.

—A man out west is suing a paper because it announced that he was the father of a thieving boy a week old. The editor meant to say "thriving," but fate and the typesetter ordered otherwise.

—Messrs. S. B. Burdett, Judge Fraleck, L. A. Applebey, J. H. Simpson, P. J. M. Anderson, and Wm. Stock, of Belleville, have gone to the northern lakes on a fishing excursion.

Labor Demonstration.

The Knights of Labor are to hold a monster demonstration at Belleville, on August 18th, the date of the civic holiday in that city. It promises to be a great affair, as delegates have been invited and are expected from every labor organization in the country.

Cheese Market.

LITTLE FALLS, July 29.—Cheese sales, 9,600 boxes at 8¾c. to 9⅝c.; bulk at 9½c, and 25 packages better at 20c

UTICA, July 29.—Two hundred boxes of cheese sold at 9c.; 7,200 at 9¼c.; 400 at 9⅝c.; 1,080 at 9⅝c.; 850 at 9¾c.; 150 at 10c.; 686 on private terms. Fifteen hundred consigned. Market very active.

LIVERPOOL.—50c.

The Revised Version.

The committee engaged in revising the old Testament have finished their labors. After submission to the convocation the testament will be issued to the public. Twelve of the twenty-seven members of the committee died during the revision.

Wollaston Town Hall.

This spacious building was opened for public worship on Sabbath, 20th inst., and a good congregation assembled. The gathering was of a representative character; Messrs. Waddington, Seaborn, Miller and James, who had each done their share of good work in the township, were present. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Mr. Miller. Miss James presided at the organ, and an efficient choir rendered the singing very acceptable. We understand that the Hall, which is a great acquisition to the neighborhood of Coe Hill, will be available to all evangelical denominations of christians. A Sunday School is already organized under the superintendence of Capt. James.

Cash vs. Credit.

We commend the following sensible remarks from the St. John, N.B., Trade Reporter, to the consideration of our readers—both buyers and sellers:

When it is known that a credit trade costs from four to eight per cent more to transact than one for cash, and that the customers must pay so much more for the same quantities and qualities of articles, it should be a strong argument for bringing all retail down to a cash basis, the consumer getting just so much more for his money, and the trader doing business with so much less risk. The proportion of retail accounts in cities like St. John being nearly as much as the dealer credits himself with having as a margin in his business, he loses all benefit from his surplus profits. Every head of a family also should bear in mind that if he paid cash and bought carefully he could have a whole year's expenses saved in every twelve or fifteen years. The same argument applies with stronger force to the dealer, for, suppose he carries a stock of two to four months' supplies, and gets four to six or seven percent discount three or four times over every year; this of itself is a handsome contribution towards his success and, in most cases, is the difference between success and failure, for the habits of forethought and carefulness required to secure such a result, gradually extend to all other transactions, while the absence of motive leads to laxness which becomes fatal.

The O. & Q. Railway.

(Toronto Mail.)

The travelling public, who have been so much interested in, and desirous for, the early completion of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, will be glad to learn that the formidable obstacle met with by the sink-hole at Kaladar has at last been entirely overcome, and that on Monday, Aug. 4th, the through express train service to Montreal will be inaugurated. When, early in May, a representative of this paper travelled over the entire length of the new line, there was not the slightest indication of any such break as has since taken place. The region around Kaladar is a granite one. On both sides of the line for many miles enormous boulders are strewn, and at the particular point where the sink took place the long low range of granite hills attains such a height as to warrant the appelation of the Bald mountains. The first signs of the break were very slight, as only about twenty feet gave way. Under the enormous weight of the trains, however, this extended, until nearly four hundred feet of track went down. For the entire distance of four hundred feet and to a depth of forty feet heavy logs have been placed one upon the other, and on this the track has been relaid, which will now carry over it any heavy train. The appearance of the place when the sink took place is said to have been very peculiar, the track having dropped under the weight of the ballast trains, and the earth being forced up on each side to a height of twelve feet.

☞ Call and see our Remnant Tables.
4w376 JOHN DALE & SON.

New School Readers.

We learn that Messrs. Bryant, (Galt Collegiate Institute), Little, (Inspector of Halton), and Embree, (Whitby High School), are busily engaged in the preparation of the new Ontario Readers. The Minister of Education feels assured that they will be ready before Christmas.

☞ Just received, full stock Crompton's Corsets, at John Dale & Son's.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS.—The Great Need.—The blood is the life, and on its purity our health as well as our existence depends. These Pills thoroughly cleanse the vital fluid from all contaminations, and by that means strengthen and invigorate the whole system, healthily stimulate sluggish organs, repress over-excited action, and establish order of circulation and secretion throughout every part of the body. The balsamic nature of Holloway's Pills exercises marvellous power in giving tone to debilitated and nervous constitutions. These Pills dislodge all obstructions, both in the bowels and elsewhere and are, on that account, much sought after for promoting regularity of action in young females and delicate persons who are naturally weak, or have from some cause become so.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 40 cents to 42 cents
Rye, 56 " to 00 "
Barley, 45 cents to 00 cents
Peas, 70 cents to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 00 cents to 100 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 40 cents
Wool, 17 cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 8c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

HARVEST — TOOLS!

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.
Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.
363 **B. A. S. WILSON.**

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S **New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.**
As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

REMOVED.
W. HUDGINS
HAS removed his BAKERY to the
VICTORIA BLOCK,
where he has opened in connection therewith a first class
Restaurant and Ice Cream Parlor.
Confectionery and Fruits in Season.
Give me a call.
W. HUDGINS.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,
MADOC.

Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, MADOC,
will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)
H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.
Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

An Old Organist—Submarine Miners—In a Bear Pit—Public Libraries in Europe—Russian Cemetery at Sebastopol, &c., &c.

Some months ago a champagne house at Epernay offered prizes for the five best poems on champagne. No fewer than 1,000 poems were sent in.

For seventy-four years the present organist of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, England, has held that position—longer, perhaps, than any person has ever held a similar position before.

It has recently been proposed to prevent petroleum fires by placing a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil; on ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapors would be to extinguish the fires.

The late Empress Maria Anna of Austria bequeathed a rare and valuable legacy to the treasury of the Dom of Prague, consisting of a magnificent bouquet of thirteen golden roses in a golden vase of old Roman workmanship. The vase stands on a square pedestal, likewise of pure gold.

A corps of submarine miners is in the course of formation at the School of Engineering, Chatham, England. The special duty of this new body of men will be the laying of mines under water for purposes of coast defence. Recruits for this new branch of the service are drawn mainly from the fishing districts. No less than three vessels are undergoing alterations to fit them for the work.

The City of Brussels proposes to try the experiment of using electricity to drive its street cars. One line—that of the Rue de la Loi—is to be equipped with motors, and separate accounts are to be kept, in order to ascertain definitely the cost of the running, as compared with the use of horses. The test is to last for one year, and then, should the result warrant it, electricity will be employed exclusively on the street railways of Brussels.

The French Senatorial Committee on Petitions has unanimously decided on recommending the Government to take steps for the suppression of the Monte Carlo scandal, as urged by an influential Riviera memorial. The movement against the gaming tables has had the effect of holding in abeyance a scheme for converting the concern into a company, with a capital of $12,000,000, which sum was to be extracted mainly from French investors.

A workman fell over the wall of one of the bear-pits in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and lay insensible with a bleeding wound in his head. The visitors at once tried to divert the attention of the bears by throwing pieces of bread among them, but one of the beasts walked leisurely to the wounded man and began to lick up his blood. Amid intense excitement the keepers arrived, threw a rope into the pit, and tried to drive the bear off by punching him with sticks. Happily the injured man meanwhile had regained his senses, and presently clutched the rope and was drawn aloft, much to the irritation of the beast, which made no effort to conceal his disappointment.

There died recently in a miserable lodging in Strasburg, Germany, an old man who had valuables to the extent of $600,000 wrapped up in his pocket, yet was unable to spend any of it for his comfort. It was the diamond belonging to Queen Victoria, and valued at that sum, which was stolen from a jeweller's shop in London in 1866, and the jewel was so well known that he dared not offer it for sale. He confessed himself the thief. This is a rare exception which marks the rule that a man must steal large amounts if he would escape the terrors of the law.

The skirmishing drill of the Third Dragoons and Fifteenth Hussars in the recent London tournament is regarded as an idea which may have important developments. Both regiments have practised, though in different ways, the principles of Rarey, and applied them to an object never dreamt of before. The troopers have trained their horses to lie down and remain in that position, even when volleys are fired over them. At a signal they rise, man and horse together, ready to gallop off without a moment's pause. A dozen men and horses may thus lie hidden behind a bank, or in ambush, until the unsuspecting enemy comes within fifty yards.

In a recent speech Cardinal Manning remarked that he was looking with much anxiety at the changes that were going on in his country. There was a time when the master and the man lived on the estate, and differently to what they did now. There was a time when patriarchal care, feeling of human sympathy, of human happiness and of human service prevailed. There had, nowadays, grown up a new world—a world of money, of commerce, of manufacture, and a relationship between master and man that, unlike that of the time past, was not one of sympathy, or benevolence, or patriarchal care, but a relationship of so many shillings per week, paid on the Friday or Saturday. It would be well if this relationship, even in a degree of confidence, affection, and service, could be restored.

A scheme to make up the deficiency in the French budget is that of a decrease in civil service salaries. In this event the minor officials would be well nigh pauperized, unless possessed of private means. In the ministries, and at the Hotel de Ville, a bachelor of arts, on whose education his family have spent about $2,000, begins at sixty cents a day. If he manages to pass the examination and has a little influence besides, he often reaches to $300 per annum, from which is to be deducted a small sum for a provident fund. A Post Office clerk, when not on duty in answering imbecile questions from the most ignorant public in the world in all that relates to practical matters, has to sort and to stamp something like 1,500 or 2,000 letters per day. In Paris he has the magnificent salary of between $450 and $600.

There are over 1,000 public libraries in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, twenty of which contain more than 100,000 volumes. In Great Britain there are only nine that contain 100 000 volumes, and in France six. Spain has, all told, 30 public libraries, containing 700 000 volumes, of which 220,000 are in the library at Madrid. The library at Washington contains 513,000 volumes and 170 000 pamphlets, and there are but five larger libraries in the world: The French National library, with 2,300 000 volumes; the British Museum, with 1,500,000; the at Berlin with 750,000 books.

Mr. Edgar Vincent, the brother of Howard Vincent, the recently retired chief of the London Detective Department, is regarded as the handsomest man in England. He is six feet three inches in height and of splendid proportions. He is also of remarkable ability, having carried everything before him in his university career, and been sent when only 24 to fill the difficult post of Director of Finance in Egypt. Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, the celebrated beauty, to whom he is to be wedded in August, is equally tall as a woman, measuring six feet. The father of the Vincents, Sir Frederick, is a clergyman of the Church of England.

Mr. Vrignot, a smart young Parisian thief, finding himself discovered when intent on lead stealing, promptly entered a house by a skylight and requested a young work woman at her sewing machine to save him. "I'll sit here and peel these potatoes, and when the police come they will conclude that I am your lover." At this interesting juncture the police came, and one collared him on "spec," exclaiming, "Got you at last, my boy." "You hear, my pet," said Vrignot; "these gentlemen mistake me for some other fellow." Miss Melaine, however, who was not fascinated with her impromptu adorer, maintained an ominous silence, and the would-be lover was led off to jail.

The Russian cemetery at Sebastopol would be considered a handsome necropolis anywhere. The men are laid away in batches in great graves, but the officers lie in separate ones. The tombs in many instances are veritable monuments. Among them are a column and bust over the remains of Prince Gortchakoff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces in the Crimea, who died in Warsaw in 1861, but who "desired to be buried amid those defenders of their country who did not permit the enemy to enter their fatherland further than where their graves stand." But the most conspicuous object in the cemetery is a magnificent memorial chapel of granite, marble, and bronze, in the form of a pyramid, over 100 feet high, the walls of which, inside and out, are covered with the names of all who took part in the defence of Sebastopol and for whom prayers are daily offered up.

Stay on the Farm.

The disposition of so many young men to leave the farm and come to the city is not creditable to their intelligence. Every city in the country is overcrowded with this class of helpless young men. They grow up on the farms with no idea of the trials and temptations that beset their class in the large cities. They think they can live in the cities without the trial and drudgery they say is a part of farm life. There are many ways of living in a city, but there is but one honorable way, and that is surmounted with as many trials and hardships as earning one's living on the farm, and that is, to earn it honestly. A young man without a trade will find he has to work harder to make both ends meet in the city than on a farm.

The young man who thinks the world owes him a living and that the obligation will be cancelled in the cities, makes a mistake that is often learned too late. There is no more room for idlers in the city than on the farm. The criminal class receives some of its most vicious recruits from young men who thought they were too smart to be farmers, come to the city, found they had made a mistake, dropped into bad company, and will end their lives on the scaffold or in the penitentiary.

No, young man, you are not too smart for the farm. The smartest man that ever lived hadn't sense enough to reach perfection in farming. Be independent. While there is always something to do on a well-regulated farm, if you have a leisure moment, use it in study or selling the many kinds of goods you will find that are especially made for your benefit. You can always find something to do if you want to work. If you don't, we have no time to reason with you.

An Egyptian Breakfast.

We went to breakfast with Princess Manseur, the Khedive's sister. The meal was of a most elaborate description, consisting of many courses and partaking more of the character of a dinner than a breakfast, or rather *dejeuner*. The dining-room was luxuriously furnished. In the centre was a large circular velvet carpet, embroidered with gold, on which stood an octangular table, covered with an embroidered velvet cloth, on which the breakfast service, including napkins worked with gold thread, was arranged in the European fashion, a vacant place being left in the middle for the silver *plateaux* containing the successive courses. As affording some idea of the resources of Cairene culinary art, it may perhaps be mentioned that we were offered in the following order soup, roast turkey, calves' head stuffed with forcemeat, pillau of rice and raisins, macaroni cheese, kabobs of mutton on skewers, asparagus *a la'huile*, pancakes, cream rice tart, pastry and jam, milk of almonds in a bowl, with pistachio nuts, eaten with tortoise-shell spoons, and cheese, followed by dessert, with ices and little cakes, and ending with coffee, which was served in another room. On the table itself were several varieties of *hors d'œuvre*, such as anchovies, olives, potted meats, a sort of bitter white sauce, and clotted cream. Champagne and other wines were handed round. The party consisted of eight person, and the entire meal was served within 40 minutes—remarkably quick work, considering the length of the *menu*. Each guest was provided with a beautifully embroidered Turkish towel, and water was brought to us in large silver basins after dinner to wash our hands in.

If woman's dress does not sensibly approximate to man's, in spite of reformers' efforts, the names of its component parts do. What with "ladies'" "coats," "vests," and "pants," the most sensitive modesty cannot be offended. It is a pity dry-goods stores will not extend this regard for women's feelings far enough to put female clerks on their counters of "ladies'" underclothing. Women resent deeply the having to inquire about the fit and condition of such articles from male clerks; and yet many stores which employ girls in other departments pick out young men for there, and women trade there because they must. It would pay the ones which have girls at these to advertise the fact freely.

M. Desporte, a Lieutenant on board a French war vessel, gives an account of a recent visit to King Norodom of Cambodia. "The royal residence," he says, "is a town in itself. Several thousand people are lodged in the enclosure, all of whom are attached to the service of the King. At the end of the first courtyard, surrounded by different kinds of buildings, stands the European palace, which is quite similar to the dwellings of the rich merchants of Saigon. Behind that, in another enclosure, is the native habitation, gardens, and huts. This is the division set apart for the harem, and is closed to the profane. The mandarins are the most energetic purveyors of the harem. They hope to obtain favor by giving their best-looking daughters to the King. The women are allowed to go out, and, by one of those strange carprices common enough among the monarchs of the East, who are by turns cruel and paternal, they are allowed to marry, the King giving up all his claims at the request of the lovers. But, on the other hand, any attempt to enter the sacred harem surreptitiously is punished with the utmost severity. The first time I visited Cambodia, a young bonze, in high favor at the court, was discovered flirting with one of the prettiest wives of Norodom. The latter, according to the usual custom, ordered the two lovers to be buried alive. The accused, however, escaped the punishment through the intervention of the old queen mother, who is a zealous Buddhist devotee. Since that time it appears that the fair sex have not become wiser, but their punishment has been changed. On returning from our expedition, the King, who had come to visit the chief of the French protectorate, asked for some details as to the European method of executing, or rather shooting, criminals. M. Moura, without attaching much importance to the question, gratified his Majesty's curiosity. But what was our astonishment when two hours afterward we learned that four young women of the harem had been shot in the European military style, and their heads taken off and hung up for the encouragement of the other ladies of the household.

"The King received us cordially, and promised to facilitate to the utmost of his ability our archæological researches. Afterward he asked for one of our doctors. He was lamed by a recent fall, and it is an article of faith in Cambodia that an infirm or lame king is unfit to govern. He told us in confidence that he was obliged, in conformity with the superstitious customs of his subjects, to consult innumerable quacks, astrologers, and diviners. None of them was able to cure him, and all agreed in imputing to evil spirits the persistence of his trouble. Our doctor immediately placed himself at the disposition of his Majesty. Ceremony required that the august invalid could only be examined through the intermediary of one of his wives, but the doctor convinced him of the insufficiency of this method, and a close examination of the hurt was made and the remedies applied.

"On going out of the palace we found at the door a group of bonzes on their knees, praying for the recovery of the King. Others were going through the streets chanting and singing psalms. Public prayer had been ordered throughout the kingdom. Around the pagodas and in front of every house tall bamboo canes were placed and dressed with ribbons of various colors. Beside the statues of Buddha, at the cross roads and in the interior of the Chinese dwellings, odoriferous torches were kept burning. Trade was suspended. The people appeared outdoors in their holiday costumes. In the evening and late at night the streets were filled with people carrying torches or lanterns. The sounds of the gong and of the tam-tam were mixed with the constant detonations of fire crackers, and the sky was continually streaked with rockets, whose explosions and brilliancy were intended to drive away the bad spirits that were bent on tormenting the sovereign.

"The next day we met a sort of cortege, composed of about twenty natives, who were marching in file, and before whom the crowd of people opened a passage with great respect. This was the escort of the little son of Norodom, who was out for an airing. The child was seated upon the shoulder of a little dignitary of the court. A servant walked behind and shaded him with a parasol. This royal baby was dressed in a silk gown of a brilliant color. He wore a necklace and bracelets, and on his ankles were rings of gold. His hair was shaved, with the exception of a little topknot carefully rolled up on the summit of his skull, and this was surmounted by one of those white jasmine flowers whose sweet perfume the women here prize highly, and they gladly make offerings of it on the altars of Buddha."

CLIFF DWELLERS.

The Remains of Ancient Races in Arizona.

Arizona has a history which has never been written, says a letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It is only told by the empty irrigating canals, the ruins of populous towns, vacant cliff dwellings, inscribed rocks, and broken pottery found in many parts of the territory. Before the European saw this continent two races had lived and died in Arizona. The earliest people built their houses in valleys that are now deep ravines, and the cliff dwellings that are seen to-day resting in the sides of deep arroyos two hundred feet above the bottom of the gorge once stood upon solid ground, and yet so many years have elapsed since then that now the houses are high and dry and accessible only to hardy climbers. Time has dug away the foundations as well as scarred and chipped the habitations. Between the age of the cliff dwellers and that of the white man come the race who built the canals and farmed the valleys. Dry and parched and barren as a great part of Arizona is to-day, there was a time, of which abundant proof exists, when the valleys were rich and fertile and when great cities were populated by an active, capable, and energetic people. Who were these industrious beings? No one can tell. Toltec or Aztec, black or white, from Egypt or from Peru, none can say. Time has nearly destroyed evidences of their existence. In the lapse of ages their history has grown almost a mythology. What a race they were, though! No farming for them, if you please, on any small scale. They had ditches to bring water to their crops that would astonish the soil-tillers of to-day, and their houses were castles.

Perhaps the most extensive of their ruins now are at a placed called Casa Grande, in the Gila river valley, six miles below Florence and five miles south of the river. When first discovered by the Spaniards, in 1540 ... high and had walls six feet in thickness. A hundred years ago one house still remained which was 420x260 feet. To-day there is but a suggestion left of the former magnificence of the houses, but one may still see that the walls were made of mud and gravel, held together by a hard cement, and the rooms are still coated with cement. Near Casa Grande are the remains of an irrigating canal which has been traced for forty miles, and which must have watered thousands of acres which to-day are dry, neglected wastes. Miles of these wide canals can be seen scattered over the territory. Everywhere are the evidences of a prehistoric occupation of the land. In building the city of Prescott, workmen unearthed not only household and farming implements, but discovered old foundations as well, and as Arizona is settled and explored there may yet be found more traces of the people who lived and died here, leaving no suggestion as to who they were, where they came from, whither they went. What care we for Pompeii? We have a vaster, richer field in which to search for treasures hid for untold ages.

WOMAN'S MOOD.

A red-headed New York society girl rides a sorrel horse to match her hair.

Don't buy a coach in order to please your wife. It is much cheaper to make her a little sulky.

While it is better to be born lucky than rich, it is better to marry a poor girl with a sweet temper than a rich girl with a red-headed one.

"Frog limbs" is the modest sign displayed in a New York restaurant controlled by a woman.

At marriage the bride always meets her bethrothed at the altar with gloves on, but after her marriage she generally handles her husband without gloves.

"I hope your uncle won't give me away," remarked young Augur to Miss Gimlet. "Don't you worry about that. He never gives anything away. He's a pawnbroker."

A Vermont girl, who has married a young man by the name of William, says that she intends no treason in affirming that hereafter she will follow the dictates of her own sweet will.

Maude has come into the garden (of journalism) at last—Miss Maude C. Major, at Norfolk, Neb. Don't know the name of her paper, but "Only a Pansy Blossom" would have been appropriate, or say the Norfolk Narcissus."

A Stock Yards girl was asked this morning, if she had ever been married. "No," she replied with alacrity; "but I've sued seven gentlemen for breach of promise, and feel as though I were just good and ready enough to tackle another."

Mendora Hoffman married the Marquis De Mores, who has large landed interests in the North West. In St. Paul she is the most richly and tastefully dressed woman you will see. On the plains she rides and shoots faultlessly. Galloping over the prairie, an eagle plume in her hat and a rifle slung from her saddle, she is the picture of wild beauty.

How Savages use Hot Springs.

The geysers of New Zealand are found on the North Island, scattered through the area which extends from Tongariro (a semi-active volcanic cone), in about the centre of the island, to the Bay of Plenty. They have long been known to the natives, who have no traditions as to their age, but from time immemorial have used the quiet hot springs to warm their huts and to cook their food. Every hut has its boiler close to the door; bread is baked on large slabs of stone placed over the hottest portions of the ground; and on others, not quite so hot, the lazy recline, wrapped in blankets, enjoying Vulcan's heat. In these respects the Maoris have the advantage over our North American Indians, who have always avoided the Yellowstone region on account of their superstitious fears.

The springs of Savu-Savu on Vanu Levu, in the Feejee Islands, are pseudo-geysers. The latter were owned by an old woman who was captured by a chief in 1863, and cooked in her own springs. Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, referring to this, says: "She was past 70, and must have been very tough and smoke-dried, but as in her younger days she had been a regular Joan of Arc, leading her tribe to battle, and herself fighting hand to hand with a hatchet, he determined to eat her. So he had her cooked with the sixteen men, and made a great feast, and then to spite the people, before leaving the district, he attempted to choke up all of the springs, in which amiable effort he partially succeeded. These springs were also a favorite place for depositing all superfluous babes, especially girls, who never got much of a welcome. They were popped in alive, like so many lobsters, and treated with quite as little ceremony."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

What a Woman Can Do.

She can say "No," and stick to it for all time. She can also say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means "Yes." She can sharpen a lead-pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils. She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time. She can pass a display window of a draper's store without stopping—if she is running to catch the train. She can walk half the day with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing the desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place. She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection. She can go to church, and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances give a faint idea of what the text was. She can look her husband square in the eyes when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office," without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well. She can do more in a minute than a man can in an hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow down to her own sweet will, and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything, with but one exception; she cannot climb a tree.

[illegible] Week.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the Sun came Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his apparent course around the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars above his head, holding a sceptre in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left. Seater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand wherein are fruits and flowers.

An Escaped Comet.

During the last four years some comets have paid visits to the ruler of the solar system and displayed their dazzling trains to the admiration of his attendant worlds. Every one of these comets has been remarkable for some unusual or unaccountable conduct. The big comet of 1881 suddenly flirted its streaming tail into the northern hemisphere unannounced and unexpected, and surprised the astronomers at their telescopes as much as it did the milkmen on their early morning visits to the pumps. The comet of 1882 amazed the world by suddenly appearing at broad noon close to the sun, where it soared like a fiery bird with broad wings extended, and as it retreated from the solar system it appeared to be chased by a bevy of little comets to which it had apparently given birth during the terrors of its plunge through the flaming banners of the sun. In 1883 the comet of 1813 reappeared. But the most extraordinary comet of all is the one which was discovered at the Vienna observatory about a month ago. It seems to have been clearly seen, for the observers carefully measured its position among the stars, and it was believed from its place and motions that it was one of the comets of 1858 returning. But after thus showing itself the comet disappeared, and, although a battery of telescopes has been brought to bear upon the spot where it appeared, from nearly every observatory in Europe, not a glimpse of the mysterious visitor from the realms of outer space has been caught.

Unexpected Prizes.

An English clergyman obtained an excellent position for having refused preferment offered to him under circumstances derogatory to his dignity. He was a fair singer, and a vulgar plutocrat, who had invited him to dinner, promised to give him a living if he would sing a comic song at dessert. The quiet rebuke which the young clergyman administered made the plutocrat ashamed of himself, so that the next day he proffered the living with a letter of apology; but the living was refused, the clergyman stating that it would be impossible for him to forget the circumstances under which it was first tendered. This was the more honorable, as the clergyman was very badly off. Another patron, hearing of what he had done, appointed him to a benefice as a testimony of his admiration. We may conclude with the story of a man who was suddenly made rich because of his great stupidity. He was the only dull man in a bright witted family, and going to dine with a very wealthy relative who had a horror of fools, he made so many silly remarks that the old man cried out in exasperation: "I must do something for you, for you'll never do anything for yourself. If I don't make a rich man of you, you'll become a laughing stock to the world and a disgrace to your family."

A Novel Revenge.

A maid servant was discharged, but was to remain until the end of her month. She invented a retaliation which has proved the most ingenious and effective of any that ever the Utica *Observer* heard of, excepting those involving the perpetrator in danger of punishment. The house had a commanding overlook of a park in which suicides had been committed. The mistress was abnormally affected by anything weird and tragic. So the maid told her of the suicides, pointed out from the window the spot where this poor fellow had hanged himself, where that one had died by drowning, and where the other had blown his brains away. She added, with a shrug and shudder, that she fancied she could see them o' nights; the ghosts of the self-slain hunting the places of their crimes. The old woman was horified. She could not look at the park, which had previously been a solace to her eyes, without descrying the points which the girl had invested with gruesome interest. She has gone to Newport for the summer, and will never return to her home alongside the park.

A Disinfectant.

In cases of diphtheria or other contagious diseases, a German physician recommends a mixture of equal parts, say 40 drops of turpentine and carbolic acid put into a small kettle of water, and allowed to simmer slowly over the fire in the same room with the patient. The atmosphere of the sick room must be kept constantly impregnated with the odor of the substances. In several cases of diphtheria there was no attempt at isolation of the patient, and the mother cared for sick and well without spread of the disease.

Turning White.

We saw on our streets last Saturday evening an old negro woman about 70 years of age, who was at one time a dark ginger cake color, but now has turned white, with the exception of a few liver-colored spots on her face and arms. "Aunt Kitty" says that the remaining spots are disappearing very fast, and if she is spared to live a few years longer it will be one instance to be recorded on the pages of history where a negro was born black and buried white.—*Montezuma Record.*

A Showman Stung by one of his Reptile Collection.

In Kyle's Park at Highbridge, just to the right of Kyle's Hotel, is a large white oblong tent. Both sides of the entrance are adorned with huge dime museum oil paintings. One represents a dark-skinned man smilingly imbibing a stream of fire, and the other a Circassian girl, gracefully reclining on a red sofa. Above the entrance is painted an immense snake holding a cow in its jaws, while a large sign announces that everything inside is alive, and that the show is going on all the time.

Mr. James Reilly owns the show, and is by profession a snake charmer. Mr. Chas. S. Clark is manager and fire-eater, and Clark's wife is the Circassian girl. The admission to the show is five cents, and the cheapness of admision, combined with the vivid pictures and hidden music, draws large crowds.

The chief attraction of the show, next to the Circassian girl and a young female gorilla, is three diamond-back rattlesnakes, which Mr. Reilly caught in Mexico, and which he says, are the only ones of the kind in this country.

At 4½ o'clock Sunday afternoon twenty exhibitions had been given, and Mr. Reilly, in order to stimulate the curiosity of the crowd and to prove to them that the things were alive, took one of his rattlesnakes in his hands and went out to exhibit it to the crowd. Mr. Reilly is a muscular man of medium height, with light hair, blue eyes, and sandy moustache. His friends say that he is a man of dauntless nerve, and that he never drinks.

The snakes were kept all together in a large square box with a glass cover. Mr. Reilly has owned them a little more than a year, and during that time they have been fed but once. Mr. Clark, the manager, said they only needed to eat once a year, when each of them swallowed a live rabbit or pigeon whole, after having first charmed it.

The smallest of the three rattlers had recently shed his skin and

WAS GETTING HUNGRY.

During the morning he had shown signs of ugliness, and when Reilly took him out of the box to exhibit him outside the tent, the snake made an attempt to bite him, which it had never done before. Clark called Rielly's attention to it, and told him to be careful, but the latter grasped the snake firmly by the neck and laughingly remarked. "I can squeeze worse than he can bite." Then he went outside the tent with the snake wrapped around his neck, holding it firmly with his right hand, just below the head. In a short time several hundred people gathered around as the snake charmer played with his dangerous pet.

Among the spectators were three young fellows, somewhat elevated with the beer the had drunk. They guyed the snake charmer, asked him who pulled the snake's teeth out, and whether it was not too oldto eat hay. Reilly becamce irritated, and replied angrily. He was holding the snake over a large table with both hands. To emphasize his remarks, he let go with one hand, dropping the body of the snake upon the table. As he did so the grip of his right hand which was about the snake's neck was loosened.

Quick as a flash, the snake's head darted out. His half closed eyes flashed fire. His jaws opened wide, and, before Reilly was aware of his danger, the snake's fangs were

BURIED IN THE BACK OF HIS RIGHT HAND,

between the thumb and forefinger.

The crowd yelled and fell back, thinking that the snake would be dropped among them, but Reilly was not that kind of a man. With his left hand he pulled the snake back into his former position, and, renewing the firm hold of his wounded hand, carried him into the tent and replaced him among his brothers.

Fully two thousand people crowded in after him, while Clark ran for assistance. Reilly had told Clark that a bite from the snake was sure death, and he repeated this to the crowd around him. After he had succeeded in emptying the tent he went over to the hotel and drank glass after glass of strong whiskey.

Meanwhile Clark had been vainly searching for a physican. He returned in half an hour, accompanied by six policemen, carrying a stretcher. Reilly, encouraged and advised by all around him, had been steadily drinking whiskey, and when his partner arrived the barkeeper said he had taken more than half a pint. He was placed on a stretcher and taken to the police station.

While he was waiting for an ambulance there Dr. Case of 330 West Fifty-ninth street was called in. He approved of the whiskey treatment, and administered as much more as could be forced down, at the same time making deep incisions in the man's hand in the neighborhood of the wound. Dr. Case said the depression of the action of the heart was amazing. The man was almost pulseless.

Reilly, who was semi-unconscious when he was not drinking whiskey,

MECHANICALLY SUCKED HIS WOUND.

He had been doing so ever since the snake bit him.

The physicians at the Ninety-ninth St. hospital, where he arrived at 6½ o'clock, said that the only thing which would have assured his recovery would has been prompt amputation of the right hand. The wound was very deep. Nothing could then be done for him but to continue the treatment of stimulants already begun. Whiskey was poured steadily down his throat, and frequent injections of the liquor were made under his skin, in order that the alcohol might the more rapidly mingle with the blood.

At 11 o'clock Sunday night Reilly was very low and little hope was entertained of his recovery. A puffy, dropsical-like swelling had risen to a height of several inches over the wound and was gradually extending up the forearm as the poison penetrated more and more into the system. At that time the quantity of alcohol taken by the patient was sufficient to have killed any man under ordinary circumstances. The doctors said that with the poison acting as an antidote, he could not contain enough liquor to harm him. The patient frequently vomited blood.

The greatest interest was felt in the case by the whole hospital staff, and two or more were constantly in attendance at his bedside. Mr. Clark, Reilly's partner, said "It's wonderful that Reilly should have been so careless, when he told me a dozen time that a bite from one of those diamond back rattles was sure death. But the fact is he wasn't afraid of anything. The snake that make him sixteen years old. It takes two years to get the first rattle, and every rattle after that counts for one year."

Through the long hours of Sunday night Reilly turned and tossed on his cot in the tent annex of the Ninety-ninth Street hospital. With each succeeding hour

HIS AGONY INCREASED,

until not even the frightful quantity of stimulants constantly forced upon him could afford him momentary unconsciousness or respite Substantial nourishment of any kind was out of the question, and only occasional sips of iced milk could be forced down his parched throat.

As the morning came his sufferings still increased. His throat seemed gradually closing up, and it was almost impossible to make him swallow the amount of whiskey absolutely necessary to sustain life. The injections of alcohol under the skin were made all the more frequently on that account, but his sufferings were so great as to counteract its effect. After midnight he did not loose consciousness for a moment. He talked little, but clearly and to the point. Dr. Spaulding the house surgeon, who was constantly with him, said he never saw a man endure such agony with so much courage. Reilly refused to allow anyone to fan him or to put him self out in any way on his account.

Dozens of physicians called during the day but none could suggest any treatment different from that pursued. Early in the morning gangrene set in. The hand grew black as ink all around the wound, which remained a light purple. The swelling which was very great, increased until the hand was more than

THREE TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE.

The black swelling spread constantly until the gangrene had reached above the elbow. It was then evident that the man must die. The gangrene alone would prove fatal unless the arm could be amputated at the shoulder, and that operation would have certainly killed the patient, as it was impossible for him to rally sufficiently to bear it.

At 10 A. M. Father McEvoy visited the dying man and administered the Sacrament to him. Reilly fainted several times, and once it seemed as though he were dead. The priest drew back and exclaimed:

"There, he is gone already."

Reilly came to, however, but refused afterwards to speak.

Numerous letters and telegrams containing suggestions were received, and one man, a farmer named Purdy, brought his remedy in person, which he was permitted to try. It was a decoction of herbs, with which the wounded arm was washed, the herbs being used as a plaster over the hand.

When everything had been arranged to suit Purdy, Reilly turned his face to the wall and in a few moments dropped off to sleep for the first time since his treacherous pet bit him. After a short nap he awoke, and it was evident that the destructive work of the venom had been going on during his sleep. The black swelling had reached his shoulder and was spreading down his side beneath the arm. His face twitched painfully

UNDER THE TERRIBLE AGONY

which he suffered, and the heart had almost lost its action from the effect of the poisoned blood passing through it. His pulse had almost stopped. His eyes were growing glassy, and all his skin was gradually becoming discolored. Decomposition seemed almost to have set in before death.

At six o'clock in the evening Mary Clark, the Circassian girl, came in and sat at the head of the bed, while her husband stood at the foot with the rest. Reilly was still conscious, and his face was lighted up as he recognized her, but his suffering had weakened him beyong the power to speak.

Purdy's treatment was continued at intervals, and as much whiskey was administered to him as he could take, which was but little. He grew constantly weaker, however, the action of the heart grew almost imperceptible, and at seven minutes past eight he drew several deep breaths, the action of the heart ceased entirely, and he was finally delivered from pain altogether. He had suffered heroically for twenty-eight hours.

For two hours after Reilly died his friends and those who had witnessed his sufferings remained together. All agreed that he had shown the greatest pluck throughout, not having uttered a single complaint. Purdy stayed too, and it was nearly ten o'clock when he gathered his herbs together and sadly departed. He said he could have cured Reilly if he could have arrived in time, and many of those who at first were the most skeptical admitted that he might have done so.

A Natural Curiosity.

A natural curiosity, that bids fair to outrival the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has just been discovered on the farm of John Davis, who resides six miles east of Jacesboro, Campbell County, Tenn. Only one chamber has been explored thus far, and that only partly, in which prehistoric mummies, with sandals on their feet, in excellent state of preservation, have been found, some petrified, others preserved by salt in the cave. The walls of the chamber are decorated with paintings of extinct or imaginary animals. A large stream abounds with blind fish. Mr. Davis has captured a species of jackal or red fox, and the cave seems to be alive with both animal and vegetable life. Crickets as large as English sparrows hop or leisurely walk off when alarmed, and rats as large as jackrabbits run about in semi-domesticated recognition. Footprints of exquisite mold are well defined in the hardened mud, and miniature forests along the banks of the river are clothed in snow white foliage and sensitive flowers.

Uncomfortable People.

We all know them; they are in every community, in every church, in many families. They are always uncomfortable themselves, and they inflict discomfort on everybody else. A really aggressive and well-developed specimen will overshadow a locality like a banyan tree, yielding the whole year through all manner of fruit bitter to the taste, and not to be digested without serious injury. These people supply an ample stock of friction; they bring out the latent possibilities of general unpleasantness in a large or small circle; they sow seeds of discord, not only in the fallow ground, but by the wayside, and are followed by abundant harvests of the kind that are sown with joy, but reaped with tears.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

The supply of scandals in the newspapers has increased perceptibly since the "war of rates" began, the idea seeming to be that cheap journalism to be successful, must also be nasty. Not only is the country scoured for vile private scandals, which would never otherwise extend beyond the narrow limits of the towns and villages in which they occur, but the newspapers themselves are engaging in the detective business, and in a larger and more thorough way performing the function which formerly belonged exclusively to the police courts. So soon as a scandal comes to light anywhere nowadays many of even the great metropolitan dailies let loose a horde of reporters on its trail. They investigate it in all its ramifications, interview all the parties to it, secure statements from both sides, and publish the whole nauseating story to the world, omitting no filthy detail which can be obtained. The most conspicuous portions of our leading morning journals in all our large cities are given up to this kind of news, and the search for it becomes more eager each day. There is scarcely a newspaper in any city between here and San Francisco which is not made unfit for family reading by the presence of this kind of matter.

AN ECONOMICAL IRISH CAR DRIVER.—A gentleman, overhearing a car driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words. "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth." "Och, indeed, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the truth than to be dthragging her out on every paltry occasion," was the reply.

From England's

Distant shores comes additonal testimony as to the wonderful merit of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. "Office of the Chemist and Druggist, 42 Cannen St., Lendon, Eng. A friend travelling in the States and Canada used Putnam's Corn Extractor, and within a few days the corns vanished and I now ask you to send me a few bottles, S Brett." After refering the letter to our English Agent, we received intimation that Mr. Brett had ordered three dozen for distribution among his friends. See that you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

It does seem as if the only rights the white men are willing to concede the red men, are funeral rites.

The universal success of the Triangle Dyes is attracting notice throughout the country. They are without question the most remarkable dyes, and have given abundant evidence of their reliability in all shades. 10c.

When a bad actor is pelted with aged eggs does he receive an ova-tion?

Nothing in the World Like it.

Nothing can equal Polson's NERVILINE as a remedy for internal, local, or external pains. It is the strongest, therefore the best. Nerviline penetrates at once to the source of disease, and affords immediate relief. C. B. Allison, & Co., druggists, Picton, speaking of Nerviline, state: "Our customers speak of it in the highest terms" Nerviline nerve pain cure will always command the praise of all who use it. Nerviline is an honest remedy. Always sure, and prompt to relieve, and therefore is the best remedy to keep in the house. Buy a sample bottle, which costs but ten cents, and be convinced that Nerviline is the best pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

A bankrupt man never writes to the bank to "stop my paper."

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

People who are notsuited with hard coal can easily be sooted with soft.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

The dude wears a full suit on the hottest day. The other kind of a puppy only pants.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

And here is a Boston Sunday-school boy who, when asked to stand up and "say his verse," did it thus: "Be not overcome of evil, but *come it over evil* with good."

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents

"Mankind is rising higher and higher as time goes on," remarks a philosopher. So are the bottoms of the strawberry measures

hoss a living.

A.P 187

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

WHEAT Martin Amber $4, Democrat $1.50 per 60 lbs. Send for list. JAS. RENNIE, Toronto

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER and Moustache Producer. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address or $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 28 page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

AFTER USING.

Wonderful! Wonderful!

Thousands of young men are exclaiming the above every day, after using DR. LAMARTINE'S MOUSTACHE GROWER. Positively the only reliable preparation ever offered to the public. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Beware of bogus imitations. Sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. C. ALLENE, Box 12, London, Ont., Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine 1 Able Triumph do. 1 Gl C. Morrison do. 18 h p Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h p. Horozontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron frame Tenoning machine, 1 Blind Slat Tenouer, 1 Buggy Plainer or jointer. 2 band saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rools Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 62-inch inserted Tooth-Saw, &c, &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!

THE MONTSERRAT;

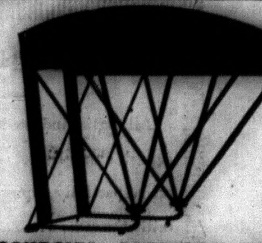
Lime Fruit Juice.

Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO., Toronto.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co, St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co, Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.



CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS

is one of the hits. Not that a carriage top is anything new, but the great want of something more perfect than the heavy, expensive, inconvenient tops in use, suggested the invention of the Conboy Adjustable Top, which has been altered and improved until it now stands without a rival. The styles and grades now manufactured are the most popular, and are varied enough to suit all tastes. Mr. Conboy is the Pioneer in this business. It has been his aim since the commencement to merit the patronage and confidence of the trade and the public, by producing durable and convenient, and at the same time, elegant and stylish tops, that could be sold at exceedingly low prices. That this end has been attained is abundantly proved by the thousands sold, and the numerous letters of approval received from the leading carriage builders throughout the country. Since moving to Toronto, Mr. Conboy is giving his whole attention to the improvement and manufacture of carriage tops, where his increased facilities, his practical knowledge and his numerous patented improvements, give him great advantages over all competitors.

407 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO ONT

PARIS GREEN

GUARANTEED PURE.

Price Low For Future Delivery.

Copland & McLaren,

MONTREAL.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.

100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay.

Manufacturers of

Bessemer Steel beds, Chair & Bed Springs

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR

RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.

Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.

A. Ramsay & Son,

Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS. Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriage $1.00 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000 providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar Institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Burton's All Healing

TAR AND GLYCERINE

SOAP!

The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast Sold by all Druggists.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co.'s

TRANSPARENT

CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE

Is the best in the market.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Montreal,	Aug. 2.	*Vancouver,	Aug. 23
*Sarnia	Aug. 7.	Toronto,	Aug. 30
Brooklyn,	Aug. 16.	*Oregon	Sept. 6

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $36.75, Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,

General Agents, Montreal.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,

HAMILTON. ONT

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

:) MANUFACTURERS OF (:

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).

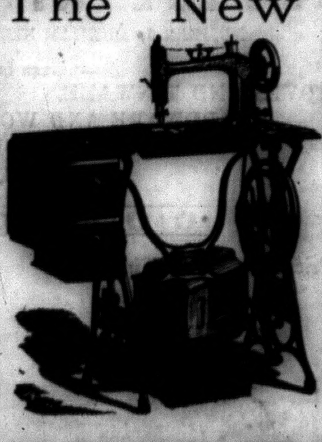
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MERIDEN B. COMPANY MARK

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE
1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
MARK.

The New Williams



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run

Silent and Rapid movement.

Plain and Simple to learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

LADIES'

Long Rubber Boots,

—AND—

Gent's Cloth Guiters,

—AT—

T. ROBERT'S,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

also a large assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES,

ETC.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been adrevised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28,1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

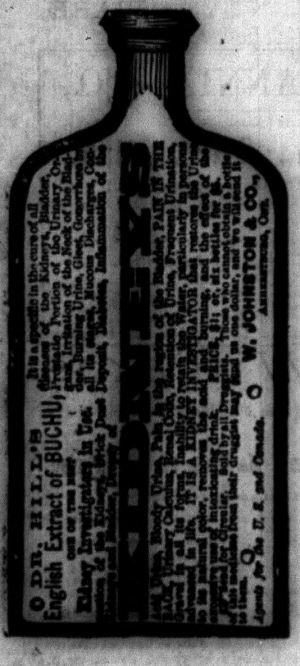
Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.



for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

—o—

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

—x—

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

| C | O | A | L | — | O | I | L | . |

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

—o—

$10,00 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884. D. C. CLARKE.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

—o—

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

—:—

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

—o—

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

—o—

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.